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THE JOURNAL OF THE HON. HENRY EDWARD FOX

(afterwards fourth and last Lord Holland)

C. R. Leslie pinxit

HON. HENRY EDWARD FOX
(afterwards fourth Lord Holland)

THE JOURNAL
OF THE HON.
HENRY EDWARD FOX

(afterwards fourth and last Lord Holland)
1818_1830

EDITED BY
THE EARL OF ILCHESTER

THORNTON BUTTERWORTH LIMITED
15 BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

First Published 1923

962.074
FOX
02225468

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

To my Mother,

WHOSE ASSISTANCE HAS BEEN OF THE GREATEST VALUE TO ME IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF THESE PAGES.

PREFATORY NOTE

The daily journal of the life of Henry Edward Fox, found among the manuscripts preserved at Holland House, is contained in an ample series of volumes of varying size and shape. It forms a fairly consecutive narrative of his life from 1818 till 1830; and subsequent to that date Fox seems on several occasions to have attempted to recommence his self-imposed labours. These later efforts, however, can only be described as fragmentary, and are of very unequal interest.

In dealing with his work, therefore, I have confined myself to the more substantial portion of his writings; but even in this I have been forced to make very drastic excisions, as frequent gaps in the dates will show. To the traveller in Italy, and to the student of the various phases of society in that country and in the neighbouring island of Sicily in the first half of the Nineteenth Century, there is certainly material in the omissions which could be considered of distinct importance. But in deciding the difficult problem of what to leave out and what to retain, I have been guided by what seems to me the taste of the general public, whose local knowledge would be insufficient to excite an interest in such matters; and by the necessity of keeping the size of the book within reasonable limits.

The text has never been altered or revised with any view to publication, and remains exactly as first written. I have found little to change in this respect, nor have I thought fit to alter Fox's spelling, except in instances where his variations from the more usual forms are transitional or unimportant. His handwriting is often minute and, though on the whole fairly easy to decipher, it presents occasional difficulties, especially in the identification of the vowels in certain proper names. Such words, where I have found myself uncertain of their exact form, I have marked (?). Omissions by the writer himself I have

indicated —— , while any words which I have thought should be left out appear as . . . Abbreviations remain as in the manuscript. The illustrations are with one exception taken from pictures at Holland House.

ILCHESTER.

August, 1923.

INTRODUCTION

Henry Edward Fox was the third and youngest son of Henry Richard, third Lord Holland. His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Vassall, of Jamaica, had married, in 1786, Sir Godfrey Webster, fourth Baronet, of Battle Abbey, Sussex, at the age of fifteen. The union proved an unhappy one. Sir Godfrey was a man of violent temper and morose disposition. To escape from the alternating moods to which his life at home bore frequent witness, his young wife constantly exacted lengthy visits to the Continent, an existence which did not at all fall in with her husband's ideas of happiness. It was in Italy, in the year 1794, that Lady Webster first met Lord Holland, who was travelling with Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, Lord Wycombe, and other young men of his own age. Acquaintance grew into love, and in time she made up her mind to break away from her spouse, whom she had grown to loathe, and to throw in her lot with her new friend. They travelled home from Florence together in 1796, and in due course Sir Godfrey was induced by monetary considerations to bring a divorce; but such were the delays that the Bill, which was in those days necessary, only received the final sanction of Parliament on July 4, 1797.

Three days later Elizabeth's marriage to Lord Holland took place. In the meantime, however, a son, Charles Richard, had been born, who was necessarily disqualified from succeeding to his father's title. A second, born in January, 1799, died in infancy; while the third, the writer of the *Journal* which we now present to the public, first saw light in March, 1802, and became the direct heir to the succession. Two daughters, Mary Elizabeth, born in 1806, and Georgina Anne (1809–19), completed the family.

By her first husband, Lady Holland, as we shall call her for the future, had two sons, Godfrey and Henry, and a daughter

Harriet. The latter married, in 1816, Hon. Fleetwood Broughton Pellew, afterwards Rear-Admiral and K.C.B., son of Edward, Viscount Exmouth. To her early life a curious story is attached, which may be shortly repeated.[1] Her mother, determined to cut adrift from Sir Godfrey, and still uncertain of her position anent Lord Holland, feared the possibility of an existence alone and in retirement. She bethought herself, therefore, of a plan to keep with her her daughter, then two years old, whatever else might befall. A mock funeral was arranged, for Sir Godfrey's benefit; and the girl herself was sent away with a nurse and concealed on the Continent. There she remained until Lady Holland, in 1799, smitten by qualms of conscience, thought fit to disclose her trickery and restore the child to her father.

During Sir Godfrey's lifetime his divorced wife found little real difficulty in obtaining access to her children; but after his death, in 1800, things became much more complicated. She had never hit it off with the Webster family, and now that it was in their power to thwart and annoy her, every obstacle was put in her way. Consequently, although the boys, and more especially the younger, Henry, with the freedom of advancing manhood, were able to visit her at their leisure, Harriet never knew a mother's care. More even than that, she was taught to despise and dislike her. The girl's acquaintance with her stepbrothers and sisters was therefore slight, and we shall find Henry Fox writing in 1823, that he did not even know her by sight.

Henry Richard, third Lord Holland, was born in 1773. His father died in 1774; and the death of his mother, a daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory, four years later left him and his sister orphans. Caroline Fox, who was nearly six years senior to him, was educated and brought up successively by her aunt, Lady Warwick, by her great-aunt, Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford, and by her mother's sister, Louisa, second wife of William, first Marquess of Lansdowne. Lady Lansdowne's death in 1789 made no difference to this arrangement, for Caroline and her aunt, Elizabeth Vernon, a girl of approximately her own age, took up their abode permanently with the widower.

[1] The full details are given in *The Spanish Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland*, p. viii.

Caroline was a serious child. She loved her studies, and to such as her, Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's house in Wilts, must have proved an attractive home. Jeremy Bentham was a constant habitué, and even, we are told, aspired to her hand, but was refused. Ingenhousz, the Dutch physician, Priestley, Dumont, the Swiss professor, were all inmates of that hospitable mansion for long periods, and a list of guests well known in various walks of life would be too long to be here enumerated. Small wonder, therefore, that her education far surpassed the learning of the ordinary girl of that period. We find in her correspondence with her "dear little brother" frequent discussions on Latin authors, and advice as to the best books for him to read. But with all her erudition and learning, her mind remained broad and her ideas open and expansive. There was nothing narrow about Caroline Fox. To her nephews and nieces as they grew up, she was just "Aunty," a companion seemingly of their own age, to whom they could turn for counsel and assistance in the hour of need. After Lord Lansdowne's death in 1805, she and Elizabeth Vernon lived at Little Holland House, an old farm-house on the Holland House estate, which her brother had adapted for her use: and shared with her besides a small house in Hertford Street.

Miss Vernon, who died in 1830, was the youngest of three sisters, "The three Vernons" of Walpole's verses,[1] daughters of Evelyn, Dowager-Countess of Upper Ossory and Richard Vernon, of Hilton, co. Stafford. The eldest, whom we have already mentioned, Henrietta, married George, second Earl of Warwick; and Caroline became the wife of Robert Percy Smith, better known as "Bobus," the elder brother of Sydney Smith—the "Smith of Smith's" of Macaulay.

Lord Holland was brought up by his uncle, John, second Earl of Upper Ossory, under the supervision of two others of similar relation to him, Charles James Fox and General Richard Fitzpatrick. The first-named died in 1818, and, leaving no legitimate sons, bequeathed Ampthill, his house and property in Bedfordshire, to his nephew. His two daughters, Lady Anne and Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, were also amply provided for, and lived together at Farming Woods in Northamptonshire,

[1] *H. Walpole's Works*, ed. 1798, iv. 388.

another of their father's residences. They both died in 1842. Lord Ossory had also two illegitimate sons and a daughter, by a certain Mrs Wilson. The boys took the name of Fitzpatrick, and the eldest was in due course created Lord Castletown. Their sister, Mary, married Vernon Smith, "Bobus's" eldest son, later created Lord Lyveden.

Subsequent to their marriage the Hollands, when in England, lived chiefly at Holland House. But after Charles James Fox's death in 1806, an important share of responsibility for the welfare of the Whig party descended upon Holland's shoulders, and regular attendance in the House of Lords as time went on became imperative. Residence in Kensington, therefore, became more difficult for him in the session. So, year by year, they leased a house in town, either in Savile Row, Hertford Street, or one in Old Burlington Street (now incorporated in the *Burlington Hotel*), which stood next that of his cousin, Lord Ilchester. By these means, Holland, who was becoming more and more crippled by the ossification of his leg and from gout, could attend to his political duties, and her Ladyship could make her nightly visits to the play, one of her chief amusements.

Their eldest son, Charles Richard, entered the Navy in 1809 at the age of thirteen; but four years later transferred into the sister service, and in due course rose to the rank of General, having held the post of Surveyor-General to the Ordnance. He married, in 1824, Mary FitzClarence, daughter of King William IV and Mrs Jordan; and secondly, in 1865, Katherine Moberly. His house and garden in Addison Road were always open to his friends. He became a recognized authority on coins and medals, and his valuable collection, after his death, was purchased by the Berlin Royal Museum.

Henry Edward was born in 1802. Delicate from his earliest hours, he suffered from a slight affection of the hip, which throughout his life proved a serious handicap; while in later years a hereditary tendency to gout, so strong in those generations, manifested itself, much to the disadvantage of his general health. The life of a public school being considered too strenuous for him, he was in 1811 placed under the charge of the Rev. Philip Shuttleworth, a subsequent Warden of New College, Oxford, and Bishop of Chichester. A good story is told of the latter and

Lady Holland, when he had recently become a don at Oxford. Returning one day to see her, she said to him, "Well, Mr Shuttleworth, Oxford fare seems to suit you well." "Oxford comforts, you mean, ma'am," was his reply! Joseph Blanco White was also engaged for a time to teach Henry Fox; and later he was sent to reside with his father's old friend, the Rev. Matthew Marsh, rector of Winterslow, near Salisbury. He matriculated at Christ Church in 1819, and during his stay at Oxford was under Shuttleworth's special care. But life at the University had as little attraction for him as had politics in later years. Not that he was inattentive to his studies, indeed books which appealed to him he devoured with avidity. But a lack of energy was ever noticeable and at times drove his father to despair. Certainly his surroundings at Oxford had no power to interest him; and he welcomed the commencement of the vacation with all the excitement of a schoolboy. His intimate circle of acquaintances among the undergraduates was not large. Henry Greville, the younger brother of Charles Greville, himself the author of a Journal of no slight interest; George Howard, Lord Morpeth's son, afterwards seventh Earl of Carlisle; and John Wortley, son of James Stuart Wortley, created Lord Wharncliffe, were among his greatest friends.

The real truth was that up to that time life at home had brought him but little in contact with boys of his own age. He had been reared among people far older than himself, and as a result attained a precocity far beyond his years. The proof of this is apparent in the pages of his Journal, which he commenced in 1818, when only sixteen. The earlier pages open disjointedly, a chronicle of witty remarks and a register of the interesting characters who took his fancy. But within very few years he had developed powers of expression, which might easily be taken for the writing of one double his age. True, in the course of his narrative we shall find that his likes and dislikes were strongly marked. With the self-sufficiency of youth his enthusiasm sometimes got the better of him. He was inclined to jump to conclusions in summing up the attributes of his fellow-creatures, but when sober reflection or more intimate acquaintance caused him to alter his opinion, no one could admit his mistake with greater frankness. In general his style of writing

bears a close resemblance to those caustic passages and critical dissertations which illuminate his mother's own Journal of her early life.

Fox's tastes were not the tastes of the ordinary English boy. Town life was his delight; the country he frankly abhorred. Debarred by his physical shortcomings from hard exercise, we have no record that he ever shot or fished. He rode as a young man, but even that occupation he does not seem to have kept up in later life. Horse racing did not appeal to him at all. Nor was he a gambler in the family sense of the word, though in times of depression on more than one occasion he seems to have sought oblivion at the gaming tables.

His interests were centred in the more cultured fields of life. The drama and the opera appealed strongly to his senses. Even as a boy he spoke of plays and players with critical discernment; and he rivalled Lady Holland in her constant attendance at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Art he approached with a love of the classical and the revival of those forms, rather than with any predilection for the Renaissance. He took an intelligent interest in the works of contemporary artists and sculptors, and as the early friend and patron of Watts he may justly lay claim to a prophetic inspiration for true merit in painting. He had a decided penchant for porcelain, especially for the output of the continental factories; and in 1839 his mother congratulated him on seeming likely to become a book collector. On the whole, however, his tastes were on broader lines. Nature appealed to him more than the work of man; and when the latter was in question, exterior decoration was more in his line than furniture of the interior. This perhaps was fortunate; for he could never have had scope to gratify a passion for collecting. Financial difficulties beset his path through life. The emancipation of slaves in the West Indies had so adversely affected Lady Holland's income from her property in Jamaica, that she and her husband were forced to make large reductions in their mode of living. From £7,000 a year her rents had sunk to be a negligible quantity at the time of her death. Henry Fox's allowance, therefore, was always slender, and his wife's fortune, when he came to marry, was not large. Life on modest lines was a necessity, and when, after his mother's death, he conceived

the ambitious plans for alterations to which Holland House and its grounds bear witness, he was only enabled to carry them out by imposing a large charge on the property.

To Henry Fox, emancipated from his humdrum existence at Oxford, the world seemed very fair when he took his first plunge into the gay vortex of society. Impressionable where girls of his own age were concerned, he flitted inconsequently from flower to flower. First he was in love with one fair being, then with another; and his thoughts turned early to matrimony. But although the successive objects of his affections were irreproachable in point of family, for various reasons they never seemed to find favour in his parents' eyes. Sent abroad to escape from these entanglements, he became involved in others of varying seriousness. Yet in one only of these attachments does his heart seem to have been more than momentarily affected; for the genuine affliction which he displayed at Lady Northampton's untimely death places his friendship for her upon a loftier plane. And when at last, at the age of thirty-one, he succumbed to the fascinations of Mary Augusta Coventry, the nineteen-year-old daughter of George William, eighth Earl of Coventry and his second wife, Mary, daughter of Aubrey, sixth Duke of St Albans, he was free to lavish on her a whole-hearted devotion.

Fickle in youth where his heart was primarily concerned, his more sober friendships had the genuine ring. His affection for older women, such as Lady Jersey, Lady Cowper, and Lady Grey, who had been kind to him in his boyhood, remained unalterable and unaffected; but a critical perception of the faults of his intimates tended to limit him in his choice. And so it was with his men friends. For Edward Cheney, for Howard, for Townshend and Bob Dundas, for Wortley, and later in life for Watts, his attachment continued unchanged; but his studied dislike of anything savouring of dishonesty or sordidness caused him to discard those who proved themselves inferior to his self-accepted standard. His gentle and kindly disposition, combined with a geniality of manner and powers of conversation worthy of former members of his family, brought him a full measure of popularity. He shone as a host, and invitations to his social gatherings were much in request. Yet at times a querulous

spark in his character would shine out, especially in his dealings with his own relations, and the undercurrent of his bitterness rose perilously near to the surface.

Politics, much to his father's regret, Fox shunned and abhorred. The recriminations and jealousies of the Whigs struck him as self-interested and unreal. "He has no Whig feeling," wrote Lord John Russell in 1824. His leanings were more democratic, and he approached the tenets of the party with which his family was so closely connected with the spirit of a heretic, although unprepared to stake his existence upon any other. The methods of diplomacy appealed to his better senses, and seemed to him founded on a surer basis. The profession also attracted him, as a means of benefiting his pocket and of securing a sure retreat abroad from the petty squabbles of life with his parents. He was obsessed with a feeling that he was misunderstood at home, and although his affection for his father was deep and lasting, he grew more and more to resent his mother's imperious domination. The latter's treatment of his sister, Mary, previous to her marriage to Thomas, third Lord Lilford in 1830, he viewed with growing indignation. He thought her bullied and kept in unnecessary subjection to her mother's whims, and the fact that he was powerless to mitigate the evil or to assist her in any way increased his determination to remain abroad and avoid an open breach, which he feared might become unavoidable. To his affection for Mary Fox we shall find constant allusions. Her personal attractions were only rivalled by the beauty of her character. Deeply religious, though a member of a family who gave little heed to such matters, her life was a pattern to all. Indeed, the isolation of her early years, often alone with her governess at Holland House, may have proved a blessing in disguise. Her aunt, Miss Fox, was living close at hand, and her influence and advice were always employed to the best advantage.

No opening that Fox could have chosen would have been more suited to his talents than diplomacy. As Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna in 1835—almost his first post—in the absence of the Minister, Sir Frederick Lamb, he earned the encomiums of Metternich; while his later career at Frankfort, and in Florence as Minister to Tuscany, notwithstanding his wife's delicacy and

his own bad health, proved uniformly successful. Diplomats in those days were dependent on the ministry in power. Their tenure of office usually coincided with that of the government. But when the second Melbourne Cabinet fell in 1841, Holland, as he was then, having succeeded to the title on his father's death in 1840, took no step to resign and waited to be superseded. Ampthill had to be sold, Holland House was his mother's for life, and residence in England under such circumstances had no attractions for him. Luckily the summons to retire never came. Lord Aberdeen was the new Foreign Secretary, and in his hands Peel left the management of the office and its policy. Aberdeen had always been a friend of his parents, and the reason for a change was not the same as it would have been under other circumstances. Consequently the Hollands stayed on in Florence. They lived in the Casa Feroni, now the Palazzo Amerighi, and leased as well Lorenzo de Medici's famous villa at Careggi. There they remained another five years. It was during this period, after 1843, that Watts was living constantly with them. Lady Coventry died in October, 1845, leaving to her daughter her apartment in the Palazzo Roccella in Naples. A month later old Lady Holland breathed her last. The relationship between mother and son had been put to a severe strain during the last years of her life, owing to the powers which were left to her under the terms of her husband's will. The latter's affairs, however, proved to be in great disorder at the time of his death, and such was the want of ready money, that the necessity for the sale of certain pictures and other effects may well have been more real than the new owner of the title was willing to believe.

With the later years of the Hollands' life we are here but little concerned. Returning to England in 1846, he two years later set about alterations on a large scale to the house and grounds in Kensington. His health, however, was rapidly getting worse. Foreign climes still retained for him the attraction of yore, and much of their time was spent in Paris, and in Naples. There Holland died in 1859, and there he lies buried in the chapel erected to him by his widow.

It would be impossible to conclude this short survey of Henry Edward Fox's career without some mention of Dr John Allen, whose personality is so indelibly stamped on the inner life of

the Holland family throughout the first forty years of the Nineteenth Century. Born in 1771, he passed his M.D. degree at Edinburgh at the age of twenty. In 1802 he was introduced by Sydney Smith to Lord Holland, who was searching for a doctor to accompany him and his family to Spain. Henry Edward had been born a few months before, and was included in the party. The letter, furnished with which Allen arrived from Edinburgh, is characteristic of Sydney's best style :—

"The bearer of this note is Mr Allen, of whom I have said so much already that it is superfluous to say any more. That he is a sensible man you cannot long be ignorant, though I sincerely hope you may that he is a very skilful physician.

"You will speedily perceive that my friend Mr Allen (who has passed his life in this monastery of infidels) has not acquired that species of politeness which consists in attitudes and flexibilities, but he is civil, unaffected and good-natured. What to compare his French to, I know not. I never heard a sound so dreadful."

So valuable did Allen's general knowledge and learning prove to Lord Holland that, on their return to England, he was requested to combine the duties of librarian at Holland House with those of physician. But after his installation in 1811 as Warden of Dulwich College, a post which he surrendered in exchange for the Mastership in 1820, his definite obligations in Kensington came to an end. He remained, however, constantly under the Fox roof, except for his short periods of duty elsewhere, ready to assist his patron in his political and literary researches, and prepared to push the fortunes of the Whig party with the aid of his facile pen. An atheist in principle, his outspoken views on religion could not but have influenced those who were continually in his company. Discussions on those subjects, however, were not in vogue in the Holland family, at least when company was present. But it is impossible not to connect Henry Fox's peculiar views on such matters with Allen's doctrines. Yet the problems of religion were not absent from the former's thoughts. The Protestant faith clearly did not attract him, and whatever leanings he had to outward forms of worship were strongly in favour of those of Catholicism. Indeed he was received into that Church by his wife's influence, a few hours before his death. But the young man never looked on Allen as a persona grata. "Narrow-minded and selfish," he

calls him on one occasion, " prejudiced and *very very* sly." He feared his influence over Lady Holland, who as time went on took more and more complete charge of him. " Jack Allen," as she, and she alone, called him, was really devoted to her notwithstanding her domineering treatment, and was always at her beck and call. She became more than ever dependent on him after her husband's death, and the loss of the old man in 1843 snapped a link in the chain of her life which she was powerless to replace.

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CHAPTER I

1818–1820

To Ampthill,[1] December 16, for a few days; the weather excessively cold—the first hard frost we have had. Binda[2] and the girls went with us. Papa went to Woburn on Thursday, 17th, for a night, to meet the Duke of York and a large party. On Friday he returned, and L^d^ W. Russell [3] and his son came to stay with us. The latter is at Cambridge, a very handsome young man, intended for the Church. On the 19th the D^ke^ of York and a large party came over to a déjeuner à la fourchette, and to shoot in the laurels and woods; they shot 266 head of game. The D^ke^ of Y. 64 and L^d^ Huntley 42. Old L^d^ Lynedoch [4] was of the party—a wonderful old man in point of health and strength; he rides, shoots, hunts, and sits up all night, like the youngest man. The Duchess [5] came with the party to see Mama; she was in high health and spirits. She is to give another scion to the house of Russell in February. On Sunday Lord and Lady Bessborough came, on their road to Althorp.

We left A.P. on Monday and slept at Cashiobury,[6] where we found Lady Gordon, Miss Townsends, Miss Monsons, Mr Eden, Mr King, Mr Berrington, Mr Grenfell. Set off very late from

[1] Ampthill Park, in Bedfordshire, was left to Lord Holland by his uncle and guardian, John, second and last Earl of Upper Ossory, at his death in February 1818.

[2] Giuseppe Binda, a native of Lucca, and a lawyer by profession. He lived at one time with the Hollands, and worked for them in various capacities.

[3] Lord William Russell (1767–1840), brother of John, sixth Duke of Bedford. The young man here mentioned would appear to be his youngest son, William (1800–84), who became Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery.

[4] Thomas, Lord Lynedoch (1748–1843).

[5] John, Duke of Bedford's second wife, Georgina, daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon. He married her in 1803.

[6] Cassiobury, Lord Essex's house, near Watford.

Cashiobury on Tuesday morning; arrived in the thickest fog I ever was out in at Holland House, where we found no one. On Wednesday my aunts [1] came with the Smiths. Sydney [2] and his children are just arrived in London. My aunts staid dinner. They were merely passing through London from Bowood to Ramsgate, where they spend the Xmas with the Warwicks. My aunt gave me a very satisfactory account of the poor Romillies,[3] to whom she paid a visit of a week. Heard of Lady Crewe's death.

Thursday, 24. Poor Sir Philip Francis died on Tuesday in S[t] James' Square. He was dreadfully ill for the latter years of his life and has undergone the most excruciating operations. He was 79, proud of his age, and extremely gratified in surviving others. His death has excited great curiosity, for it is hoped, if he really is the author of "Junius," he will have removed all doubts by avowing it. His manner of contradicting the report was not direct and certainly implied that he knew *who* the author was. He said to my mother, after she had told him that the lawyers believed him to be so, "Well, Madam, I could bring proofs to the contrary in five minutes." And upon being asked, I believe, by Papa, why he did not contradict the report publickly, he said, "If they choose to thrust laurels on my head, why there let them stick." He was tall and lean, his features were good and his countenance expressive of great vivacity, quickness and even madness; his voice was loud and his manner of speaking in private (I never heard him in public) short and with rather an angry tone. He was as violent in his very looks and actions as he was in the workings of his mind. He came to Holland House a month or two before he died, and said, "I perhaps shall never come here again. I came to take my leave of it, and to show that here I began, here I end," alluding to the intimacy between his father and old Lord Holland.[4] There was that

[1] Lord Holland's sister, Caroline Fox (1768–1845), and her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Vernon.

[2] Rev. Sydney Smith (1771–1845), Vicar of Foston in Yorkshire, and later a Canon of St Paul's.

[3] Sir Samuel Romilly committed suicide in 1818, after the death of his wife, leaving six sons and one daughter.

[4] See *Henry Fox, First Lord Holland*, ii. 276. Sir Philip himself was indebted to Henry, Lord Holland, for his start in life.

manliness and independent, though wild, spirit in him to the last, which notwithstanding its faults it was impossible not to admire. He has written memoirs, that is to say violent anathemas against every remarkable man of his day. L^d Thanet says that no one now alive will ever see them, for they are such attacks upon people now living that they can not be published till all that are mentioned are dead.[1]

To dinner:—Mr Brougham, Mr Whishaw, Mr Sydney Smith, Mr Allen, Mr Binda, Henry.[2] All slept. We sat in the drawing-room for the first time this year. The pictures which belonged to my grandfather, and which L^d Ossory restored to Papa, were placed there, viz., the Hogarth, *Sterne*, *Garrick*, *Hope nursing love*, and several others but of smaller note. Read in the course of to-day a good deal of Sir Walter Raleigh. Walter Scott is made a baronet—the first poet who has had that foolish honor conferred on him since Sir William Davenant.

Friday, 25 *December*, *X^mas day*. Thick fog all morning; excessively cold, wretched and English. At dinner:—Mr Brougham, Mr Whishaw, Mr Sydney Smith, Mr Allen, Mr Binda, Mr Bonaiuti, Henry. All slept. Sydney said of L^d Glenbervie's conversation, that it was a continued paragraph without stops or breaks.

Sunday, 27. Jekyll and Mr Brougham at breakfast. L^d Ellenborough once made a panegyric upon the judges, but did it so awkwardly that —— said to him when he had concluded, "Stick to obloquy, Ned."

Mrs Smith called with Leveson,[3] Saba and Emily. Jekyll said of the winter in which so many dowagers died, that formerly the lozenges used to carry off the coughs, but now the coughs carried off the lozenges.

Walked with Papa a mile on the Bath Walk: Plato, L^d

[1] His memoirs, journals, and correspondence were published by Joseph Parkes in 1867.

[2] Probably Henry Greville (1801–72), the diarist, younger brother of Charles Greville, and son of Captain Charles Greville, a cousin of Lord Warwick.

[3] Leveson Smith, second son of Robert Percy Smith, better known as "Bobus" (1770–1845), Sydney Smith's elder brother, who died in 1827. Saba and Emily were daughters of Sydney Smith.

Shaftesbury, Locke and Paley, their separate opinions concurring in many points at dinner.

Tuesday, 29 December. Walked a mile and a half with Papa. L^d^ Stanhope used to say to Papa of the Opposition, "When you are strong in numbers, be weak in words; and when you are weak in numbers, be as strong as you can in words."

Bonaparte called the *Concordat*, "La vaccine de la religion."

Here ends 1818, a year which has passed quicker to me than any that has gone before it, and I am ashamed to say that I am at the end of it nearly where I was at its beginning. This year has been distinguished by no great public or any interesting private event. England has sustained one loss in the course of it which will be felt for a long time by his publick friends, and for ever by his private ones—Sir Samuel Romilly. Such tragic catastrophes are not in our days common, and perhaps no time can parallel one with so many afflicting circumstances. His prosperity, high character, the height of his ambition just attained, the cause of his grief, the dreadful loss of his understanding, and his large family, not to add the cruel reproach that remains upon the minds of all his friends that all was not done for him and that he was impelled to the fatal act by the foolish notion that some mistaken friends had of the great power he had over his own understanding. Of his character I say nothing; that is too well known and too well written by other and better pens than mine to need any comment upon it here.

Sunday, January 3^d^, 1819. Sir W^m^ Scott [1] is reported to have said of Sir J. Leach's reversion of the decision in the Marlborough cause, "Varium et mutabile semper, Femina," as he is always called Mrs Leach. Sir W. Scott and all the friends of the Chancellor hate him very much, for the same reason that Kings dislike and envy their eldest sons. Sydney in high force and very entertaining. He said that Rogers spoilt his poem on Columbus by allowing Sharp to tinker it and strike out word by word and line by line. Sir W. Grant [2] is said to have refused the Seals within these few days.

[1] Sir William Scott (1745–1836), created Lord Stowell in 1821. Maritime and international lawyer. He was eldest brother of the Lord Chancellor, Eldon.

[2] Sir William Grant (1752–1832), Master of the Rolls, 1801–17.

Thursday, Jan. 7. Mr Tierney said Sir W. Grant looked as if cut out of a walnut tree—a very just description. He was so much affected at the death of his adopted nephew that he remained in his chair for many hours in a state of stupefaction. His mother is still alive. Sterne has left a bad name behind him in Yorkshire. L^d^ Carlisle told Sydney that he knew the original D^r^ Slop very intimately—a Mr Goddard, in the neighbourhood of Castle Howard.[1]

Jan. 15. Poor L^dy^ Ilchester's death was quite sudden.[2] Her brothers were there and staid from shooting till L^d^ Ilchester sent to say all was as well as possible, that she was safely brought to bed and doing well. They went out, and on their return found the corpse.

She was not handsome but remarkably pleasing, and had a delightful, equal flow of spirits, with never failing good-nature, very clever and remarkably well-informed, though not pedantic. I spent three days with them two months ago, and they seemed the pattern of happiness and good humour.

Rogers was always touchy and satirical in the greatest degree, but formerly he confined himself to the minutiæ and all the slight imperfections of people. Latterly, however, he has attacked people for their moral character and feelings, which if they ever hear (and there are always kind friends to repeat) will never be forgiven.

Tuesday, Jan. 19. Mr Knight[3] knew and hated Johnson. He said he eat in the most horrible manner. He remembers Mrs Siddons, when 17 or 18, acting Juliet in a provincial theatre; she was handsome, but not pretty. Afterwards she left the stage, and was waiting-maid to Lady —— Greathead. When young she had a propensity to *laugh* on the stage, which prevented her succeeding for some time.

[1] The original of Dr Slop in *Tristram Shandy* was always said to be Dr John Burton (1710–71).

[2] Caroline Leonora, daughter of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St David's, married Henry Stephen, third Earl of Ilchester (1787–1858) in 1812. The child was christened Caroline Margaret, and married Sir Edward Kerrison. She died in 1895.

[3] Richard Payne Knight (1750–1824), a prominent member of the Society of Antiquaries and for many years a member of the Dilettanti Society. He bequeathed his unique collection of coins to the British Museum.

Rogers has shut himself up in the strangest manner for the accouchement of his poem. Still-born it will be.

Wednesday, Jan. 20. To Holland House. Dined early with W^m^ Ord.[1] Mr Ticknor,[2] an American, sensible and well informed, has been to Spain, Italy and France, is now on his way to Scotland, then returns to Boston.

Saturday, Jan. 23. To Covent Garden, *Guy Mannering* and *Harlequin*; Gina[3] with us. Papa at Fox Club made two or three short speeches. D^ke^ of Sussex[4] very boring, "Memory of S^r^ S. Romilly, and of Mr Whitbread." Mr Allen at Fox Club.

Sunday, Jan. 24. Another Queen is dead. Four Queens in two months! The *old* Q^n^ of Spain[5] is also gone. She died in Italy. Sydney said L^d^ Stair sitting on the cushion of the sofa was like an old crow fixed on a bit of carrion.

I took a long walk in the morning with Binda and Mrs Fisher, the B^p^ of Sarum's wife, a ridiculous blue, but very civil to me. Miss Berry in the evening; first time I ever saw her—a blue also. To dinner:—L^d^ Caernarvon, L^d^ Digby, L^d^ Clare, Mr Vernon, Mr Frere, Admiral Fleming, Mr Sydney Smith, Mrs Sydney Smith, Saba Smith, Mr Allen, Henry. Rogers in the evening from Cashiobury, where he went for retirement and found *nineteen* guests, who came there for the same purpose; but however he has returned with a better skin than he went.

Monday, Jan. 25. To Grandmama[6] in the morning. Rainy day. L^d^ S^t^ Helens[7] will be no loser by the loss of his place,

[1] William Ord (1781–1855), of Whitfield Hall, for many years a member of the House of Commons. He married, in 1803, Mary, daughter of Rev. J. Scott.

[2] George Ticknor (1791–1871), the historian of Spanish literature.

[3] Henry Fox's sister, Georgina Anne, who died before the end of 1819. She was born in 1809.

[4] Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex (1773–1843), sixth son of George III. This entry is interesting, being one of the earliest references to the "Fox Club," founded to do honour to the memory of Charles James Fox. Nothing is known of the date of its inception, for the records only begin in 1829.

[5] Queen Maria Luisa, wife of King Charles IV.

[6] Mary, daughter of Thomas Clark, of New York, Lady Holland's mother. After the death of her first husband, Richard Vassall, in 1795, she married Sir Gilbert Affleck, second Baronet (1740–1808). She died in 1835.

[7] Alleyne, Lord St Helens (1753–1839). He retired from diplomacy in 1803.

having never received a pension for it, as he has an Ambassador's. Went to see the Chess-playing Automaton with Mrs Ord, who is always good-natured and obliging—curious but long. A very bad set of company, among them a vulgar, quarrelling Irishman.

Little Lewis[1] has left a very odd will behind him: his library to W^m Lamb, his fortune between his two married sisters. At dinner:—L^d Lansdowne, L^d Morpeth, Lady G. Morpeth, Mr Grenville, Mr W. Lamb, Sir J. Mackintosh, Mr Denman, Mr Fazakerley, Mr Smith, Henry.

Tuesday, Jan. 26. Sir R. Wilson[2] made his maiden speech (a complete failure, though his friends tried to gloss it over) on finance—a bad subject in bad hands. Dined with Grandmama; played at chess. L^d Keith is by degrees becoming placid towards M^de de Flahault[3]; calls her Margaret and will see her after her *couches*, as he is now afraid of agitating her. Young Napoleon is receiving at Vienna a good but completely German education. The Emperor is said, and wishes to appear, to love him very much; he will one day or the other be a good tool.

Wednesday, Jan. 27. To Holland House in the morning. Foggy and bad weather. Rogers very much out of temper at meeting Lady Granville, whom he hates. Lady Hastings is very foolish about L^d Huntingdon's title[4]; she considers it as an injury. She drove down to the House of Lords to enquire of some peer what was to be done. On enquiring at the door who was in the House, they told her nobody but the Earl of

[1] Matthew Gregory, commonly known as "Monk" Lewis (1775–1818), author. He died on the journey home from the West Indies, where he went on more than one occasion to insure the welfare of the slaves on his properties.

[2] General Sir Robert Wilson (1777–1849), entered Parliament as member for Southwark in 1818.

[3] George Keith, fourth son of Charles, tenth Lord Elphinstone, created Viscount Keith in 1797, had one daughter, Margaret, by his first wife, Jane Mercer. Her marriage, in 1817, to the Count de Flahault, a former aide-de-camp to Napoleon, had so infuriated him, that he broke off all connection with her at the time, and almost disinherited her. The fact that she was marrying a foreigner was especially repugnant to him, and her husband's French title kept alive his rage.

[4] The Earldom of Huntingdon had been suspended since the death of the tenth Earl in 1789, when the Barony of Hastings passed to the Rawdon-Hastings family. A representative of the younger branch, Hans Francis Hastings, claimed the Earldom successfully at the end of 1818.

Huntingdon. At which she drove back furious. Hallam has got by his book £5,000,[1] W. Scott since he began his novels £28,000; it seems incredible.

Papa presented a petition on Criminal Law; he meant to allude to poor Sir Samuel, but found a empty house and so deferred it till some other day. L^d^ Errol is dead. L^d^ Fife is L^d^ of the Bedchamber and wants a blue ribband.

Mr Pitt had a plan to alter the Criminal Law and to have death only for great crimes. He also had a plan to separate the Chancellorship from the Speakership of the H^se^ of L^ds^.

Thursday, Jan. 28. Went to the H^se^ of Commons. Sir James[2] speaking. Sat close by the D^ke^ of Sussex. His observations were foolish and frequent. The H^se^ was up ten minutes after I went. In the evening to Mr Coleridge's lectures.[3] His voice is bad, his subject trite, and his manner odious—an affectation of wit and of genius, neither of which he has in any degree.

Jan. 31, *Sunday.* Lady Sefton is dead. The wife of the D^ke^ of Sussex[4] sent the other day for L^d^ Lauderdale, as she said on business. After talking for some time upon little unimportant family concerns, she said, "I wish you could contrive to have the monument to P^ss^ Charlotte erected opposite my windows." He denied being able to have influence in so doing. Then she said, "I must introduce my daughter to you." She then sent for *P^ss^ Emma*, a handsome, gigantic girl between 17 and 18, who, after she made some pretty speeches, left the room, and then the mother said, "Isn't she a pretty, delightful girl? Well now you have a great deal of influence with P^ce^ Leopold; what could he do better than *marry* so lovely a creature?"

Feb. 1*st, Monday.* Drove to Holland House with Mama, Punch Greville. Lady Hastings has set up another Lord Huntingdon to oppose this new man, who is certainly the elder

[1] *The State of Europe during the Middle Ages.*

[2] Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832).

[3] Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), poet and philosopher. The *Dictionary of National Biography* states that he never lectured in London after the early months of 1818.

[4] The Duke of Sussex married, in 1793, Augusta, daughter of John Murray, fourth Earl of Dunmore. The marriage was annulled in 1794 as contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act. Lady Augusta died in 1830. Her daughter was known as Miss d'Este.

branch. L^d Byron's poem[1] has been withdrawn by his friends, *really* on account of the abuse contained in it of his *wife*, and *not* because Mr Murray is afraid of publishing it from its satire against every body, which is the *plausible* reason.

Feb. 5. Lord Byron is living at Venice with a complete seraglio. Mr Ticknor, the American, is at Woburn, but has offended the Duchess by his rudeness and want of manners, of which he gave us a good specimen the other night.

Feb. 9. Lord Castlereagh gave a toast at Aix-la-Chapelle, "*Toute la belle sexe* qui plait à *toute la monde . . .*"

Feb. 10, *Wednesday*. Went to Miss Berry's in the evening with Sir James—a very agreable party rather spoilt by that little viper, Lady C. Lamb,[2] who tried all she could to catch my eye, which I studiously avoided.

Friday, Feb. 19. Sat to Mr Jackson for my picture. Went to Mr Chantrey, who is making a bust of Sir S. Romilly from the material he can collect.

Sunday, 28 *Feb.* Called on Rogers. Grattan there; told me the happiest days of his life he had passed with Gen. Fitzpatrick and L^d Ossory. Rogers cross and out of humour. At dinner:—Duke of Bedford, L^d W^m Russell, Mr Charles Wynne, Mr Robarts, Mr L. Horner, Sir J. Newport, Mr Abercromby, Mr Allen, Henry.

Wednesday, 3^d *March.* Great riot in Covent Garden. G. Lamb and Mr Macdonald escaped out of a window to a clergyman's house behind the Committee. They broke L^d Castlereagh's, L^d Sefton's and Mr Whishart's windows, and asked for our house, but could not find it. At dinner:—L^d and L^dy Ebrington, L^d and L^dy Lansdowne, Lord Nugent, Mr Baring, Mr Allen, Henry.

Sunday, March 21. L^d Digby moved an address once in the House of Lords, but spoke so low no one heard him. Somebody afterwards asked L^d Bathurst (who had been seated next to him) what he had said. L^d Bathurst answered, "He was not sure if he was at liberty to repeat it, for it had been delivered *in confidence* to him."

[1] *Don Juan.*

[2] Lady Caroline Lamb (1785–1828), daughter of Frederick, third Earl of Bessborough, and wife of Hon. William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne. Lady Holland and she were not on speaking terms at this time.

Friday, March 26. Sir W. Scott very entertaining. He said Goldsmith in company was the greatest fool and least conversible person he ever saw for a man of his talents. That at The Club, to which he belonged, Johnson awed every one; no one dared utter in his presence. Mr Fox was always silent, for fear of having his conversation put down in a book by one of Johnson's hangers-on like Boswell. Johnson was very much pleased with a speech he heard Mr Fox make about him (Johnson). He used to say he was for the *King* against *Fox*, but for *Fox* against *Pitt*.

Lady W. Russell says of the Miss Berrys, that that they are,

"Berries harsh and crude."

The D^ke^ of Y. and L^d^ Bathurst called on the P^ce^ to tell him the news of P^ss^ Charlotte's death in the middle of the night. He at first thought it was about the Queen. When he heard it was about his daughter, he struck his forehead, and said, "What is to be done for the poor man, great Heaven!" and he threw himself back in the bed. This I heard from Rogers, who was in Lord Bathurst's house at the time.

The D^chess^ of Gordon, on first addressing Pitt after a long absence, said, "Pray Sir, have you talked as much nonsense as ever since we parted." "I do not know, Madam, but I certainly have not *heard* so much!"

Sunday, July 23^d^, 1820. Breakfasted late. Staid most part of the morning with my father, who has the gout slightly in his ankle. Drove out with my mother. Talked of talent thrown away—illustrated by the Duke of Argyle,[1] who with natural abilities and a good education has become insignificant from nonchalance and indolence. Rode to Lady Sarah Bailey, a most amiable and inoffensive fool: surprised to find that, though of so weak an understanding, from confinement to the house and a great part of the year spent in the country she has been obliged to read a good deal, and that, though she has no judgment to discriminate nor memory to retain, she is far from an ignorant woman. Walked with Ashley[2] in Kensington Gardens, very full. I'm glad that they are again fashionable. Ashley's

[1] George William, sixth Duke of Argyll (1766–1839).

[2] Anthony, Lord Ashley (1801–85), the celebrated philanthropist, who succeeded his father in 1851 as seventh Earl of Shaftesbury.

character seems to me quite unintelligible and can only be accounted for by a dash of madness. From having a dislike that almost amounted to hatred, I have grown insensibly to admire and like him. Many flirtations going on, but all of some standing. Only L^d^ William at dinner. The Queen's house in Portman S^t^ wretched beyond conception. She, when she received the Bedford address, was cold to Whitbread and did not speak to him, but afterwards said that she was too much affected at the memory of his father and could not trust her voice. My father brought back Rogers and Tierney. The latter had been dining at the D^ke^ of Bedford's with a party of young fashionables. L^d^ H. had been to the Duke of Montrose's to meet the Chancellor [1] and a ministerial dinner, which was not, I am sure, agreable as he had expected, but very dull. Every day I live I am more and more persuaded not to meddle in politicks; they separate the best friends, they destroy all social intercourse. And why? Is it for power? Is it for popularity? How unenviable they are separately! How seldom you see them combined; and most politicians have neither.

Monday, 24 *July*. Rogers and Mr Tierney at breakfast. The former bored at a political conversation. Rode out all morning. Passed by the Queen's house, before which a very small and inoffensive mob was collected. Dined at the D^ke^ of Bedford's at a round table with 16 people. L^d^ Kinnaird lively and vehement. We went with L^y^ G. Morpeth to Vauxhall, one of the prettiest sights I ever beheld—quite like fairy land. The ascension of Madame Sequi is beautiful, but tremendous. The Cowpers and Lady Glengall there. Took leave of George [2] and Ashley, who go their Scotch journey to-morrow.

Tuesday, 25 *July*. Rogers amusing at breakfast. Read the famous letter to the King in *Junius*; the strength and dignity of the style is very fine. Drove out with my mother and Rogers. Saw the party of the D^ss^ of Bedford pass in the steam-boat by Vauxhall Bridge, a gay, cheerful sight. Returned to dinner; Binda and Allen only. Drove out to fetch Rogers from Lady Cook's, and my father from The Club, where he had a pleasant

[1] Lord Eldon.

[2] Hon. George William Frederick Howard (1802–64), eldest son of Lord Morpeth, whom he succeeded as seventh Earl of Carlisle in 1848.

dinner—Canning, L^d^ Liverpool, and the two Sir Williams—Grant and Scott. The soldiers are discontented, and think that their allegiance is as much owed the Queen as the King—rather an awkward fancy to take just now! She has signified her intention of appearing in person every day during the trial. The Duke of Gordon [1] is going to marry his mistress, who is about to give him an heir, as L^d^ Huntley has no children.

Napoleon has got a large bell at S^t^ Helena by which he collects his labourers for the garden, which he regularly rings at six o'clock every morning, and sometimes joins them in their work.

Thursday, July 27. Went to see Sir T. Lawrence's pictures at Burlington House. His favorite is the *Pope*, but for my part I would rather possess the *Cardinal Consalvi*.[2] Met there the Duke and D^css^ of Bedford and L^d^ Gower. Rode out in the park with the Ladies Greville. Lady A. Paget [3] was married to-day, and there was a great difficulty about the licence, as she belonged to no parish, having lately changed her residence. General Flahault and his baby came from Paris. A change in government and Dynasty expected there still more than here. Abercromby [4] made the most terrific picture of the present state of affairs; however, this nation has weathered so many serious storms that one can hardly expect so bad a cause can raise one. The Queen, in the presence of Brougham and the rest of her counsel, dispatched messages to all the crowned heads in Europe with sealed letters personally from herself. Lady Ann Hamilton is to be present with the thickest veil to hide her blushes. De Caze [5] is despised in Paris and has a cry against him just now. They have no one they look up to, but all join in hatred of what exists at present.

[1] Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon (1743–1827), the Duchess of Bedford's father. In 1820 he married Mrs Christie. His son, Lord Huntly (by his first wife), died without children, and the Dukedom became extinct.

[2] The pictures are now in the Royal Collection at Windsor.

[3] Lady Augusta Paget, daughter of Henry William, first Marquess of Anglesey, married Arthur Chichester, created Baron Templemore in 1831.

[4] James Abercromby (1776–1858), son of General Sir Ralph Abercromby. He was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1835 till 1839, when he was raised to the peerage as Baron Dunfermline.

[5] Elie, Duc de Decazes (1780–1846), French Ambassador in England, 1820–21.

General Flahault was with Napoleon on the morning of his abdication at Fontainebleau, and while talking of it he was scribbling on a scrap of paper. When he went out of the room Flahault looked, and found written in every direction, "Louis, par la grâce de Dieu." When he returned in the Cent Jours he was very curious to know all the Bourbons had said and done about the palaces, and what alterations they had made or planned.

Burke, when the cabal at Paris called "The Mountain" had just begun, was speaking in the House and some of Mr Fox's most violent friends were coughing and making a good deal of noise. The Speaker called them to order. "No, no," said Mr Burke, "do not call them to order, let them have their liberty, the Mountain nymph, Sweet Liberty."

Friday, 28 *July*. Payne Knight came to breakfast, positive as usual; but to see such vigorous flagitiousness at so advanced a period of life is rather pleasing. Drove out with my mother. Discontents in the army still more spoken of. It is said that injudicious friends of the D^ke^ of York have tried to increase his alarming popularity with the military. I saw Lady W. Russell,[1] who sets off to-morrow for Scotland with her husband—mother, child, Terence, Horace, and a brood of puppies. On our return found my father returned. D^r^ Lushington[2] brought a civil message from the Queen to my mother, talks confidently of her success, and seems in spirits rather too eager with noisy good qualities but not judgment. At dinner:—L^d^ A. Hamilton, D^r^ Lushington, the Flahaults, Binda, Mr Whishaw, Mr F. Foster.

Saturday, 29 *July*. Went home to Little H^d^ House.[3] The Duke of York, when at the Review the other day, was heard by the people to refuse having any soldiers about him, upon which he was hurraed, and they cried, "Bravo! You are the King

[1] Elizabeth Anne, only child of Hon. John Rawdon, married, in 1817, Lord George William Russell (1790–1846), second son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, by his first wife, Georgina, daughter of George, fourth Viscount Torrington. She died in 1874. Their son succeeded as ninth Duke of Bedford.

[2] Stephen Lushington (1782–1873), Member of Parliament, and an ardent supporter of the Princess of Wales. He was a well-known figure at the Bar.

[3] An old farm-house in the grounds of Holland House, adapted by Lord Holland to supply a residence for his sister, Miss Fox, and her aunt, Miss Vernon.

for us!" He was greatly annoyed by this and rode off. Went with my father to see Dr Parr.[1] Found him in his night-cap without a wig, very animated and full, as he called it, "*not only of life but hilarity.*" He laughed at Westminster and Eton and at Ch. Church, but said the late Dean [2] was a man of "colossal virtues." He gave an account, which I believe not to be true, of his silencing Sir W. Scott at the Archbishop of York's, "*of his pouring his hot lava upon him.*" He did not mention the Queen, but he has been old fool enough to trot up from his retirement merely to pay "*his homage to his slandered and persecuted Queen.*"

The never ending subject of this persecuted Queen discussed at dinner; it daily grows more tedious and dull. There seems nothing new on the subject, and people only discuss their own conjectures with all the possibilities that may arise. Most people believe in a revolution, and in great slaughter in that case. Brougham's success on the circuit is quite wonderful; he now means to apply to the law only. At dinner:—Duke of Argyle, Ld Morpeth, Ld Tavistock, Ldy G. Morpeth, Mr W. Lamb, Mr Tierney.

Thursday, 17th August. Sir E. Nagle (an Irishman), when with the King and Lady Conyngham sailing on Virginia Water, said as a sort of echo of His Majesty's observation on the beauty of the place and the weather, "Yes, it is indeed. Well, then, this is our *Lake of Como*!" The King laughed very much, and poor Sir E. was wretched when he discovered the great impropriety of what he had said.

The important day. My father and the Duke went at 9. We drove about town to collect news. All was quiet, and the mob seemed good-humoured. The Duke of Wellington, however, was greatly hissed. Called on Lady Jersey.[3] Found her as usual vehement, and anxious that the recrimination should not be stopped, which seems odd considering her husband's family. The Queen first took her place by the Throne and then went to the Bar. When the Council began, she slept some part of the

[1] Samuel Parr (1747–1825), scholar, schoolmaster, and divine.

[2] Rev. Cyril Jackson (1746–1819), who retired in 1809.

[3] Sarah Sophia, daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmorland, married George, fifth Earl of Jersey, in 1804, and died in 1867. She was always a strong supporter of the Tories.

time, and seemed tired and bored. The Duke made an unkind and imprudent speech about his brother of Sussex, which every one is sorry for. Brougham severe on the former in his speech, and dwelt more on it than was necessary.

On the Queen asleep in the House (by my father):

"No proof of her guilt her conduct affords,
She sleeps not with couriers, she sleeps with the Lords."

Friday, 18 *August*. Went to the House with my father. Sir Thomas Tyrrhitt gave me his place, where I heard every word, and was delighted with the most beautiful and artful oration that could be delivered by Denman.[1] I never heard anything finer. The Queen sat all the time close to me. She did not take any particular notice of any near, except a fixed stare for a minute at L^d^ Conyngham. She laughed very much at Brougham's ludicrous account of the witnesses, and cried at the mention of her daughter. Denman's speech was full of feeling and tenderness, and the end really sublime. He told me that after his speech he went to her room and took off his wig. She came in by surprize upon him, and he apologised; and she with quickness said, "Put it on, put it on. If I let you have it off, they will say it is an unpardonable condescension" (an expression that had been often used in the previous debate). During Brougham's speech the dinner-bell for the witnesses was heard. He stopped short with great affected petulance, "*Interrupted by festivities*," which was excellent and well taken.

Epigram of my father's:

"In the business which calls all their Lordships to town,
They will all be knocked up, if they are not knocked down.
No creature will gain by the acts of the House,
But peers, eldest sons, law advisers and grouse."

L^d^ Erskine on being asked his opinion of Denman's speech, said, "I never heard a finer speech than Denman's or better delivered. Being the son of Dr Denman no one can doubt of the delivery; altho' by the decision of their Lordships he came long before his time, yet God knows there was no miscarriage."

[1] Thomas Denman (1779–1854), gazetted a Baron in 1834. He was Lord Chief Justice, 1832–50. He was a strong supporter of Queen Caroline, and was appointed her Solicitor-General in 1820. He was son of Thomas Denman (1733–1815), a well-known physician.

The Queen terribly vulgar, and a want of grace about her; not so ugly as I expected, but undignified. L^d^ Spencer has lost his son in a terrible manner, something between a duel and an affray. The effect of Denman's speech on the House, and especially on the old Tory part, was wonderful.

Saturday, 19 *August*. After a debate in which L^d^ Liverpool made an admirable speech, the Attorney-General[1] opened his case lamentably. I did not go to the House, but heard that it was really wretched. A violent storm. Drove afterwards to town with my mother. Miss Eliza FitzClarence's marriage to L^d^ Errol declared. I really do not know whether I am glad or sorry, but on the whole I think it fortunate, though I fear it will cost dear Charles a pang.[2] Took a walk in the garden with Rogers and L^d^ Grey [3]—both out of temper. Amused to see the different manner a haughty, high-minded, fine-spirited, manly man shews his ill-temper, from that of a little, narrow-minded, inquisitive, malignant, observant wit.

Sunday, 20 *August*. Drove to Richmond to see Lady Affleck. It seems odd that people have left off the fashion of having villas there. I think it more beautiful than anything of the sort in any part of the world. At dinner:—L^d^ and Lady Cowper, L^d^ and L^dy^ Tavistock, L^d^ Erskine, L^d^ A. Hamilton, Mr Ellis, Mr Fortescue, L^d^ Gower, L^d^ Lansdowne, Duke of Bedford, L^d^ J. Russell, Mr Shuttleworth, Mr Rogers, L^d^ Essex. The last six slept.

L^d^ Erskine[4] quite wonderful, full of life, vivacity and wit. He told some anecdotes of his early life. He spoke with great warmth of affection and respect for L^d^ Mansfield. He repeated a magnificent sentence out of one of his own speeches upon L^d^ Strafford. He told us that once on a case where he was counsel one witness, an old woman, swore she saw *Albion Mills* written on some socks. It was whispered to him she could not read. He took a piece of paper on which he wrote . . . . and asked

[1] Sir Robert Gifford.

[2] Elizabeth FitzClarence, one of the Duke of Clarence's daughters by Mrs Jordan, married William George, eighteenth Earl of Erroll. Charles Fox, Henry's elder brother, had been much in love with her, but finally married her sister Mary in 1824.

[3] Charles, second Earl Grey (1764–1845).

[4] Thomas, first Lord Erskine (1750–1823), Lord Chancellor, 1806–7.

Sir M. A. Shee pinxit

CHARLES RICHARD FOX

if that was what she had seen. She swore it was. He handed it to Justice Heath, who would not show it the jury, but told them she had perjured herself. This saved his client. Amused to see how cheap Ellis held all L^d E. said. Such is the odious self-sufficiency of the present generation, who, having neither genius nor sense among them all, though they most likely have more erudition, think they surpass their predecessors. I wish Ellis a longer life than his reputation, which is now in the last stage of a consumption.

Monday, 21 August. Went to the House of Lords, where, after hearing the conclusion of the Attorney-General's charges against the Queen, ill-delivered and wretchedly put together, I beheld a scene that I shall remember for life. As soon as he had finished, after a little conversation across the table, the Queen entered the House. I was close to her and observed every motion. She seemed to walk with a more decided step than I had seen her. Before she came to her seat she curtsied to the peers, she sat down, she bowed to Denman, and afterwards to Brougham, from whom she received a cold and distant acknowledgment. I observed she almost trembled, and she frequently clenched her hand and opened it as a person under great emotion. The witness was produced at the Bar. The moment her eyes caught him she sprang up with the rapidity of lightning, advanced two or three steps, put her left arm a kimbo, and threw her veil *violently* back with her right. She looked at him steadily for about two or three seconds during a dead silence; she then exclaimed in a loud, angry tone, "Theodore!" and rushed out of the House. The whole was the affair of less than a minute. The consternation, surprize, and even *alarm* it produced was wonderful. Nothing but madness can account for it. It seems extraordinary, but she contrived to make that puny, dumpty figure of her's appear dignified. That it was a prepared scene I am persuaded. She had been to the House on Sunday night to alter her chair, and Sir T. Tyrrhitt told me before she came that she was only coming for a few minutes. Besides the frequent messages to and fro that had passed between her and her counsel, and the displeased manner in which Brougham returned her bow, make *me* certain, who stood very near, that she had planned it, if not *rehearsed* it, and that it was not either violent fear or anger

at the moment that prompted her, but that she intended making a coup-de-théatre. Poor maniac! The effect it has produced is far from being of use to her. Everyone felt disgusted at her impudence and convinced of her guilt. The evidence I afterwards heard is certainly not strong enough to convict her upon. The only material point is the going together into the bath. How it will end, God knows! They say she means to kill herself. I should not be surprized. A woman capable of what she has done to-day can do anything violent or disgraceful. How the people will receive this remains to be seen. Our great-grandchildren will see it in operas, tragedies, or melodramas, though it would better suit a *farce*. However, notwithstanding the ridicule of it, it did make one shudder.

Tuesday, 22 August. I attended the House of Lords. The examination, by Copley, of Theodore continued, and afterwards cross-examined by Brougham. The Queen came into the House for a little less than ten minutes. She had her veil *up* during the whole of the time, with a pencil and paper in her hand. I should think what Brougham got out of the witness was quite enough to throw discredit on the whole of his evidence. He contradicted himself on very material points, and answered almost all Brougham's questions with, "Di questo non mi ricordo," delivered in a tone and manner that showed he was prepared to answer all the question and did not *like* to answer in that manner. One of the charges as to the indecent exhibitions of Mahomet was quite destroyed. Surprized to observe the savage spite Rogers has against the Queen, with whom he was once so intimate. It must be from the usual benevolence of his character to see misfortunes happen to those he is personally acquainted with, or else she must have offended him by some neglect.

L^{d} J. Russell owned at dinner to having written a very clever little book called, *Essays and Sketches*. He had communicated with no one, or even told about it either the Duke or any body else. It is just come out.

I heard the Duke of Wellington and L^{d} Anglesea both hissed and hooted at by the mob. Such is the reward they ought and will find, even from those whom they might have expected to find their friends.

Wednesday, 23rd August. Went to the House. The Queen there for a short time. More mob and more disposition to riot. The evidence not in her favor, though the scoundrel Theodore is nearly undone. Ld Anglesea made a speech to the mob that hissed him. Read most of Ld John's *Essays*, lively and full of thought and observation.

Thursday, 24 August. Went to Ampthill with Mr Shuttleworth.[1] Read Ld John's book, which I admired very much, though I thought the description of ancient manners affected and many parts strained and forced expression, but on the whole lively, full of knowledge, observation and wit, but too cold and parental on *marriage* for a young man. Ampthill in beauty; but I hate the country and feel positive aversion for green fields and bleating flocks. Staid at Ampthill till September 2.

Wednesday, 13 September. Rode to see Lady Sarah Napier[2] with my father. Found her perfectly clear-headed and cheerful; her language very well chosen and her quickness and wit very remarkable for one of her age and infirmities.

Thursday, 14 September. Rogers particularly agreable both morning and evening, though it is impossible not to feel certain that in the same manner he abuses his absent friends, his listeners will share the same fate when their backs are turned. He has a little mind, and is only capable of little thoughts, little feelings and little poems. He has *no* genius and no elevation of mind, and as he lives on conversation he knows the human heart well enough to find that no topick is so agreable as the "*mal de son prochain.*" He envies everything that acquires any celebrity, and is now very jealous that W. Scott should be so much talked of and read.

Saturday, 16 Sept. A rival wit of Madame de Staël, when she went to a masquerade as a statue and no one knew her, at last said, "Ah! je reconnais le '*pied-de-Stael.*'"

Went to Drury Lane. Kean took leave before his departure

[1] Rev. Philip Nicholas Shuttleworth (1782–1842), for some years tutor to Henry Fox. He was appointed Warden of New College, Oxford, in 1822, and became Bishop of Chichester in 1840.

[2] Daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, Lady Sarah Lennox married Sir Charles Bunbury, from whom she was divorced. In 1775 she married Colonel Hon. George Napier. She died in 1826, at the age of 81, having been practically blind for the last seventeen years of her life.

for America; he did not act quite his best, and his farewell was bad. Went down to the Green Room. Elliston drunk and tiresome.

22d–24th *September.* At The Grange, a very handsome house, formerly with a façade designed by Inigo Jones, but altered by Mr Drummond to a copy of the Parthenon. The effect is good, and the house better than could be expected; but the columns are not stone, and it will be impossible to make any additions.

Mr Baring[1] is doing what only men whose heads are not turned by great riches can do. He makes no extraordinary display, but is buying up everything near him, and will in time have an enormous property. He has ten children. She is a sensible woman, tho' I do not think her pleasant. I like their eldest son very much; his understanding is excellent, and if he has faults, they only arise from modesty and shyness.

Labouchere[2] came there the last day with his mother, once a flame of Rogers', and to whom he pretends he was not unpleasing. Her son is wonderfully clever, but he is too well aware of it; and if ever a person has the misfortune to find out they possess a talent, they ought to keep the secret with all the art they are master of and try to persuade themselves that it must be a mistake. He has been in Ireland: he seems disappointed with the beauties of it. He had just heard a violent enthusiast preaching. One of his phrases, talking of the rest of the world, were that they were, "*defaulters in grace and bankrupts in the Gazette of heaven.*" How commercial to deliver before Barings!!! Ld Auckland and Ld Caernarvon were there.

Sunday, 8th *October.* Returned to H.H. Rode in the park. Peers taking their weekly exercise looked unhappy.

The whole of the following week I attended the House regularly, with the exception of two days that I went to Richmond to see Lady Affleck, who was ill. Dined one day at Lansdowne

[1] Alexander Baring (1774–1838), the owner of The Grange, created Baron Ashburton in 1835, second son of Sir Francis Baring, first Bart. He married, in 1798, Anne Louisa, eldest daughter of William Bingham, of Philadelphia. Their eldest boy, William Bingham, born in 1799, succeeded as second Lord Ashburton.

[2] Henry Labouchere (1798–1869), created Lord Taunton in 1859. His mother was Dorothy Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Francis Baring.

House. Met Dke and Dcss of Somerset[1] and the new Bp of Bristol.[2] The Dke looks like an idiot, she like a marine, the Bp like a pleasing, unassuming, little tidy man. Brougham and Denman came for Saturday and Sunday, both in high spirits.

Sunday, 10 *December*, 1820. Henry and I left Salt Hill at about ten where we had slept the night before, and got to London at half-past twelve. I found my Lady at breakfast, looking ill and worn down, but in spirits. My father as usual the best of men in every way. Rogers and he drove out together; I staid at home. Denman called. He had been to the Queen whom he found in spirits and well. She told him of Lushington's[3] marriage, which he had just announced to her as a secret. D. told a story that Jockey Bell had made use of at the Bar to shew the folly of common sense against learning. A father asks his son what he has learnt at the University. The son says that he hears the world goes round every night. "Impossible!" cries the father, "or my duck-pond would be empty every morning." This brought in well had a great effect.

A lawyer dinner:—Mr and Mrs Smith, Mr Bell, Mr Brougham Mr Hallam, Mr B. White, Mr Scarlett, Mr Whishaw. Scarlett,[4] with a gold snuff-box of which he was evidently proud. Brougham managed to get it, and sent it down to me with a proposal of changing the spelling. His crest was engraved with a laurel wreath and this inscription, "To James Scarlett from his Lewes" (or by Brougham's intended alteration, "Lewd) female friends." My Lady was quite determined to have out the story of the duck-pond, and at length succeeded by a great deal of circumlocution.

Little, hideous Funchal[5] came in the evening, and told too

[1] Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset (1775–1855). His first wife, Charlotte, daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton, died in 1827.

[2] John Kaye.

[3] Stephen Lushington (see *ante*, p. 37) married Sarah Grace, daughter of Thomas William Carr. The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives the date of the marriage in August, 1821.

[4] James Scarlett (1769–1844), Chief Baron in 1834, after twice holding the post of Attorney-General. He was created Lord Abinger in 1835.

[5] Marquis de Funchal, Portuguese diplomatist, for over forty years an intimate friend of Lord Holland. He died in 1833.

many stories; though some were good, particularly the one about his presentation to the Pope, where it was the custom for all his suite to retire and then to return to kiss H.H.'s toe. During their absence it occurred to him that he had taken two Englishmen who might perhaps refuse, and that would bring him into a terrible scrape. His description of his own fears when they walked in in a line was very good, "My heart was so little." But at last to his great surprize and pleasure he saw both his servants kiss the Pope's toe with more devotion than all the Catholic Portuguese. One of the presents the Pope has made him is the whole body of a martyr found in terra sancta. He does not know what to do with it. Henry Webster [1] came in the evening, looking well and gay, full of his succès in Scotland and his fortunate meeting with Miss Bod. in London, whose love is undiminished and whose father is unrelenting. So that what will be done, God knows! The brother is dying. Had a little tiff with my Lady, in which Rogers had the impudence to meddle.

Monday, 11 *December*. James Moore [2] came at breakfast, and found my pulse at 58 and my tongue discoloured. Such is the force of imagination among les médecins! Drove out with Papa and saw the Panorama. Called upon Lady Affleck, and counted Henry W.'s shoes and boots, which are wonderful in point of multitude. Lady A. rather low at having no legacy from old Lady Clermont. On our return found my Lady established with all the usual paraphernalia receiving the same dull round of dull visitors. Wrote to George at Hardwick a dull, detailed letter. We were quite alone at dinner, only L^{d} and L^{dy} H., Mr A.[3] and myself. I went before dinner was over, in order to take Rogers and his sister, whom I found at dinner with Foscolo,[4] having given up the play. However they at last determined to go, for such is the perverseness of my character that I always

[1] Lady Holland's second son by her first marriage with Sir Godfrey Webster. He was born in 1793, and died in 1847. His marriage with Grace Boddington, the daughter of Samuel Boddington, M.P. for Tralee, did not take place until 1824.

[2] A well-known surgeon (1763–1834), brother of Sir John Moore.

[3] John Allen.

[4] Ugo Foscolo (1778–1827), Italian writer and patriot, who came to England after 1815, and finally died in poverty.

press anything that is very disagreable to me for fear of allowing my wishes to be seen ; and unfortunately I succeeded in making them go. Rogers in a warm discussion with Foscolo about Daru's *History of Venice*, one of the few books Rogers has ever read and one that he consequently admires very much. His ignorance on the commonest subjects is every minute evident. He only knows little anecdotes and little events, which gives the air of knowing a great deal but is in itself of very little importance. The play was *Lear*, with a new man of the name of Vandenhoff,[1] who acted the old King. I had never seen the play before, and was very much delighted with the magnificent passages and beautiful images with which it is replete. Vandenhoff is nothing very wonderful, but will be of use, and is better than Macready. *Tom Thumb* and the *Rendezvous* were farces. Liston [2] when dying addressed the audience, which was irresistible but a little overdone. The other farce was excellent, and went off admirably with the excellent acting of Emery, Miss Foote and Miss Beaumont. In the Duke of York's box were the Misses FitzClarence, Sophy looking in high spirits at having one sister Countess, and another just born heir-presumptive to the throne.[3] Mary's beauty I admire very much, but she looked pale and very ill. I met her eyes very often. Rogers full of sneers at Sharp [4] for calling Vandenhoff a good *level* actor.

Tuesday, 12 December. Rode to Holland House with my father.[5] On our return met Ward [6] walking with L^d^ Archibald Hamilton. General Bligh, generally called *Skirmish* Bligh, came up to speak to us ; he betrays his madness in his face and still more in his conversation. I was introduced to Ward, who hardly remembers me at Rome.[7] Dined with the Ords ; met only

[1] John M. Vandenhoff (1790–1861), of Dutch descent, though born in England. Up to 1820 he had acted chiefly in the West of England and in Liverpool.

[2] John Liston (1776 ?–1846).

[3] The Duke of Clarence's second legitimate daughter, Princess Elizabeth, born in December, 1820, died the following March.

[4] Richard Sharp (1759–1835), better known as " Conversation Sharp."

[5] The Hollands in 1820 were living in Savile Row.

[6] Hon. John William Ward (1781–1833), who succeeded his father as fourth Viscount Dudley and Ward in 1823, and was raised to an Earldom four years later. He was Foreign Secretary, 1827–8.

[7] Henry Fox had been taken to Italy by his parents in 1814–15.

Foscolo and L^d^ A. Hamilton.[1] The former descanted a good deal on English manners and the character of our feelings, &c., &c., with more acuteness and violence than judgment or temper. He said, "La vengeance est une belle passion et je la respecte beaucoup." He said there was no such thing as unreturned love, and it only existed in the fancy of poets and the brains of young ladies. Went with Mrs Ord to Lady Davy,[2] where we found Lady Holland in state upon the sofa and the ugly Abercromby administering her spawny flattery in more than usually studied phraseology. The North Pole discoverers had failed, and no one of celebrity was there but Tomasini, an Italian physician who had come over as evidence for the Queen. Lady Davy was so anxious and fidgetty that she could hardly sit still or find a moment to scold Sir Humphry. I sat by her and Sharp. The theatre was discussed, and exactly the same things said upon that old subject that have been said for the last five years. Sharp gave us the phrase of *level actor*, as I managed to bring it out with no little ingenuity. Ward came in the evening and sat by Lady Holland, to whom he solemnly denied any knowledge or participation in the review against Luttrell.[3] "I think any body justified in denying as strongly as he chooses an anonymous publication, but really upon my word and honor I have had nothing to do with it: I can assure you as a gentleman." I believe him, as though ill-natured he would not be so to Luttrell, for whom he has a liking. Lady Davy told me that the other day at Mr Hallam's, Lydia White,[4] on entering the room, started back on seeing Rogers and Foscolo. "Good God, the day of judgment! The quick and the dead!" Either from this or some other cause Foscolo took offence, and even began a most furious attack upon her to her face.

[1] Lord Archibald Hamilton (1770–1827), a great friend of Lord Holland, and for many years member for Lanarkshire. Youngest son of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton.

[2] Jane Kerr (1780–1855), who after the death of her first husband, Sir Shuckburgh Apreece, in 1807, married Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1829), the celebrated scientist and natural philosopher.

[3] Henry Luttrell (1765 ?–1851), natural son of the second Earl of Carhampton. He had just brought out *Advice to Julia, a letter in rhyme*, a society epic.

[4] The "Miss Diddle" of Byron's *Blues*. A wealthy Irishwoman, whose dinners and entertainments were well known. She died in 1827, after some years of ill-health.

13 *December*. Sir H. Halford came while I was at breakfast. He felt my pulse, shook his head, wrote a prescription and looked important. By all this I daresay he will do me as much good as if I had swallowed the same quantity of water. What a *humbug* (or as Madame de Staël called it a *hugbum*) it all is! Drove out with my Lady, who told me all Ward's praise of Lady Cowper and abuse of that venomous, microscopic satirist Rogers, in both of which I should warmly join. A very odd report afloat of L^d^ Stewart[1] having struck Metternich on the face in a violent passion, and that he is in consequence coming home immediately. Nobody at dinner but Denman, Sharp, C. Ellis. Went almost immediately after dinner to Covent Garden to see *The Warlock of the Glen*, a new melodrama, which was interesting but absurd, and not well acted.

My mother read some dispatches which L^d^ Bathurst had sent her from S^t^ Helena. They shew with what surveillance the Emperor is guarded. There is a most detailed account of a ride he took, his first since he has been at S^t^ Helena. He rode over early to breakfast with Sir ——, who is *commanded* to give an account of all that passed, which he does even with the minutest details of what he eat and did not eat. The Emperor took the children by the nose and gave them liquorice from a tortoiseshell box he had in his pocket. He takes men by the right ear; both these tricks are marks of great favour. I cannot believe much in the wisdom of this gentleman he visited, as he enters into the most ridiculous minutiæ about food and *marmalade*, &c., &c.

14 *December*. Rode to Holland House with my father. No strangers at dinner. The story of Metternich having received a blow from L^d^ Stewart is believed and uncontradicted. The conduct of *Lady* Stewart has, they say, been very bad indeed; quite offensive to all Germans and not civil to the English. Went with my father and mother to see Vandenhoff in Sir Giles

[1] Charles William, Lord Stewart, afterwards third Marquess of Londonderry (1778–1854), half-brother to Lord Castlereagh. He was Envoy at Troppau in 1820, and at Laybach in 1821. He married, in 1804, Catharine, daughter of John, third Earl of Darnley, who died in 1812. He married, secondly, Frances Anne, only daughter of Sir Henry Vane-Tempest, in 1819.

Overreach, which he acted worse than any actor I ever saw attempt the part, without dignity or fire or proper conception of the part. The farce was *The Barber of Seville*, acted very well indeed by Fawcett. Miss Tree[1] looks pretty and sings well.

Friday, 15 *December*. Rode out with my father, but returned in a few minutes driven home by the cold East wind. Sir H. Halford called, and told us that the King had really been ill and blooded for an attack of inflammation. He says he will not answer for the safety of the little Princess Elizabeth for six weeks, her proper time of being born. Her birth was brought on by the hurry and fuss of Eliza FitzClarence's marriage; as the Duchess is, he says, a poor *wishy washy* thing.

Left nobody dining at home, and went to dine with C. Ellis,[2] where I met Canning, Ward, Dr Shooter, Mr Courtenay and his brother Peregrine,[3] Ld Howard,[4] and another whose name I could not find out. They talked of Sir James Mackintosh. His flattering adversary praised him greatly, but said that more than once he had found him quoting history in a manner that startled him at the moment, but he bowed considering from what quarter it came. However, on the following morning he found Sir James' quotation to be either a wilful or mistaken *vision*. Canning sneered at the Queen, and contended with Ward that the popular feeling was deadened about her, and would be so still more before Parliament met. Denman was talked of. He said, "Poor man, you know he *really* is a Queenite; and Brougham had nearly as much trouble to persuade him of her guilt, as he had to persuade the House of her innocence." He was not well or in spirits; nor was his jackal very talkative. Found on my return Sir Robert Wilson and Brougham. The former told some incredible stories of his battles with serpents

[1] Ann Maria Tree (1801–62), afterwards Mrs Bradshaw. She rose to fame at Covent Garden after 1819.

[2] Charles Rose Ellis (1771–1845), created Baron Seaford in 1826, after many years of parliamentary life in the House of Commons.

[3] Sons of Henry Reginald Courtenay, Bishop of Exeter. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay (1782–1841) sat in the House of Commons as member for Totnes.

[4] Charles Augustus, sixth Lord Howard de Walden (1799–1868), son of the above-mentioned Charles Rose Ellis, succeeded his maternal great-grandfather in the title at the age of four. He became second Baron Seaford on his father's death in 1845.

in the East. He insisted upon the Queen having £68,000 a year, and talked as wildly as usual. It is a pity that Walter Scott does not know him, for with a tartan and claymore he would make an admirable character for one of the novels; though his wild, enthusiastic, romantic, chivalrous notions would be considered as out of real life and exaggerated. There is something about him, especially since the story of Lavalette, that makes it impossible to see and hear him without having an admiration for his high spirit and enterprize, and at the same time great contempt for his understanding and judgment.[1] Read some of *Matilde*, which is beautiful. Received this morning a letter from Sandford [2] with a little sneer at me, to which I wrote an affectionate but *dignified* answer. Wrote also to George.

16 *December*. My mother made me offer the box at Covent G. to Mrs Herbert, and the instant my note was safely gone she gave it to Sir T. Lawrence!! Mrs H. accepted, and I had to call and explain. Found her pretty, but as stupid as Mrs Hall. She told me that De Caze was dying to joke with L^d^ Castlereagh about L^d^ Stewart, but did not dare, as he looked so sulky and cross. De Caze has had the unprecedented folly to write a joking conversation of Mr Tierney's about Napoleon to his court. It has been repeated to the Emperor of Russia, who wants to have Tierney punished for it and when told it was a joke said that such subjects were not to be joked upon. How liberal! How like a free-minded sovereign!

Drove to H^d^ H^se^ with my Lady, who told me all the misfortunes of the Jamaica estate.[3] I hope to God it may flourish, were it only that in that case I should hear nothing of it. Keppel Craven came and brought Prince Cimetelli, the Ambassador from

[1] Sir Robert Wilson assisted La Valette to escape from prison and took him to Mons. His participation was discovered through an intercepted letter to Lord Grey. He was arrested, and with two other Englishmen was condemned to three months' imprisonment.

[2] Daniel Keyte Sandford (1798–1838), an Oxford friend of Henry Fox, son of Daniel Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh, He became Professor of Greek at Edinburgh, was knighted in 1830, and sat in the House of Commons for Paisley, 1834–5.

[3] Lady Holland had a large property in Jamaica, which, in consequence of the emancipation of the slaves and of changed conditions in general, finally failed to produce any revenue at all.

the new Government of Naples,[1] who is as yet uncertain whether he will or will not be received by our court. He devotes his time to whist and mistresses, and never before now knew anything of diplomacy. George says in his letter that Lady Jersey writes letters out of the Psalms. It is lucky for her husband and his mother that Brougham and Denman did not deal in the "*Revelations.*"

Mr Smith[2] has been with an Address from Lincoln to the Queen. He saw her before she had received all the rest, and was struck with her good looks, dignity, graciousness and good manner—far from being hardened or triumphant, and yet with no mock humility and affectation. The Loyal Address from Lincoln has quite failed, as the majority for the amendment was 10 to 1. However they contrived to knock the whole meeting on the head to prevent the presentation of the amended Address.

Sunday, 17 December. So thick a fog that we were obliged to have candles all morning. Mr Calcraft told us that Young[3] was engaged at Covent Garden for next year and four years afterwards. When Kemble acted Charles Surface he asked Sheridan his opinion of his performance. "Upon my word I was delighted with you. I only wished for one thing—that you would give us a little music between your pauses."

Whishaw[4] in the evening, with Macdonnel and Labouchere. How he likes protecting and being a minor sort of Mæcænas.

18 *December.* Breakfasted with Henry G. and little Home. The former told me of Lady H. Butler's marriage to L[d] Belfast,[5] a good thing for him. If anybody can get him his *old*, or work

[1] A military revolution in Naples and Sicily took place in July, 1820, against the Bourbon King, Ferdinand I. Though he had granted the Constitution required of him, he fled to Austria, and with the help of that country, and backed by the Congress of allied powers at Laybach, he re-established himself in March, 1821.

[2] Bobus Smith was at this time Member for Lincoln.

[3] Charles Mayne Young (1777–1856), comedian.

[4] John Whishaw (1764 ?–1840), a constant visitor at Holland House.

[5] George Hamilton, Earl of Belfast, who succeeded his father as third Marquess of Donegall in 1844. The marriage did not take place until two years later. His future mother-in-law, Lady Glengall, was a daughter of James Jefferies, of Blarney Castle, co. Cork. She married Richard, tenth Lord Glengall, in 1793, and died in 1836.

him out a *new*, title, it is that little she-attorney Lady Glengall, though they say she hates her daughter so much she will try no more when once she is off her hands. Rode to Holland House, and on my return found my poor father suffering very much. Sir Henry Halford called and talked a great deal about his plan for a medical college, about which he is very anxious. He told us Sir Gilbert Blane[1] is dying; he was nicknamed for his excessive coldness, *Chilblain*. His court gossip was the great favor of Sir W. Knighton[2] and his probability of succeeding Bloomfield,[3] at which he was much shocked. Lady Bessborough[4] called, and was *of course* in a great hurry, and *of course* left her *bag* and *pocket-handkerchief* and *smelling-bottle* in the three separate rooms in the house she went into.

At dinner:—Mr Rogers, Sir W. Scott, Mrs Tierney. Sir William was amusing, though not well. He made a part of a little oration on Holland, which he has always at hand and has sometimes delivered. Mrs Tierney[5] out of spirits at the bad account of her horrid daughter from Florence, as she has been dangerously ill. Rogers took leave of us for some time; he is going to a round of country-houses to find matter for satire and invective. How odious!

Tuesday, 19 *December*. Drove out to bazaars, &c., &c., to buy things for S^{t} Helena; found the shops dull and empty. Went to H^{d} H^{se}. Henry G. called to take leave of me, as he goes tomorrow to Xchurch for a few days and thence to Cheshire. Dined at Charles Ellis'. Met there:—Mr Hammond, Mr J. Ellis, Mrs J. Ellis, L^{d} Howard, Canning. The latter was agreable. He talked of Canova and Chantrey and praised both amazingly; said that he would rather possess Canova's *Magdalen*, *Endymion*,

[1] A well-known physician, who lived until 1834.

[2] Sir William Knighton (1776–1836), originally physician to the Prince, but helped him continually in business, and became his Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse in 1822.

[3] Benjamin Bloomfield (1768–1846), created an Irish Baron in 1825, sometime chief equerry to the Prince, and appointed Keeper of his Privy Purse in 1817.

[4] Henrietta, daughter of John, Earl Spencer, who married Frederick, third Earl of Bessborough (1758–1844), in 1780. She died in November, 1821.

[5] George Tierney, married Miss Miller, of Stapleton, in 1789.

and some other I forget, than all other works of art he ever knew. He said he was surprized that the Q^n's counsel did not get more precedents of familiarity and levity in history, and attacked the justness of Denman's quotations.

Wednesday, 20 *December*. Rode out and called on Lady Affleck. Henry W. told me a droll story of Mrs Abercromby[1] at Naples insisting upon being dressed at a fancy ball as a Virgin of the Sun. Canning's resignation announced in the *Courier*.[2] Miss Fox came from Bowood and dined with me and Papa, who was in great pain from his gum-boil and ear-ache. My Lady and Allen dined at Mrs Abercromby's. She gave us an account of Bowood, where Miss Edgeworth,[3] Hallam,[4] the Ords and the Fieldings[5] are staying. Miss Edgeworth's style of conversation is exceeding flattery and praise of all connected with those she is speaking to, which she carries quite to a painful pitch.

Brougham in the evening as agreable as usual, very amusing, but malicious about L^d Grey. Miss Vernon came for an instant. They go,[6] poor wretches, at six tomorrow, to perform the painful pleasure they have vowed for life, of passing the Xmas with old Lady Warwick, who is at Bognor with her *unweddable* daughters.

Many speculations about Canning's retreat from office. Those wise-acres who always see into a mill-stone, like my Lady and Tierney, think that more is meant than meets the eye.

21 *December*. Rode out. A beautiful day. Called on Lady Affleck. Henry Webster unwell. He is so good-natured, obliging and affectionate, that I almost forget his folly and the hardness

[1] Marianne, daughter of Egerton Leigh, married James Abercromby (see *ante*, p. 36) in 1802. She died in 1874.

[2] Canning left Lord Liverpool's Government in January, 1821, on account of their attitude towards the Queen. He had held the post of President of the India Board since 1816.

[3] Maria Edgeworth, the novelist (1767–1849), a constant visitor at Bowood, Henry, third Lord Lansdowne's house, in Wilts.

[4] Henry Hallam (1777–1859), writer of valuable historical works.

[5] Elizabeth Theresa, eldest daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, married Charles Fielding, subsequently Rear-Admiral, in 1804, after the death of her first husband, William Talbot, of Lacock Abbey. She died in 1844.

[6] Miss Vernon and Miss Fox. Lady Warwick was Miss Vernon's eldest sister.

of his manner and like him very much. Wrote to poor Henry at Ch. Ch., whose solitude I pity very much. That is one of the *minor* misfortunes of life that *I* can never put up with. Only my Lord and my Lady at dinner. Allen at Dulwich. Finished the *Midnight Wanderer*, a bad but interesting novel; the story so absurd that it provokes one. Read the review of Belzoni[1] in the *Quarterly*, which, tho' it gives a false impression of the book and author, is in itself very instructive and amusing.

Mrs Abercromby took me to Mrs Tighe's,[2] where I found Lydia, with whom I had a long conversation. Were she not so very anxious to attract notice, her conversation would be good and amusing. Lady Caroline Lamb came. Her eyes were fixed upon me for some time, but I avoided bowing or speaking. Ward was attacked about the review against Luttrell as being the author. "No indeed," said he, "I have not even read the book. I took it up, but saw there were no breaks, no divisions, that it must be read straight through—like a long stage of 19 miles without mile-stones or halfway houses. I like mile-stones, or even *half* mile-stones as on the King's roads. Now look! How much more considerate Rogers has been in his little poem of *The Columbiad*—a pretty *little* jewel of about 200 lines. He has divided that into five books, with contents and argument and every thing but an explanation, which it stands most in need of." Some one then asked him about *Human Life*.[3] "Oh! no, no. I have not read that; I stopped at *The Columbiad*." Rogers's character was then discussed, and Ward made a *tirade* against him, of which I have heard parts quoted, and was I suppose prepared; but certainly it was very clever, very eloquent and very *just*. Rogers's only friend in the room was Miss Grattan, in which she was quite right; for if there are any people he is attached to and considers secured from the poisonous venom of his slanderous tongue, it is that family. He had a great venera-

[1] Giovanni Battista Belzoni (1778–1823), actor, engineer, and traveller, writer of a book on his recent discoveries in Egypt. He died at Benin, while engaged in a voyage of exploration. A native of Padua, he first came to England in 1803.

[2] Marianne, daughter of Daniel Gahan, of Coolquil, co. Tipperary, married William Tighe (1766–1816), of Woodstock, co. Kilkenny, in 1793. She died in 1853. She wrote a once popular poem, *Psyche*.

[3] Another of Rogers's poems.

tion for the father, and a sort of affection (if he is capable of such feeling) for the children.

On my return found Mrs Lamb[1] and Lady Bessborough. Lady Davy followed me from Mrs Tighe's.

22 *December*. At dinner:—Count and Countess Bourke, Prince Cimetelli, L^d^ A. Hamilton, Dr Holland, L^d^ Normanby. The Prince seemed stupid. His wig over the front of his head was very ugly, and being black made a great contrast with his grey locks. He wanted to go out with the ladies. Mrs Brougham and Lady Davy in the evening.

23^d^ *December*. Went to H. H. with my Lady. Dined at Harrington House, where I was much amused with the empty folly but good humour of the whole family. The dinner and the whole establishment quite unlike any thing else. The dinner was *not* plentiful, but was good. The tea was what abounded most, but to my surprize was *not* good. After dinner and wine, for dessert was not put upon the table, we went to the drawing room, where we found two square tables with the cloths laid and tea things. L^d^ Petersham, L^d^ Stanhope, his son and Leicester and Fitzroy Stanhope.[2] L^d^ Stanhope was very disagreable and noisy, full of pedantry about Germans and Germany: quite tiresome on the subject. He had a beautiful dog and a very *affected, shortsighted* boy with him.

Friday, 29 *December*. Drove to H^d^ H^se^, where I was amused to observe how innate pride is. An unfortunate solitary member of the steward's room is left there, and she told us with the pomposity of a Somerset or a Hamilton that she would sooner starve than disgrace herself by eating with her fellow-servants of the servants' hall. Mr Davison,[3] a clever little man, called upon my father about the book he is publishing of L^d^ Walde-

[1] Caroline St Jules, who married Hon. George Lamb (1784–1834), son of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne, in 1809.

[2] Charles, third Earl of Harrington (1753–1829), married Jane, daughter of Sir John Fleming. She died in 1824. Charles, Viscount Petersham (1780–1851), succeeded his father as fourth Earl, and was in his turn succeeded by his third brother, Leicester Stanhope (1784–1862), as fifth Earl. Fitzroy Stanhope was their fourth brother.

Philip Henry, fourth Earl Stanhope (1781–1855), represented the elder branch of the family. By his wife, Catherine Lucy, daughter of Robert, first Lord Carrington, he had two sons, the eldest of whom, Philip Henry, succeeded him in the titles.

[3] Thomas Davison, printer.

grave's and L^d^ Orford's Memoirs. He told us he had two more cantos of *Don Juan*, and that L^d^ Byron wrote word that the 5th was already written.

Read with my father the 3^d^ book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. The simplicity, ease and grace of the style, with, at the same time, perfect perspicuity and brevity, is quite delightful. The stories of Europa and of Narcissus are not surpassed in any poet ancient or modern. At dinner:—The Duke of Argyll, L^d^ Aberdeen, L^d^ A. Hamilton, G. Anson, Payne Knight, Shuttleworth. Payne Knight talked at dinner as much as the enormous food he devoured would allow him. He entirely crushed a story that was about to be told as a recent event, by saying, "Oh! that is very old, a thousand years and more; it is in *Lucian*." After dinner the Scotch novels were discussed. L^d^ Aberdeen[1] told us that at a large party L^d^ Liverpool in a fit of absence had asked Walter Scott across the table which of them he liked best, which puzzled the poet very much. After long consideration, "Why according to report I should be far from an impartial judge."

Sunday, last of 1820. At dinner:—D. of Leinster, D. of Argyll, L^d^ W. Fitzgerald, Mr Belzoni, Dr Holland. Belzoni after dinner gave us a very amusing account of his travels, and explained to us the prints and what his fancy and belief about them is. L^d^ Thanet[2] came in the evening and was much pleased with this most wonderful man; but what surprized us most was L^d^ T.'s great knowledge about Egyptians and Copts and all the different tribes. He gave us an account of Woburn, from whence he is just come and delighted with all there. *John Bull*, the infamous new publication against all ladies who have been to the Queen, was discussed.[3] Brougham, who came in, said that whatever means were taken to stop him, they should not be such as to bring on a trial, which would make them be bought.

[1] George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen (1784–1860), for many years President of the Society of Antiquaries. He held the Foreign Office and other posts under Wellington and Peel, and was Prime Minister, 1852–5.

[2] Sackville, ninth Earl of Thanet (1769–1825). He was noted for his sarcastic speeches in the House of Lords, and the Duke of Bedford, writing to Lord Holland, spoke of him as "un homme à bile as well as un homme habile."

[3] Lord Holland wrote of it a few months later as "A dirty, common sewer of libels."

CHAPTER II

1821

1*st Jan.*, 1821. Dined at Harrington House; neither host nor hostess appeared at dinner. Lady Euston[1] there; was, as usual, looking beautiful, though her mouth is *rabbitty*; she almost fainted after dinner either for effect or illness, but I think the latter. L^d^ Petersham came in in the middle of dinner, as if he had been much engaged. Poor man! He has nothing to do, and spends his morning in snuff and tea shops and his evenings at the theatre, and yet is happy and contented. We dined in the drawing-room and sat in the dining-room—such is the oddity of the family. *John Bull* talked of; all of them seemed charmed at the abuse of D^chss^ of Bed., and inclined to furnish more materials. There was the most extraordinary little man there, an Irishman in L^d^ Harrington's regiment, who was the butt of the whole party and seems to have held that office time out of mind. They took him one Sunday down to Greenwich and passed off L^d^ Alvanley for Wilberforce, which for some time he would not believe, till L^d^ A. refused paying the bill on a Sunday as wicked. "Ah! then indeed that's him, *niggardly* and *religious!*"

2^d^ *Jan.* I staid at home all day and read Horace Walpole's published *Correspondence*, which is one of the most amusing books I ever read. C. Ellis called and told us of a letter of Canning's to his constituents at Liverpool, with his reasons in eight pages for resigning, but which he begs may not be made public. How absurd to write in confidence to the town of Liverpool! Nobody at dinner. Passed the whole evening quite

[1] Mary Caroline, daughter of Adm. Hon. Sir George Cranfield Berkeley, married, in 1812, Henry, Earl of Euston (1790–1863), who succeeded his father as fifth Duke of Grafton in 1844.

alone all reading at the four corners of the room, till the ill-starred Cimetelli came and bored about Naples, which is going to the devil. Berkeley and Keppel Craven[1] called in the morning. The former is from Middleton,[2] whose fair Countess has turned *dévote*, and wants to prevent the Jockey Club meeting on Mondays as it occasions so much travelling on Sundays.

3d *Jan.* Mary[3] came from Bowood looking in beauty and health. She is overflowing in gratitude to Lady Lansdowne,[4] and is not yet aware that excessive warmth and empressement of manner disguises the coldest heart and least affectionate feelings. Ld G. Somerset[5] called, and talked affectedly and bluishly "*congeniality of souls.*" Little puppy! He is justly said to be like a French governess who has learnt several books of French Memoirs by heart and translates little sentences into English. At dinner:—Duke of Argyll, Ld Thanet, E. Anson, Mrs Tierney, Mrs Motteux, Mr Campbell. Campbell[6] sat next to me. His voice is sharp and querulous, his ideas vulgarly conceited. He took all my bread and all my glasses, spilt half his dinner into my lap, and then fished for a compliment for his *New Monthly Magazine*, which I was determined he should not extract. He admired, praised, or was pleased with no place, book, or person that was mentioned during dinner, except an idea of his own, which he most particularly eulogized and from which, he says, Ld Byron has taken the notion of his poem *Darkness*: something abstruse and metaphysical about the last man in the universe seeing the ships go on the sea without sailors, and a great deal more of it, which he squeaked into my *inattentive* ear, loudly complaining of Ld B.'s theft. How

[1] Sons of William, sixth Baron Craven, and Elizabeth, daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley. She married the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach a month after Lord Craven's death in 1791. Keppel Craven was a constant visitor to Italy, and died in Naples in 1851.

[2] Lord Jersey's home in Oxfordshire.

[3] His sister, Hon. Mary Fox, born in 1806.

[4] Louisa Emma, youngest daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester, married Henry, third Marquess of Lansdowne, in 1808. She died in 1851.

[5] Lord Granville Somerset (1792–1848), son of Henry Charles, sixth Duke of Beaufort.

[6] Thomas Campbell (1777–1844), poet, and man of letters.

odious all authors are, and how doubly so to each other! Tierney gave a lively and witty description of L^d^ Essex's[1] alterations, for *improvements* they can not be called, at Cassiobury. He means to heat the library by steam. The machine is to be regulated night and day underground by an old man who lives there with a *mackaw*, once the property of the banished Countess. How he wishes the mistress of it were underground too!

Monday, 8 *Jan.* During the ensuing week I went for two days to Woburn with my father, in order to attend the Bedfordshire meeting. We went to breakfast at Ampthill, where the Flahaults received us.[2] Old aunt Mary, as they call her, was there, and put me very much in mind of Matthews's Scotch woman. The Duke spoke first. Nothing could be better; he was too warm about Reform, a silly, idle phantom which many adore because they do not understand. Omne ignotum pro magnifico est. W^m^ Whitbread seconded. My father followed, and made a speech full of *moderation, feeling* and *wit.* They luckily had two men who opposed, and luckily one of them was heard. My father answered him, and praised him for his honesty, intrepidity and good motives; and commented very much upon the assembly having allowed him to speak, in order to show how very temperate and moderate they all were. L^d^ John's[3] speech was short and full of point and neatness, for which he is always remarkable.

On *Sunday*, 14, I dined at Lady Davy's. D. De Caze was there, and what I saw of him I rather liked. His face is hand-

[1] George, fifth Earl of Essex (1757–1839). His first wife, whom he married in 1786, was Sarah, daughter of Henry Bazett, and widow of Edward Stephenson. She died in 1838. Lord Essex's alterations do not seem to have proved a complete success as far as Lady Holland was concerned, judging from a letter from him to her, dated March 18, 1824: "I trust I shall not hear any more from *you* of being *roasted, stewed, boiled* and *fried* at Cassiobury. What is all my apparatus of *steam-boilers, flues* and *grid-irons*? Has the effluvia which you inhaled for hours of the perspiring Tory and anti-catholic, unclean, unwashed representative at the seat of Wortley Montague added to the tortures of Castlereagh's English and hypocritical falsehoods?"

[2] Ampthill was at this time lent to the Flahaults. "Aunt Mary" would seem to be Lord Keith's eldest sister, who never married. One of the comedian Charles Mathews' best impersonations in his *Trip to Paris*, produced in 1819, was that of a Scotch woman.

[3] Lord John Russell.

some, though he is too fat and looks rather vulgar. He abused the old King of Naples, and he is, they say, a great friend of the new Government there. Ward dined there too and was very pleasant and witty, full of his sneers about Reform and the Whigs. L^d Byron writes to Murray the wildest letters. The last was an abuse of Gally Knight.[1] "I would rather," says he, after two pages of invective, "be anything, I would rather be a Gally pot, a Gally slave, or anything than a Gally Knight."

Lydia White in the evening. "My poor dear friend, Miss Godwin. Heaven knows what has become of her! She set out for the continent with the intention of getting with child by a man of genius. When she found access to L^d Byron, she said, 'A thousand pardons for my frequent attempts to see you, but I have long wished to behold you, tho' I have not the honor of being personally acquainted; but let it suffice for an introduction to say, *I am an atheist.*'" [2]

Monday, 15. Rogers at dinner, returned from all his visits in the country. L^d Spencer, at Althorp, has put up a picture of Spenser, the poet, with this line out of his works—

"And I the meanest of this noble race."

It is put up, they say, to shew the connection between them. "Not a flattering mode," said Rogers, "I daresay if he was alive they would take no notice of him: that is the way—*always*. He might starve; for the *noblest* of the noble race he would not care." Notwithstanding this little specimen of his illhumour, the *dead-living* poet was in very good temper, and was very agreable indeed.

I read *Kenilworth*. Nothing W. Scott writes can be bad (except *The Monastery*), but the impression it leaves is quite horrible and disgusting, for the manner of her death is revolting to all feeling.

[1] Henry Gally Knight (1786–1846), traveller and writer on architecture. He entered Parliament in 1824. See the *Works of Lord Byron* (ed. Prothero), v. 68.

[2] There seems to be some confusion in these remarks, which are apparently to be attributed to Miss Lydia White. Fox seems to have taken them to refer to William Godwin's daughter, Mary, who married Shelley, whereas they really apply to his step-daughter, Jane Clairmont, who acted much in the way related above (see her letters to Byron, *Works of Lord Byron*, iii. 427), and was the mother of "Allegra." Her advances, however, were made in England before he left for Italy.

I have been too lazy to continue this, but begin again (Heaven alone knows for how long) the day I left Oxford in the beginning of April.

At Oxford. Monday, April 9. Got up early to go to Collections. Went to the Sub-Dean's table, and was examined by Short. Old Jekyll and his son came into Hall to be entered. He told me he had dined two days before at L^d^ Blessington's, and met my father and the D. of York, seven Opposition peers and no mention of the Army Estimates. Set off half before one, went in Mr Stapleton's carriage with Henry, George, Wortley and Home. I went outside with George for two stages between Henley and Salt Hill. The view beautiful and the day delicious. Wortley[1] was cross and indifferent, and in his most disagreable of humours. Got to H. H. hours before dinner. Found my Lady dressing and my dear little Mary looking heavenly, her hair grown and of a beautiful colour. She seemed more at her ease than I have generally seen her when with my Lady. At dinner we had :—L^d^ Grey, Marsh, Rogers, Miss Fox. The poet was out of humour, and said in an aside to my Lady that he was *du trop* and not wanted. The fact is he hates the noble Earl. Mary appeared after dinner. The trip is now openly talked of, and as certainly to take place at the end of this month.[2] Miss Fox proper about Augusta Greville's marriage,[3] pretending that she has no reason to be happy to leave her family. *Among* and *amongst* were discussed by Rogers and Marsh[4]; the latter word the poet calls an innovation and not to be found often in Milton and Shakespeare.

April 10. Got up very early to see Mary. At breakfast all very rural, and talked of nothing but violets, primroses and nightingales. My Lady did not appear. I went out with her in the whiskey. She told me that her opinion of Peel is not great. She heard his speech on the Catholics. Her account of him I

[1] John Wortley (1801–55), son of James Archibald Stuart Wortley, later first Baron Wharncliffe. He succeeded his father in the title in 1845.

[2] The Hollands' projected expedition to Paris.

[3] Miss Fox's cousin, Lady Augusta Greville, Lady Warwick's daughter, married Heneage, fifth Earl of Aylesford, a fortnight later.

[4] Rev. Matthew Marsh, a friend of the Holland and Carlisle families, and at one time tutor to Henry Fox. He held livings in Lord Holland's gift, and died in 1840.

should think very correct and true—that he is like a boy brought up at a small academy, who has been considered a sort of prodigy with great assistance in private from the master. Went with my Lady to town to Lady Affleck ; staid ages there. The Ladies Fitzpatrick[1] came, as hateful and hideous as of old, *stinking*, spitting and howling, as they have done for the last forty years. L^d^ Petersham's affair is patched up by a letter of Colonel Palmer's in the *Morning Post*, which says as little in as many words as possible.[2] L^d^ P., when he has any intrigue in hand, wears spurs with a hat upon them, the emblem of silence and right. His friends and family knew that something was in the wind by seeing him wearing these constantly for the last three weeks. Miss Vernon shewed me a bracelet with a beautiful emerald set in diamonds that she has bought for Augusta Greville ; it cost £100. The marriage is to be in St George's and to take place soon.

At dinner :—L^d^ and L^y^ Lansdowne, F. Ponsonby, Rogers, Luttrell, Marsh, three selves. Went to the Opera with F. Ponsonby,[3] first to L^y^ Cowper's[4] box, where L^y^ O. and L^d^ Melbourne were. He stood before us the whole of the first ballet, and we might as well have been at Jericho. Henry introduced me to his mother,[5] who has a beautiful expression of countenance and must have been beautiful. I do not admire his sister ; her mouth spoils her face. The ballet was beautiful. Noblet is by far the most graceful woman I ever saw. Standish was in raptures. Her price is £5,000. L^d^ Darlington will not pay so high a second

[1] Lady Anne and Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, daughters of John, second Earl of Upper Ossory, Henry Fox's great-uncle. They both died the same year—1842.

[2] Lady Holland wrote on April 3 : "Lord Petersham's amours are not so *innocent* as have been supposed. . . . I hate propagating scandal, but *entre nous* his lordship has met with some smart chastisement on his slim, pretty figure."

[3] Second son of Frederick, third Earl of Bessborough, afterwards a Major-General and K.C.B. (1783–1837). He was badly wounded at Waterloo.

[4] Amelia, daughter of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne, married, in 1805, Peter Leopold, fifth Earl Cowper (1778–1837). After his death, she married Lord Palmerston in 1839, and died in 1869.

[5] Lady Charlotte Greville, daughter of William, third Duke of Portland. Her daughter, Harriet Caroline Greville, married Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, afterwards first Earl of Ellesmere.

time. L^y Worcester was in ecstacies at the D. of Wellington's goodnature in giving her an apartment in Apsley House, which will enable her to live in town.[1] The D. of Devonshire had Leopold in his box the whole night—rather a visitation but very goodnatured. I did not venture there. A Prince and a deaf man were too repulsive. L^y Castlereagh[2] was with a golden tiara like a Priestess of the Sun; such a figure I never beheld. Set little Home down and got home at *two*.

April 11. At breakfast Allen had the proof sheets of his review on L^d Redesdale[3]; one sentence is illnatured personally to him. It is rather like the sentence upon Luttrell in the *Quarterly*. Rogers in the presence of the latter, with his usual goodnature, praised it for its wit and style, adding, "Very like Ward," as that is what he is anxious he should believe. My Lady ill with her heart. L^d Londonderry is dead, which makes L^d C. be returned for some new borough and so delays business in the House.[4] A flying and false report of Bergami's arrival.[5] At dinner:—D^sse and D. de Frias, D. and D^ss of Leinster, L^d and L^y Jersey, Prince Cimetelli, Mrs Pollen, L. Stanhope, Luttrell, Marsh. Calcraft[6] is staying for health, but does not dine with us. He is under Verity and dines in the middle of the day. I think he is sensible and pleasant, and I admire his good works very much, especially now he is ill. The little Frias[7] kicked and spit less at my Lady than he did at his début here, but was absurd; he is not without some degree of sense. He called the Neapolitan revolution in an aside to my father, leering at poor Cimetelli,

[1] Lady Worcester was the Duke's niece. She died the following May.

[2] Emily Anne, daughter of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, married Lord Castlereagh in 1794. She died in 1829.

[3] A pamphlet on the "Report from the Lords Commissioners . . . touching the dignity of the peer." John Freeman Mitford (1748–1830), Speaker of the House of Commons in 1801, was created Lord Redesdale in 1802. Allen's article on it appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*.

[4] The Londonderry peerage being Irish, Lord Castlereagh still remained in the House of Commons after succeeding to the titles, and sat for Oxford. He had previously sat for co. Down.

[5] As witness in Queen Caroline's trial.

[6] John Calcraft, the younger (1765–1831), at this time M.P. for Wareham, son of John Calcraft who turned against his benefactor, Henry, first Lord Holland, after 1762. Granby Calcraft was his younger brother.

[7] Duque de Frias (1783–1851), Spanish Ambassador in London, who married Doña Marianna de Silva, daughter of the Marquês de Santa Cruz.

"Opera Buffa, Opera Buffa." His wife is certainly intelligent, and were she not the image of M^de Belloc, I should think her good-looking. She was in black velvet with magnificent emerald earrings. Her Grace of Leinster[1] was less quizzical than is usual for one of that family; she only had a breastplate of bugles. The Empress Sarah[2] was not in very good health, but was not silent. L^y Bathurst[3] went to L^y Castlereagh the other day with her usual doucereux manner, Oh! dear, she was so unhappy; what could she do. "The world say L^d Fife[4] was to marry L^y G. What can I do?" "Why," answered the corpulent Viscountess, who hates her like poison at bottom, "the world will talk; you cannot stop them. But I would not go every opera night to his box." L^y B. and her daughters are always there, and the best of it is she says she goes in order to show him she is not *mean* enough to cut him when he is turned out. She and her daughters went to see Noblet in the Green-Room, much to her annoyance. They were not commonly civil to her; stared with all their eyes, and never bowed, curtsied or spoke. L^y Jersey was horror-struck at the impropriety of such a proceeding, and I think justly so.

April 12. Heard of Charles[5] at Bologna on the 31st of last month from Mr Bingham, who saw him there. Vernon came; he says Almack's was empty, notwithstanding all the *rubbish* L^y Jersey told me she had admitted. The D. and D^ss of Clarence there, and Peel danced with a variety of people and will soon be the fashion. *Heaven forefend*! Rode to town; called on the Morpeths.[6] L^d M. with the gout in his knee; *she* fatigued and with cold. Sneyd, D. of D. and L^d Clare I found there. At

[1] Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Charles, third Earl of Harrington, married Augustus Frederick, third Duke of Leinster (1791–1874), in 1818. She died in 1859.

[2] Lady Jersey.

[3] Georgina, sister of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, married Henry, third Earl Bathurst, in 1789. Her daughter, Louisa Georgina, never married.

[4] James, fifth Earl of Fife (1776–1857) never married again after his wife's death in 1805.

[5] Charles Fox.

[6] George, Viscount Morpeth, afterwards sixth Earl of Carlisle (1773–1848). He succeeded to the titles on his father's death in 1825, having married, in 1801, Georgina, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire.

dinner :—Gibson, Standish, G. Fortescue, Luttrell, Marsh, Calcraft. Rather pleasant after dinner. My Lady cheerful and in high good humour. My Lord came in the middle of dinner from the H. of L. Grampound again, which they have hopes of.[1] L[d] Duncannon went up to the D. of Norfolk and told him that he and many others had ineffectually canvassed L[d] Lucan for the Catholicks, but if *he* would, perhaps L[d] L. might relent. How awkward he must have felt when he remembered what a mistake he had made.[2]

Friday, April 13. Rode to town, and in the park with R. Abercromby.[3] No news. The Queen has taken the salary from young Wilson, and says she will pay none till her whole household is settled. *John Bull* is, *I hear*, worse than ever. Mr. Becher's[4] speech at the Theatrical Fund dinner was very good indeed, full of feeling and good taste, and besides beautifully delivered. He speaks well, I believe, in Parliament. Miss Hallande sang also, and showed great want of taste but a magnificent voice. Canning called at H. H. with C. Ellis while I was out ; a sort of farewell visit before our departure ; nothing could go off better than it did. I found the Vice-Chancellor[5] and my mother tête-à-tête on my return. He is to a degree pleasant, but so *judicial* and so precise that it is in the long run absurd and fatiguing. He talked of the Jerseys' affairs, which are, I fear, in a terrible state, and will be deplorable if they lose the cause now pending, which it seems to me he not only thinks but even wishes in return for the squibs and jokes against him.

We had rather a motley dinner :—L[d] Thanet, A. Maitland,

[1] A measure carried through by Lord John Russell for the disenfranchisement of the Borough of Grampound.

[2] Richard, second Earl of Lucan, had married, in 1794, Elizabeth daughter of Henry, last Earl of Fauconberg, the divorced wife of Bernard Edward Howard, who succeeded his cousin as twelfth Duke of Norfolk (1765–1842) in 1815.

[3] Ralph Abercromby (1803–68), who succeeded his father, James Abercromby, as second and last Lord Dunfermline in 1858. He held many diplomatic posts.

[4] William Wrixon Becher (1780–1850), Member of Parliament. Created a Baronet in 1831. He married Elizabeth O'Neill, the celebrated actress, in 1819.

[5] Sir John Leach (1760–1834), Vice-Chancellor from 1818 till 1827, when he was appointed Master of the Rolls.

A. Mayer pinxit

HENRY LUTTRELL

Mr Chantrey; slept, Mr Cranston, L^y Affleck, G. Fortescue, L^d Morpeth, Marsh, Calcraft, three selves. I sat next to Anthony M.,[1] who told me he thought all Charles's love *nonsense*, and so far from being a cause of sorrow he thinks the young lady's marriage will be as great a relief as it is an escape. However I do not believe all that. I am truly glad it is at an end without any blame attaching to him. We had an architectural conversation after dinner about the Stroud bridge, which is certainly the *finest* in the world; the material (Devonshire granite) of the upper part is bad and coarse. Chantrey told us that he has an enormous block of granite coming in order to make a bust, of what or of whom he would not tell. It is to be larger than the *Memnon* in the Museum: in fact quite collossal. Calcraft gave me an amusing account of his séjour at St Giles' (L^d Shaftesbury) in Dorsetshire, where they all are so shockingly bullied by the *Earl* (as they call him).[2] He will allow no one to go upon the great staircase but the girls; and when they found Calcraft had been down it by accident, they were horrified and cautioned him. Some more letters from Mr Palmer about L^d P.; a duel must take place now, I should think, inevitably. The bets are against L^d Petersham being one of the principals. Mr Cranston's head is by far the most remarkable I ever saw. He looks sickly, and I do not think the least clever; he has no *eyebrows* or *eyelashes*. L^d Morpeth was very uneasy with gout in the knee, and seemed oppressed and ill.

14 *April.* Breakfasted with Mary and L^y Affleck. Amused at the latter's jealousy of Miss Fox; very unjust, but natural and pardonable. Did not the rebound fall on poor little Mary I should be diverted at it, but she suffers for all the caprices and tempers of L^y A. and doublefold. Dear girl, she grows more lovely daily, and her sense, discretion and strength of mind surprize and enchant me more and more every hour I see her. My Lady ill with her heart. I hope it is bile, but I begin to be rather alarmed about it. She makes herself miserable, and takes fifty fancies into her head. Rode to town, chiefly with Ralph. Went with Sir H. Halford to the Opera. I thought he never

[1] Hon. Anthony Maitland (1785–1863), second son of James, eighth Earl of Lauderdale. He succeeded his brother as tenth Earl in 1860.

[2] Cropley Ashley, sixth Earl of Shaftesbury (1768–1851).

would have done repeating Latin epitaphs. Determined to hurt his courtly ears by talking very *Queenish* language. Chiefly with Lady Jersey, who was not in her usual spirits, but always kind, affectionate and pleasant. How envious the world is to hate and abuse so amiable and so warm-hearted a person. Went to L^y^ Charlotte Greville ; found the *Butcher* [1] there. He has behaved with great kindness to L^y^ Worcester ; and if from no *other* real intentions, I shall like him for it. My mind I shall then believe to be unprejudiced and candid, when I can allow myself to admire for any virtue, public or private, the bloody instrument which has overthrown the child of liberty, the glory of France and the hero of our own times, to restore the vile dulness of legitimate fools and bigotted priests. I never was shyer and stupider ; dreadful crowd and squeeze. Took Home home, and returned at two. Tancredi, the new woman, *failed*.

17 *April*. Drove to town with my Lady ; called on M^de^ de Flahault, whose lying-in approaches fast. She does *not* wish for a son, for fear L^d^ Keith should fix all on him and leave her and the daughters to fish for themselves. We were there when the servants by mistake refused L^d^ and L^y^ K., whom she has been anxiously expecting for six days. We were very much provoked and annoyed.

Only Mr Calcraft, L^y^ Georgina and Allen at dinner. My Lord at the House. When the carriage went for him at twelve I went with it. Came just at the end of L^d^ Lansdowne ; heard the Doctor, L^d^ Ashburton, L^d^ Somers.[2] The division was agitating. The *Contents* who went below the Bar, looked double the number. But we were beat by 39. Shocking ! The K^g^ used his influence. In the Commons, Hobhouse made a violent attack on Canning. The latter came to the Lords when I was there, seemed abstracted and thoughtful—either writing a challenge or a speech. I hope the latter. Sneyd told me that last night during the D. of Sussex's speech he heard one man say to another, " H.R.H. is deep in the *Councils* of Trent." " I wish," said his friend, " it were the *river*." The House crowded with women :

[1] The Duke of Wellington.

[2] The debate on the second reading of the Bill for the removal of Catholic disabilities, which, on the motion of Mr Plunkett, had already passed the Commons. By " the Doctor " Lord Sidmouth is meant.

Dss of Richmond, Ladies Blessington, Mansfield, Arundel, G. Fane and Miss Seymour, who looked beautiful, which I never thought her before. Not over till half-past three. Got home and supped with my Lord, broad daylight. Talked of deep subjects and found concurrence of belief or rather of *non-belief*. My Lady heard from Charles, Milan, 3d April.

Saturday, 21 April. Rode to town; saw only Ly Affleck. Sir C. Grey[1] was just going to his appointment in India when his brother came down to Portsmouth, told him that Miss Jervoise of £60,000 had changed her mind and would marry him and go. He lost his passage, paid £1,000, and is only waiting for her to be of age. Very romantic and extraordinary for such a fright. Had a long letter from Henry from Woburn, where there were eight women at dinner and *none* ugly. Brougham and D. of Wellington will meet, rather oil and vinegar, but Brougham will no doubt conform. Were he to meet Solomon, he would soon humbug him. His talents are wonderful.

Sir James, Ly and Miss Mackintosh, Ld Spencer, Stair, A. Hamilton, Mrs Tierney, De Ros, Abercrombies. Never saw Wm de Ros[2] before; his manners are very pleasing, the image of his father. He does not seem the least affected, and spoke very naturally about his degree; he is very handsome, and something like F. Leveson. Ly Mack.[3] was a great gig—hat and feathers, plaited cord, and very quizzical indeed. She loves Mrs Jeffrey, and was affected at Sandford's testimonials. How easily are her passions excited! Ld Petersham and Mr Webster fought this morning at Kingston, interchanged harmless shots, and then were reconciled. They have taken their time to make up their minds. Heard from Charles, 16 April, Paris, lingering and dawdling. Provoking boy, he will get into her Ladyship's black books even before arriving.

[1] Charles Edward Grey (1785–1865), knighted in 1820. He held several Judgeships in India, and was subsequently Governor of Barbados, and of Jamaica. His wife was daughter of Sir S. C. Jervoise, later Governor of Jamaica.

[2] Hon. William Lennox Lascelles de Ros (1797–1874), son of Charlotte, Baroness de Ros and Lord Henry Fitzgerald. He succeeded his elder brother as twenty-third Baron in 1839.

[3] Catharine, daughter of John Allen, of Cresselly, who became Sir James's second wife in 1798.

Thursday, 3d *May*. Took leave of Mary, Henry W. and Charles; a more disagreable leave-taking than ever, on account of Charles' short stay with us.[1] Mary looked beautiful, seemed in spirits, and said she should like to meet us. I hope she will. Set off at a little after two. Mr Luttrell came in deep mourning for his father.[2] Henry W. rode by our carriage to Grosvenor Place.

Saturday, 5 *May*. Sailed in the *Pce Leopold*, Capt. Rogers, at a ¼ past eleven. Had most beautiful calm weather; only four hours and a quarter. Ld Anson[3] followed us close. Found Ly Gwydyr, who is waiting for our packet; she left Paris on Sunday. The Russians are to be at Turin in June; they are in numbers 140,000. The Dsse de Berri[4] has recovered her spirits, and is going about to amuse herself in every direction. She rides hard and a great deal, much to the alarm and annoyance of her ladies, who are obliged to follow as close as they can.

May 22, St Germain. Fazakerley and Mons. Gallois and Ld H. Fitzgerald came over from Paris to dine with us. We had letters from England. London seems to have had a terrible gloom thrown over it by poor Ly Worcester's death. The King is going to dine at Devonshire House, and Lansdowne House is talked of. Sir C. Stuart[5] came to us late in the evening, after one of his own dinners, and went back—very gallant of him. The Queen has been to Drury Lane, and the Coronation is talked of as certain. The Duchesse de Berri vowed during her *grossesse*, if her child was a male one, to carry a silver figure to the Virgin at Soissons of its weight when it should be six months old. She has set off on that expedition, but, unlike pilgrims of old, she waited till the roads were mended and posts newly established.

[1] Charles Fox had returned a week before from military duty in Malta and the Ionian Islands.

[2] Henry Luttrell's father, Henry, second Earl of Carhampton, had just died.

[3] Thomas William, second Viscount Anson (1795–1854), created Earl of Lichfield in 1831.

[4] Caroline (1798–1870), daughter of Francis I, King of Naples, who married the Duc de Berri, second son of Charles X, in 1816. He was assassinated at Paris in 1820.

[5] Sir Charles Stuart (1779–1845), grandson of John, third Earl of Bute, British Ambassador in Paris 1815–30. He was created Lord Stuart de Rothesay in 1828, and married, in 1816, Elizabeth Margaret, daughter of Philip, third Earl of Hardwicke.

Wednesday, 23d May. We passed by Marly through beautiful country and got to the Hotel du Grand Reservoir at Versailles, where Ld Essex, Mr Vaughan and Mr Scott came over to see us, but could not dine because they were going to see Mlle Mars in two pieces. How tantalizing ! ! !

Till Tuesday the 5 of June we staid in the Hotel de Castille (in Paris), and went every night to the theatre. Mlle Mars and Mlle Duchesnois delightful.

Monday, 4th, we dined at Sir Charles Stuart's, after receiving a melancholy post from England with nothing but deaths: Ld Stair, Mr Eden and one of Ld Bath's sons. The only good news, that George Howard has gained *both* prizes at Oxford, at which I am most excessively delighted, as I am sure it will give him and all his family such real and undisguised pleasure. We met at Sir Charles's, the Staffords, Bessboroughs, Ponsonby, Lds Beresford, Thanet, Essex, &c., &c. I got between Lds Bess. and Beresford,[1] very dull ! ! ! Magnificent dinner and plate. Went with Ld Thanet in the evening to see Mlle Mars in the *Heureuse Rencontre.* A new petite pièce we saw came out two nights before. We went in the Duc d'Orléans' box, which is the largest but too far off and quite painful from the light.

5 *June.* We moved to Mde Crauford's.[2] Milord had the gout very severely in his hand and went to bed immediately.

8 *June.* La Fayette, Gallois, Standish, Mr Scott at dinner. Letters from England. The King by some is said to be worse; by others, well. Ld Cawdor dead. Received a delightful letter from George, elated and enchanted at his great and brilliant success. Ld Lauderdale has £5,000 left him by Ld Stair. Went to Mde de Coigny's,[3] up two pair of stairs, small room and slightly lighted. Mlle Lastenaye was there; the upper part of her face is very pretty, but the mouth is foolish. They were all sitting round a table, working and greatly amused at the childish practical jokes of a jeune fât there. A son of Ld Lucan's was

[1] William Carr Beresford (1768–1854), created Lord Beresford for his services in the Peninsular War, and raised to a Viscountcy in 1823.

[2] A house they had taken for two months.

[3] Louise Marthe de Conflans d'Armentières, wife of François Marie Casimir, Marquis de Coigny. She was well known as a wit in French society, and died in 1832, at the age of 74.

there, with none of the beauty of his family. Mde de Coigny herself is delightful, so witty and so cheerful, that when it is possible to hear and understand her it greatly rewards one of the trouble.

Saturday, June 9. Nobody at dinner. Went with my Lady to the Variétés.

Mde Rumford[1] in the evening. The Dsse d'Orléans is dying of a cancer, caused by a book falling upon her breast as she was taking it down.[2] The Staffords dined there the other day; she was too ill to appear at table, and all the doors and windows were left open, for she cannot bear the least heat. She is enormously rich, but lives in the poorest house out of sentiment to her *intendant,* who was her lover and died there. For his sake she quarrelled with all her family. One day when he was ill she ordered her daughter, Mlle d'Orléans, to go to his bedroom and read to him, which the Princess refused to do; and on that account they separated.

Mde d'Orsay,[3] daughter of Me Crauford and the old King of Wurtemburg, was violently abusing all the Bonaparte family as mean and of low birth. Pauline's[4] hand was talked of. She said its beauty was overpraised, "though I must say her foot is very beautiful." "Yes," whispered a bystander to Ld Thanet, "she well knows that, for, with all her pride, she has often washed both those feet when she was Pauline's dame d'honneur." Milord's gout was very bad.

June 12. Ld Thanet, Talleyrand and Montrond at dinner. Talleyrand spoke very readily and openly about Napoleon. He evidently was very anxious to talk on the subject, which surprized me very much, considering all that had passed between him and my mother on the subject. He gave a most dramatic account of the Council of ten of his ministers assembled round a table in the palace, whose advice he asked one by one about his divorce

[1] Count Rumford's second wife, Marie Anne Pierret Paulze, whom he married in 1805, and from whom he separated four years later. She was previously the widow of Lavoisier.

[2] Louise Marie Adelaïde de Bourbon, daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, wife of Philippe Égalité, Duc d'Orléans.

[3] Mother of Count Alfred d'Orsay, and wife of Count Albert d'Orsay, one of Napoleon's generals.

[4] Pauline, Princesse Borghese (1780–1825), Napoleon's sister.

and marriage, whether with an Austrian or Russian Arch-duchess. Josephine was in the next room, and every one was afraid of giving their opinion about the divorce. He described with great wit the manner they artfully evaded giving any direct answer. While he was talking, Mr Scott came and brought the report of the Emperor's death, which, to his credit be it said, seemed to shock the iniquitous old traitor very much. However he might be acting to please Miladi, which he seems very anxious to do. I went to L^y^ Bessborough's and saw M^de^ Récamier, who is still very pretty and looks young.

13 *June.* L^d^ John Russell, Harry Fox,[1] Luttrell, and little Moore[2] and Denon, at dinner. Went to Gérard[3] with L^y^ Davy; met there Ducis, who married Talma's sister (a great beauty) and translated Hamlet, which I had the misfortune to see in 1817. Gérard has painted a full-length of *Corinne* intended for Prussia; but the King has given it to M^de^ Récamier, much to the artist's annoyance.

15 *June.* M^de^ de Coigny, L^d^ Thanet, Johnny, Mr Scott at dinner. Went to L^y^ Stafford's and M^de^ Rumford's. Saw at the latter the family of Beauveau; the daughter, M^de^ de la Grange, is very handsome. Mr Scott was terrible and staid eternally. Letters from England in the morning. L^y^ Liverpool dead; L^y^ L. Conolly dying.[4] Canning bellicose: correspondence with Burdett. The latter's letter is bad and yields too easily.[5]

June 18. Letters from England. Account of the K^g^ and Q^n's^ parties on the same evening. Miladi and I dined at M^de^ Rumford's. Met there D. and D^ss^ Dalberg, M. and M^de^ Durazzo,

[1] Henry Stephen Fox (1791–1846), son of General Henry Edward Fox, Charles James Fox's younger brother. He adopted the diplomatic career and was at this time an attaché in Paris. He was often known by his intimates as "Black Fox." Minister to the United States 1835–43.

[2] Thomas Moore, the poet. Moore notes in his *Diary* that Holland was absent from dinner owing to gout, and that Denon's presence was a gêne, "one foreigner always playing the deuce with a dinner-party."

[3] François Pascal Gérard (1770–1837), a well-known French painter. The picture is now in the Lyons Museum.

[4] Henry Fox's great-great-aunt, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and born in 1743. Widow of Thomas Conolly, of Castletown.

[5] "The *Courier* to-night publishes a correspondence between Canning and Burdett; the latter comes shabbily off, for he denies a meaning which his words have, if they have any." (*Croker Papers*, i. 192.)

D. de Broglie, Count Molé, D. de Choiseul. I was extremely delighted with the beauty, pretty manners, simplicity and agreable conversation of M^de^ Durazzo.[1] Little Johnny Russell has made an excellent choice. I never saw a woman more calculated to captivate one than she is. Without the slightest affectation, she evidently shows great talent and a good deal of knowledge. She came back with us to Milord. We found La Valette[2] with him. Poor man, he seems quite broken down by misfortune. His wife is mad, and entirely in consequence of her heroick conduct; she thinks everyone she sees belongs to the police, and hardly knows *him* now. He has had very bad health himself. He is very grateful to all that have been of use to him, and says he owes two visits, one to England to thank Wilson and Hutchinson, and one to Bavaria to express his gratitude to those who have been kind to him. M. Durazzo is a little, sulky, disagreable man. M^de^ Dalberg is not pretty, nor has she pleasing manners. She is pert and flippant; her teeth are fine, but she is *too* fair. Her husband[3] is a clever man, but a great projector and speculator and spends his fortune in following up his theories and plans.

21 *June*. Molé[4] is a sensible, but rather a silent, melancholy man; he makes no mystery of his *extreme* sorrow at being out of office, and talks of the many times he has been in with heartfelt regret. We went to M^de^ de Bourke's,[5] and met there Suchet, D. d'Albuféra. He is like L^d^ Anglesea, has a rabbit mouth, and looks as silly as the D. of Wellington; but though report says he is a bad, he is believed to be a clever, man.

22 *June*. Found letters from England. No news except a quarrel between the D. of Devonshire and L^y^ Jersey about meeting

[1] The Durazzos lived in Genoa.

[2] Antoine Marie Chamans, Comte de La Valette (1769–1833), Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon. He avoided execution in 1815 by escaping from prison in his wife's clothes. He was pardoned in 1821 and allowed to return to France.

[3] Emmerich Joseph, Duc de Dalberg (1773–1833), of German descent, but naturalized a Frenchman in 1809.

[4] Louis Mathieu, Comte de Molé (1780–1855), Minister of Justice in 1813, and held high office under Louis Philippe.

[5] Edmond, Comte de Bourke (1761–1821), was Danish Minister in Paris 1820–1.

the K^g at D.H., where both seem to have acted without judgment.[1]

27 *June*. Went to the Louvre with Miladi, who was very struck with Poussin's *Deluge*; and indeed it is one of the finest things there. The admirable copies made by modern artists are very striking; and it seems their taste has been greatly improved by the Italian pictures. We dined at Talleyrand's, 25 at dinner. A large square table, the best dinner I ever eat:—Daru, S^t Aulaires, Plaisances, Dalbergs, Durazzos, Cuvier, Gérard, Montrond, D^sse Dino, Alvanley, John R., Lambton, to whom I sat next. M^de Durazzo came a great deal too late; she looked very handsome. D^sse D.[2] is the wife of Talleyrand's nephew, but lives with T. in a very *conjugal* manner. I went with Lambton[3] to the Variétés and saw *La femme peureuse* and *Les bonnes d'enfants*. The former was new, and not well received.

Saturday, 30 *June*. Talleyrand called just before dinner, and was uncommonly pleasant and witty. His civility to my mother surpasses any thing I ever saw. He seems most amazingly

[1] Lord Lauderdale wrote to Lady Holland on June 17: "The King's dinner at the Duke of Devonshire's has made a great deal of noise. Lady Jersey had been invited to the party in the evening, and I believe the Duke had taken a little fright: however, it was all settled that she was to go on the Wednesday, when on Thursday morning the newspapers, announcing her having been at the Queen's the night before, again raised alarm in his Grace. I believe he saw Jersey and asked if it was true. Jersey told him it certainly was, but if he did not wish to have Lady J. at his house, he had only to say so. He said he would write to her. Accordingly she received a letter, in which I believe he mentioned that he felt he had rather exceeded the bounds prescribed to him, not to ask anybody who had not been at Court, when he invited her, and concluded a number of half-expressed ideas by saying he trusted she would see the propriety of putting her staying away on the ground of her own sense of etiquette, rather than on any objection on his part. To that her Ladyship replied, that she would do no such thing, because, so far from having felt any real objection, she had told the Duke of Wellington and others that she was going, and that she would certainly assign the real reason—which was that he did not wish to receive her" (see also *Croker*, i. 194).

[2] Dorothée, Duchesse de Dino (1792–1862), daughter of Pierre, Duc de Courland, married to Alexandre Edmond de Périgord, Duc de Dino, Talleyrand's nephew.

[3] John George Lambton (1792–1840), M.P. for Durham County till 1828, when he was raised to the peerage as Baron Durham. He received an Earldom in 1833. His first wife, Harriet Cholmondeley, died in 1815, and he married, in the following year, Louisa Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, second Earl Grey.

anxious to be in her good graces. He feels now very much his own misconduct, and regrets the loss of all his former friends who despise and cut him. He never ceases to talk of the Emperor when he is with us, and the descriptions he gives of him are very dramatic. Gallois, L^d^ Thanet, Faz. and John to dinner. Went to the Italiens with L^d^ T. and Miladi, *Il Barbiere de Seviglia.*

Sunday, July 1. Went to see Soult's pictures; he showed them to us himself. The finest are Murillo's, particularly *The Birth of the Virgin, The Ascension of the Virgin* and *The Return of the Prodigal Son.* His countenance is pleasing and good humoured.

July 2^d^. Dined at M^e^ Rumford's. Miladi did not come till the end of dinner owing to a violent thunderstorm. Met there the D^sse^ Dino, M. de Staël, M. Latin, &c., &c.: rather dull. The D^sse^ Dino is wonderfully clever, and full of wit and talent.

July 5. Only L^d^ Thanet, John and Gallois[1] to dinner. I went to see *Phèdre* acted very ill by the doubleurs. *Les Folies amoureuses* followed and was lively enough. On my return I was told of the official account of the Emperor's death at S^t^ Helena. Good God! what a melancholy end to so illustrious a life. England will now open her eyes and will see the shame, disgrace and atrocity of his imprisonment. She will perhaps feel how her faith and hospitality will be recorded to posterity; and the paltry gratification of having embittered and shortened the latter days of the greatest man this world ever produced will be a poor recompense for the national disgrace and dishonour.

July 6. The fatal news of last night is confirmed with more details. It is said he died very devout and surrounded by priests. That such an understanding should break down to such a degree is very melancholy but not surprizing. The last eight years of his life were enough to drive any body quite mad. To accustom myself to think of him, who occupied so much of my thoughts and all *my* political affections—to think of him as dead, as annihilated, is almost impossible. *Now* I care for nothing. Bourbons, Republics, Whigs, Tories, Reformers, it is all indifferent; I do not care who wins or who loses. I only hope that

[1] Jean Antoine Gallois (1761–1828). Retired from politics after 1814, having taken a leading part in the early years of the century.

his enemies may lose the little fame they have *gained*, and may be sacrificed *without* mercy as an atonement to his ashes.

10 *July*, *Tuesday*. Moore, Fazakerley, Mr Irving, Luttrell. The former showed me some of L^d^ Byron's Journal in 1813–14. It is witty and ill-natured. I am mentioned with good nature: he used to be very kind to me at that time. Went with John to L^y^ de Ros and met L^y^ Alborough there, noisy and witty. Afterwards to the D^ss^ Dino. They were all talking *ante-Queenite* language there.

Friday, *July* 13. Heard of Napoleon's kind and considerate recollection of my mother, with which she was quite overcome.[1] The conduct of both my father and mother upon that subject has been perfect, and I feel as proud of it as if it had been of more use. The meanness, shabbiness and harshness of the Government exceeds the power of belief; it is infamous and makes one shudder to think that such wretches should form part of the civilized society in Europe. Their cruelty and petty vengeance is only suited to barbarians. Their object is now accomplished. He, who ten years ago made them tremble and crouch, has by treachery and misfortune fallen into their hands. They have cut him off from every family and social tie, they have chained him upon an unhealthy rock, and have allowed him to breathe his last without a friend or consoler near him: and they think all this will be admired and approved of. May the curses of an angry Heaven fall upon them, and may they pay *doubly* and *trebly* the sorrows of his breast. The man who has had the noble office of gaoler, tormentor and *executioner* has written to my mother, announcing to her the present of the box and of the Emperor's own handwriting, as has L^d^ Bathurst, whose wit I have no doubt is greatly employed on the subject. The effect the details of his melancholy death have had here is wonderful.

14 *July*. Eight people are supposed to know about the Emperor's fortune. —— came to him in the Cent Jours at Malmaison and gave him two pieces of advice. One to trust to his bank (?) for money, and arrangements were made with him

[1] The reference is to the snuff-box now in the British Museum. It was found after Napoleon's death to contain a paper on which were the words, written in his own handwriting: "L'Empereur Napoléon à Lady Holland témoignage de satisfaction et d'estime."

in consequence; and (alas! why did he not follow that too?) never to trust himself to the English, that he would only meet with the most unlimited cruelty, and that whatever the people might be, the Government were only capable of revenge and malignity and quite destitute of any generosity or elevation. L^d Belgrave came in the evening as hideous and stupid as ever.[1] L^y E. is by way of admiring nothing here, and says there is no solidity! She looks in vain for brick and wooden houses, and finds only stone, poor woman. L^d Thanet has lost terribly, upwards of £10,000; it really is a great pity that he should throw away his time and fortune so sillily.

Tuesday, 17 July. Sir Charles Stuart (who is the *very* best authority and who is truth itself) says he knows beyond all doubt that that old hypocrite the King proposed in Council a court mourning for Napoleon, and that Monsieur over-ruled it. Such absurd affectation of magnanimity seems incredible; it could hardly have deceived the weakest and silliest of the Emperor's friends. However I am glad it was not successful; some might have been childish enough to be bit by it. My father told me of L^d Lauderdale's[2] acceptation of the Green Ribbon with sorrow and *surprize*!!! I was not the least surprized; he is baby enough to be captivated with any of these silly distinctions.

18 *July.* Went to see Denon's[3] cabinet. He has some curious and some beautiful things, but too many Indian and Chinese barbarisms. L^y de Ros and Miss D., Mss Humboldt, Dumont, Greffulhe, Vaughan, Girardin.[4] This latter is the little,

[1] Richard, Viscount Belgrave (1795–1869), succeeded his father as second Marquess of Westminster in 1845. He married, in 1819, Elizabeth Mary, daughter of George Granville, Marquess of Stafford, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland.

[2] James, eighth Earl of Lauderdale (1759–1839), an early Whig friend of Lord Holland, who had drifted by degrees into Tory sentiments on many of the political questions of the day. His correspondence with both the Hollands, however, continued up to the last day of his life.

[3] Dominique Vivant, Baron Denon (1747–1825), French engraver, author, and diplomat. He took no part in politics after the fall of the Empire.

[4] Louis Stanislas Xavier, Comte de Girardin (1762–1827), pupil of Rousseau, and sometime President of the Legislative Assembly after the Revolution. He accompanied Joseph Bonaparte to Naples and Spain, and, after the return of the Bourbons, became a member of the Chambre, and held small offices.

impudent, *squinting* man to whom Talleyrand, when he was out of favor, answered as follows. M. Girardin, rather impudently, "Comment vont vos affaires, Monsieur T.?" "Comme vous *voyez*, Monsieur G."

In the course of the fortnight, L^d^ Alvanley, Dumont,[1] Montrond, L^ds^ Clare, Thanet, Gallois, Sneyd, Ellis, Rogers (who is lately come, more than ever odious, from England), B. Craven, &c., &c., have dined here several times. We have hardly any news, except details about the Coronation and the illnatured stories about dear Lady Jersey from those who envy her fair fame and vainly aspire to be her equals. We went over the Palais Royal; it is far from an enviable habitation, and except some few pictures there is nothing valuable in it. There is a famous picture of the battle of Jemmappes, where the Duc[2] is in a tricolor cockade. There are a set of pictures of him at the various parts of his life, which are very curious and done with excellent taste. One day we saw the modern pictures at the Luxembourg; most of them are wretched. Two historic ones of David have some merit—*The Battle of Thermopylæ* and *The Sabines*. The best are the little ones. We went to Gérard one morning, who showed me his famous picture of *Corinne*. A few of the features of Mad^e^ de Staël are to be traced, but of course en beau. He has left the other figures unfinished in order to make her more prominent. Miladi and I went one morning to see Horace Vernet's atelier, which he showed. He is full of genius, and there is great merit in most of his works.

Friday, 10 *August*. The news of the poor little Queen's death came by telegraph. Unfortunate woman; her life has been a wretched one, and the only things she ever really enjoyed were her continental amusements, which she was to be punished for. The manner her disgusting enemies talk of her is quite horrible. Such horrid abuse ought not to be vented upon her when she is hardly cold. But their conduct throughout has been so barbarous and unmanly, that it was enough to make one as absurd about her as Alderman Wood.

[1] Pierre Etienne Louis Dumont (1759–1829), a Swiss Professor, who was a constant visitor and universal favourite with the inmates of Bowood and Lansdowne House. He returned to Switzerland in 1814.

[2] Duc d'Orléans, afterwards King Louis Philippe. He inhabited the Palais Royal at this time.

Went to *Brittanicus* and *Les trois Sultanes*. Talma better than I ever saw him; his first appearance in it is magnificent. He contrives to look like Nero. On our return came La Valette, who gave us a natural, unaffected account of the first ten minutes of his escape, with great feeling and not the least appearance of more than *just* asperity against his persecutors. The account he gave of his own and Labedoyère's dungeon made one quite shudder. And these are the humane and Christian rulers of this unfortunate country! He remained after his escape from prison forty days in Paris, and left it in an open tilbury with Sir R[t] Wilson, which carried him on to Compiègne. I went for a short time to M[e] Rumford's: dull as usual.

Sunday, 12 *August*. Went to see Soult's pictures, with a large party. Upon the whole I admire most *Christ Healing the Sick* and *The Prodigal Son*. Cradock,[1] Girardin and Gallois at dinner. The beauty of the former I admire very much; I am sure I should like him very much were I to see a good deal of him. Girardin in the evening gave a very lively account of his imprisonment during the Revolution and how useful he found the trade of menuisier, which Jean Jacques had taught him. The account he gave, too, of his treatment by the Bourbons and by Napoleon in the Hundred Days was very lively.

Another fortnight of indolence, and I am obliged to hurry all that happened till the 25th.

Friday, 17*th*, we went to Sommariva's house, and saw Canova's famous *Magdalen*, which is among the first in point of merit of all his works. The attitude is natural and *southern*, but not graceful and makes the knees appear distorted. Nothing can be in worse taste and worse colouring than his collection of French daubs. In the evening went to *Cinna*, and saw Talma in it. It is impossible to remember all the people that have dined here, so I shall not attempt it. Girardin one evening gave a most lively account of Napoleon's visit to Ermenonville. He was quite out of humour; everything went wrong. The next day out shooting they artfully contrived to throw game in his way. He shot a great deal. Josephine at dinner betrayed them, which made him

[1] John Hobart Cradock, or Caradoc (1799–1873), soldier and diplomatist. He succeeded his father as second Lord Howden in 1839. See p. 227.

very angry. Next day when some animal came in his way, he threw down his gun and declared he would not have any more " de ces enfantillages-là."

Saturday, 25 August. When the news of Napoleon's death came, before the King had been informed of it by his Ministers, Sir E. Nagle, anxious to communicate the welcome tidings, said to him, " Sir, your bitterest enemy is dead." " Is she, by God ! " said the tender husband.

26 *August.* Went with Molé to Mad. de Vaudémont's [1] at Surènes to see *Une visite à Bedlam* and another little vaudeville acted, of which I have forgotten the name. A Mad. Orfilu sang beautifully ; and it was on the whole very well got up. The whole ended with some very complimentary verses to the hostess by Greffulhe. She sat attentive to her own applause and seemed delighted with it. The place is pretty and the garden seems very well laid out. I was much shocked at the adulation and respect shown to the Duke of Wellington. From Frenchmen it must either be hypocrisy or meanness ; and I think it shews bad taste in him to come to Paris, where he needs must find rudeness, coldness or constrained civility. A report is about of young Ney intending insulting him at the opera. I hope for both their sakes it is false, though his conduct about the father richly deserves it.

8 *September, to H. House.* Found Mary looking lovely.

My Lord to my Lady on seeing a garden full of dahlias :—

> " The Dahlia you brought to our isle
> Your praises for ever shall speak,
> 'Mid gardens as sweet as your smile
> And in colours as bright as your cheek." [2]

The dull monotony of life at Holland House in the month of September, after the gaiety of Paris, takes off all inclination to continue this diary. Nothing but disappointments attended me. Upon arriving Charles, whom I had some slight hopes of finding, was gone only 24 hours before we arrived and detained at Plymouth

[1] Elise Marie Colette de Montmorency Logny, Princesse de Vaudémont (1763–1832). Her husband died in 1812.

[2] The allusion is to the dahlia seeds brought over and sown at Holland House by Lady Holland in 1804. Lady Bute had originally introduced them into England in 1789, but they failed, as did also Lady Holland's ; and more seeds were brought over in 1814.

nearly a fortnight by contrary wind and by L[d] Charles Somerset's unwillingness to sail.[1]

Bertrand and Montholon called here on Monday the 10th to present the Emperor's kind legacy to my mother. It was extremely gratifying to her to find not only what great amusement but what great use her presents had been of. He always opened the cases himself, and was very much pleased and delighted with many things in them. My mother had had great difficulty in making people send something in her case, but she succeeded with the D. of Bedford, and was commissioned to send whatever she liked. A book, after much deliberation was thought the best, and she and Allen went to Payne's to choose one. Robertson's[2] work was the best bound and the handsomest, and was fixed. When the Emperor received it, he puzzled himself to find out why the D. of Bedford should send him Robertson's works. "Celà veut dire quelque chose." After much thinking, he said he had found it out. "It is advice. Don't yield, don't acknowledge, don't recognise the right the English have to imprison you, or else like Mary Stuart you will meet with her fate." It is curious to see how from mere accidental circumstances such conclusions are drawn.

Montholon has much the most appearance of talent; he has a countenance full of quickness and the cleverest eye I ever beheld. Bertrand is not the least handsome, but has a gentle and amiable expression. His feelings must be of a different sort—sorrow at the death of him whose fate he has so nobly followed, and pleasure at being freed from the barbarous treatment of Sir Hudson and the unhealthy rock of S[t] Helena. The account he and Montholon give of Sir Hudson is worse even than what has before been known. His persecution lasted to the last moment, and even when the grave had destroyed all danger, his cruelty still followed his ashes, and he tried all he could to gain possession of his papers and his books. The former, however, were entirely out of his power; the latter, at least those furnished by Government, he did seize, though full of the Emperor's notes and observations. The books my mother sent out he had the impertinence to attempt

[1] Charles Fox sailed for the Cape of Good Hope on the Governor Lord Charles Somerset's staff. He remained there a year.

[2] William Robertson, the historian.

to get; but that was prevented. No harshness, no indignity was omitted. The Emperor saw all the petty attempts made to insult him. He felt them acutely, but was *silent*. He never pretended to understand them. Antomarchi (his physician) came to us several times. The account he gave of his illness is simple, and told without any object. *He* despaired from the first appearance of the malady. He thinks the climate had nothing to do with the *origin* of the disease, but when it had begun it increased and brought it sooner to a crisis. Besides, he thinks mineral waters would have done him good; but he seems a very ignorant man and was not at all fit to send out. It is very gratifying to think that with all Sir Hudson's harsh conduct and overstrained vigilance he never knew or prevented the regular correspondence between Longwood and Paris; and at least fifty people have been up to the Emperor's habitation, and had in one or two instances interviews with the Emperor himself, by stealth and at night. Both Bertrand and Montholon declare that his escape could easily have been effected, and that many opportunities occurred and were proposed to him; but he was a man never to attempt anything where concealment or disguise or bodily exertion was required. If he was not able to walk on board the ship with hat on his head and his sword at his side, he would take no measures to go.

13*th*. Went with Milady to see *The Coronation* at Drury Lane. Elliston's imitation of the King is said to be very like, though vulgar.

In the course of the ensuing ten days we saw very few people except L^y^ Affleck and the Ladies.[1] Madames Montholon [2] and Bertrand [3] came to see us once or twice; the former is the cleverest and the most amiable. Madame Bertrand is ill and artful, and her conduct in persuading the Emperor to give himself up to the English and trust to *English* generosity has given me such a hatred and contempt for her, that I feel the greatest prejudice

[1] The Ladies Gertrude and Anne Fitzpatrick.

[2] Albinie Helène de Vassal. It is said that she had two divorced husbands alive when she married Montholon.

[3] Fanny Dillon, who married Count Bertrand, was a niece of Charles, twelfth Viscount Dillon, being only daughter of Hon. Arthur Dillon, a Lieut.-General in the French service, by his second wife, a connection of the Empress Josephine.

against her. She entirely governs her husband, and made his life doubly wretched at S^t^ Helena by her complaints and longings for Europe. The departure of Madame Montholon was a very great loss for the Emperor. Her sprightliness and gaiety used to amuse him, and her society was what he enjoyed most. Nothing but her child's health would have made her go. It died in consequence of not being allowed to land by L^d^ Bathurst, and next year L^d^ B. has the audacity to talk of English hospitality to foreigners ! ! !

Sir Hudson Lowe called on my mother, a degree of impudence one should hardly have expected ; but he used to tell the Bertrands and Montholons that all she did for the Emperor was done in consequence of her attachment to him (Sir H.). My mother wrote him a very sensible letter saying she was anxious to avoid an interview with him, as expressions might escape her which it would be better to restrain.

Every morning since my return from Paris I have got up early and breakfasted with Mary, and have in general devoted an hour or two afterwards to reading. I have just finished L^d^ Bacon's *Life of Henry the Seventh*, a very entertaining and well-written book. We went for a few days to Panshanger[1] on Tuesday the 25th of September, and staid till Saturday the 29th. We drove over to see Sir James Mackintosh at Mardocks, but as he was out we were only gratified with a view of his lamentable house. L^d^ John Townshend, L^d^ Erskine, G. Lamb, L^d^ Duncannon, Mr Irby, Mr Malthus, were backwards and forwards several times. L^d^ E. was extremely entertaining in the account he gave of being introduced to the Princess of Wales, after his enquiry into her conduct and after the reprimand he gave her. John Russell came to see us there after his arrival from Paris. Nothing could be pleasanter than Lady Cowper, and I liked our visit there very much indeed.

Bertrand one evening that he came gave an account, with a great deal of wit and drollery, of the expedition to Egypt and the astonishment of the army, who expected to find a country far superior to Italy abounding in fruit and loaded with corn—in fact the land of plenty. The dry sands, the want of shade,

[1] Lord Cowper's house in Hertfordshire.

of water, and even of *food*, almost broke their spirits. The only amusement they had was laughing at the squadron of sçavanti, who were commanded by General Caffarelli, a one-legged chieftain. They were partly the cause of the expedition, from the excessive hopes they had raised by their exaggerated descriptions of the country. The murder of Kléber he gave us a detailed account of. Had he ever shown the least civility or common respect even to the priests, he would have been apprized of the plan of assassination. Napoleon always treated them with the most marked respect and deference, and when there was a conspiracy on foot against him they came to put him on his guard and gave the names of the assassins. Bertrand himself was only a colonel. Napoleon gave him his promotion a day or two before he set off for France. Bertrand was wounded and could not go with him. He saw him embark and the ship set sail. It was actually under weigh, when he saw a thin little figure, with a large portfolio under its arm, run to the pier, "Arrêtez, attendez, je suis Denon. Je suis Denon, arrêtez, je suis Denon." A little boat was despatched, and Denon was taken off.[1]

October the 8th. Luttrell came to stay. Miss Fox and Miss Vernon went the following day to Sidmouth. I never knew Luttrell more agreable, though his bad temper, notwithstanding all his endeavours to restrain it, will sometimes break out. It does so in a manly and a just manner, and he is spiteful because he is angry and not because he has found a good thing to say on the subject. His account of Rogers's jealousy at Moore and Byron being mentioned in *Julia*[2] is very good indeed. He thinks everybody when they have written ought to publish. "If it succeeds they are pleased, and if it fails they please their friends." Shuttleworth and Blanco[3] came to stay also. The latter is gone down one peg in his mysterious religious creed, while I am sorry to say the other has gone up one; and the strong contagion of the gown has been caught even by his free mind. People will

[1] Denon had accompanied the expedition in order to describe the monuments of the country.

[2] Luttrell's *Advice to Julia*, which he published in 1820.

[3] Joseph Blanco White (1775–1841), originally a priest in Spain, and after 1810, when he came to England, a writer on theological subjects. He qualified as an English clergyman, and from 1815 to 1817 acted as tutor to Henry Fox.

thus talk themselves into belief from at first only professing it. L^d Carlisle has sent some absurd and abominably bad verses to Milady about the snuff-box, to which my father's answer is incomparable in a witty, good-humoured but argumentative letter.[1]

Went down with Shuttleworth to Oxford on the 17th of October, and dined at New College, where I met Jekyll with his son—a large, tiresome party which gave me a headache. George came in a day or two, and Henry from Paris on the 23^d.

Nothing ever happens at Oxford worth remembering, so I shall not attempt to keep any sort of journal; but if anything out of the usual routine happens, I shall write it down.

Miss Fox and Miss Vernon slept in Oxford on their way to Weston from Devonshire on the eighth of November, and breakfasted with me the next morning. On the 10th, I went with Henry to Cirencester for two nights. The house is very comfortable inside, and though ill-situated, far from ugly; the park, of which I saw little, is, I believe, fine. L^d and Lady G. Bathurst were in town; I was very sorry for the absence of the *latter*. Lady Bathurst is pleasant and her conversation is sometimes lively, but she gives me the idea of the falsest woman ever born.

Worcester's marriage seemed considered certain.[2] He has a daily correspondence with Lady Jane, and is going to Beaudesert; in fact Henry tells me he knows he proposed three weeks after Lady W.'s death, and she to clinch the matter wanted him

[1] Lord Carlisle's verses are printed in Princess Liechtenstein's *Holland House*, vol. ii. 156, as well as contemporaneously in *John Bull*. Lord Holland's letter is too long to be transcribed here, but his lines on the subject may be quoted:—

"For this her snuff-box to resign,
A pretty thought enough,
Alas! my Lord, for verse of thine
Who'd *give* a pinch of snuff."

[2] Henry, Earl of Worcester (1792–1853), who succeeded his father as seventh Duke of Beaufort in 1835, married, in 1814, Georgina Frederica, daughter of Hon. Henry Fitzroy. She died in May, 1821; and in June, 1822, Lord Worcester married his first wife's half-sister, Emily Frances Smith; their mother, Anne, daughter of Garret, first Earl of Mornington, having married Hon. Henry Fitzroy in 1790, and secondly, in 1799, Charles Culling Smith.

Lady Jane Paget, Lord Anglesey's daughter, here mentioned, married Francis Nathaniel, second Marquess Conyngham, in 1824. Her sister, Caroline, had married Charles, afterwards fifth Duke of Richmond, in 1817.

to speak to her father, but he would not. George Fortescue[1] was very ill, labouring under his old bilious complaint; but nothing can be more agreable than he is. He was at Cheltenham; but came over to C. because a cold prevented his drinking the waters. He told me Madame Durazzo's history, which I never knew before. He does not believe in any of her intrigues, and less than all with Johnny. She was mad for a long time, and devotion was one line it took, which I observed at Paris had not even yet left her. Emily Smith is like Lady Worcester, but it is a very disagreable likeness. Worcester and she pass a great deal of their time talking of her poor little sister, and he seems to be extremely fond of her. Since L^y^ W.'s death it is supposed he has for the *first* time discovered what was the talk of the world.

We returned on Monday the 12th in time to hear Miss Stephens[2] at the concert. Next day I dined with the Marlows, where I met Miss Wykeham, the illustrious love of the D. of Clarence. She is vulgar and dull; her manners are proud and by way of being condescending, but not so turbulent as I expected. The concert was better than the other, and Miss Stephens sang *Auld Robin Gray*. On Thursday the 14th, I went with George and Henry to Heythrop, where we met the Bathursts and the family: dull of course, but enlivened by charades which the B.'s acted with success. Lady G. Lennox[3] looked pretty and ladylike. I like her very much. Bonaiuti[4] came down for three nights to see Oxford, so I had to escort him and lionize him, which was tiresome. On Saturday 16th I dined at the Deanery and met L^d^ and L^y^ Abingdon[5]; it was duller than ever. L^d^ A.'s singing relieved it a little, as he has a fine voice and, I believe,

[1] George Matthew Fortescue (1791–1877), owner of Boconnoc in Cornwall, and of Dropmore; second son of Hugh, first Earl Fortescue.

[2] Catherine Stephens (1794–1882), the celebrated actress and singer, who married George, fifth Earl of Essex, in 1838, the year before his death.

[3] Third daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond. She married William, Lord de Ros, in 1824, and died in 1891.

[4] An Italian architect, extensively employed by the Hollands from the early years of the century on repairs at Holland House and on other business relating to the property.

[5] Montagu, fifth Earl of Abingdon (1784–1854). His first wife, whom he married in 1807, was Emily, daughter of General Hon. Thomas Gage. She died in 1838.

is an admirable musician. Lʸ A. is Lᵈ Gage's sister and looks like a respectable housekeeper.

I dined on the 20th at Blenheim, where I was very much amused with the Duke,[1] and surprized at the splendor of the establishment. The party were chiefly (with the exception of some hungry curates) Oxonians. The dinner was good and rather pleasant. *The house ill-lighted;* and all the servants, I believe, *bailiffs*. I went with Vernon.[2] I was astonished at the invitation, for I never had seen him in my life. He is pleasant, but looks exactly like a great West India property overseer.

A week before I left Oxford I was very much shocked at the news of poor Lady Bessborough's death at Florence, from violent inflammation increased by the cold of the Apennines. Poor woman, whatever faults she might have, she was a warm-hearted person and an excellent mother, who did not deserve such an infliction as Lady Caroline, of whom she said in one of her last letters, " She makes the joy and torment of my life. I am neither happy with nor without her."

Friday, December 7. After George and Home had finished their Collections and I had taken a mournful leave of John Wortley, who is in all probability to be examined on Monday, we all three[3] set off for London. The journey was cold and tiresome from the slowness of the drivers and heaviness of the roads. We left Oxford at 12 and got to Burlington Street at about 8. The dinner was over, and we were obliged to give up all thoughts of *the Exile*. Lᵈ Howard had dined and was still staying. Binda also, who is going on Wednesday to Madrid with some more promising expectations than usual. My Lady was in good health, beauty and temper; very kind and agreable. Brougham came in the evening, full of jokes about Lᵈ Wellesley's appointment[4] and Mrs Wilmot's independence.

Dec. 8. My Lady went to Hᵈ Hᵉ with his Lordship. George and I walked about. I went to see Lʸ Affleck and staid there some time. Lʸ Perth she thinks dying; but all the old ladies kill each other whenever there is the slightest ailment. Called

[1] George, fifth Duke of Marlborough (1766–1840).

[2] Robert Vernon Smith (1800–73), eldest son of " Bobus " Smith. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Lyveden in 1859.

[3] Miss Fox, George Howard and himself.

[4] As Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which post he held until 1828.

on Mrs Ord, who gave us an account of her terrible domestic robbery by a man of the name of Iago, which makes her called *Desdemona*. L^y^ Ossulstone[1] is going to Paris with Sir Robert Wilson, and is much alarmed at what people at Paris will say to her travelling with him. She is terribly annoyed at it having already given offence there, by adding her name on the Duc de Grammont's cards of invitation at his great Coronation ball. We dined at half-past five, only Binda, and went early to Covent Garden to see the dullest of dull plays—*The two gentlemen of Verona* and *The two pages of Frederick the Great*. Miss Tree's acting and singing approaches perfection. Sophy Fitzclarence, Lady Westmeath and Henry G. in the D. of York's box. From Miss F.'s awkward looks I guessed Henry had said something about Mrs Jordan when Mrs Chatterley was acting, and I proved right. Nothing could be duller than both play and farce. I was bored to death. My Lady very active to try to make George break his word to Wortley and stay here instead of going to Ch. Ch., but he properly remained firm. My Lady was not pleased at being resisted. My Lord read some of Sir C. H. Williams' unpublished poems which are admirable.

The town is said to be swarming with L^d^ Byron's poems, *Cain* (which is mysteriously stopped), *The Irish Advent*, (*sic*) *A Vision*, three or four plays, and his memoirs, which Murray has bought of Moore and will of course creep out before his death. Walter Scott says that *Cain* is one of the finest things in English. Henry called on my Lady to-day ! ! ! She was pleased with his visit, and is, I hope, to be assuaged. To do her justice, I think she stood very right about him at first, though she has a prejudice against him from perpetually talking at him. The D. of Devon. arrived to-day from Paris.

Sunday, Dec. 9. At dinner :—The Ords, Ossulstones, Brougham, G. E. Dawson, H. Webster, Mr Scarlett. The dinner was not good at all; and when the ladies went, poor-rates, taxes, fundholders, interest, land-tax, &c., &c., &c., were discussed at great length. The evening was pleasant. Lady Morley with her odious husband was more agreable than ever.[2] She gave a

[1] Armandine Sophie, daughter of Antoine, Duc de Gramont, who married Charles Augustus, Lord Ossulston, in 1806. The latter succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Tankerville in 1822.

[2] Frances, daughter of Thomas Talbot of Gonville, Norfolk, second wife of John, first Earl of Morley (1772–1840), whom she married in 1809.

most lively and tempting account of Bowood and Cirencester, which made me regret them very much indeed. She has been on what she calls a *joking* expedition. Miss Edgeworth was liked at Bowood by the hosts and by the Bathursts, who now are enjoying her society at Cirencester and think she discusses too much. Punch Greville [1] came from a dinner at L^d^ Foley's rather elevated. He goes tomorrow to Brighton to swear in some of the new people. The D. of York has hurt his arm, which is to break up the Woburn party. Fernan Nuñez [2] has had a fit, and was thought past all hope, but is recovering. The D. of Devon. came with a most extraordinary cashmere apparel, something between a waistcoat and a neckcloth. My Lady attacked him very much about a *danseuse* at the Grand Opera at Paris, who is supposed to have captivated him at *last*. Sir Robert Wilson and Lambton came. L^y^ O. is to go under their protection to Paris on Sunday next. Lady Elizabeth [3] is to go, which delights me. They all arrived last night and left Lady Grey better.

Tuesday, Dec. 11. Drove to H. H., and found Mary just arrived. Poor dear little girl, she has tormented her heart out about one of her front teeth, upon which she imagines a spot. Miss Vernon treats her alarm with philosophic scorn, which of course increases it. On my return I saw Henry for a few minutes, and called at Mrs Smith's,[4] where my aunts are staying. Kerry [5] came there, and is as noisy and riotous as usual. Nobody at dinner but Clifford [6] and Allen. My Lord dined at *The* Club. L^d^ Wellesley always calls Mr Goulbourn "*My* Secretary," [7] and

[1] Charles Greville (1794–1865), Clerk of the Council 1821–59, and writer of the well-known diary.

[2] (1778–1821), Spanish Ambassador in London, 1814, and Plenipotentiary in Paris until 1820. He continued to live there until his death, which resulted from a fall from his horse.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Grey, Lord Grey's second daughter, who married John Bulteel in 1826. Her eldest sister, Louisa, was second wife of John George Lambton, created, in 1833, Earl of Durham.

[4] Mrs "Bobus" Smith.

[5] William Thomas, Earl of Kerry (1811–36), Lord Lansdowne's eldest son.

[6] Augustus William James Clifford (1788–1877), Captain in the Navy; and Usher of the Black Rod 1832–77. Knighted 1830, and created a baronet 1838.

[7] On Lord Wellesley's appointment in December to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, Henry Goulburn (1784–1856) accompanied him as Chief Secretary.

Elias Martin pinxit

THE THREE MISSES VERNON

says he approves of Mr Grant's recall, as "he took too much upon himself and did not sufficiently attend to the orders of *his* L^d^ Lieutenant." The Queen was certainly lightheaded for five hours before her death and talked incessantly. Bergami's name was *never* mentioned, but some former admirers were; and the name of Victorine, who is, they say, indubitably *her* child, was frequently and earnestly talked of. Poor L^y^ Bessborough's funeral is soon expected. W^m^ Ponsonby comes with it, and Duncannon means to attend. L^y^ Caroline is, or affects to be, very much overcome, as is also L^d^ Granville. Wrote to George.

Thursday, Dec. 13. Took leave of poor little Binda, which was very painful. I sincerely hope he may prosper, and would do a great deal indeed to be of any service to him. My Lady and I went to see Lawrence's pictures, particularly a most beautiful one of Lady Conyngham. I was very much struck indeed with one of L^d^ Liverpool, which is a triumph of art to throw any noble expression into such an *ignoble* face; it is very fine indeed. We then went to see for my Lord at the Court of King's Bench, where he has been kept as witness all day long on a very *discreditable* business of San Carlos's, which he is anxious to hush up. Took Luttrell, and went to dine at Kent House with the Morleys. She as usual delightfully agreable; he dull and pompous. Went to the Olympic and saw some very stupid farces and melodramas, very vulgar and devoid of wit; one gentleman betted his breeches, and the whole was in a similar strain. On my return, I found my Lady gone to the play; she came home and brought Tierney, who was very pleasant indeed. They talked of Peel and the D. of York connection, which strengthens every day and will be of importance after this King's death. L^d^ Wellesley has had an interview of four hours with L^d^ Grenville, which the latter declares to have been most *satisfactory* and to have renewed all his old friendship with L^d^ W.

Classics were one of our topicks at dinner. Luttrell told me two or three good answers I had never heard before. One man was asked who was our ghostly enemy. He answered, "The French." Another was, "Who is the mediator between God and man?" "The Archbishop of Canterbury."

Friday, Dec. 14. Saw Henry; and then rode to H^d^ H^se^, where I spent most of the morning. My aunts, Leveson and

L^y Affleck came there. Mrs. Dillon [1] is a pleasing woman and has excellent manners. Mary looking quite heavenly. Came home with Lady Affleck to a family dinner; only my Lord, my Lady and Allen. We went early to Drury Lane to see *Jane Shore*. Kean acted Hastings more perfectly than anything I ever saw, and the débutante was very good indeed and in the last act showed great knowledge of the part and power of voice.[2] I went up to Kean's room at the top of the house to see him and beg him to be thanked by my Lady, who was as much pleased as the rest of us. He says the young lady has never acted anywhere before, and she had not even rehearsed with him, nor did he ever see her till she came on the stage itself. She is a pupil of Mr Foot's. Her voice is powerful and fine-toned; her figure fine and her action graceful. I hope she will do. Her success was very great. Mr and Mrs Ord, L^y A. and H^y Webster were in our box. Mrs Tighe came after our return and Brougham, who was extremely agreable and in his best and pleasantest humour. After all, there is nobody in the world can be so pleasant as he can sometimes and *vice versa*. He is very tranquil just now, and has nothing to irritate or provoke him except the loss of his silk gown.[3]

Monday, 17 Dec. Received a melancholy, sentimental letter from L. Peel,[4] which I answered *properly*. Mary returned to H^d H^se with Lady Affleck, after a very satisfactory interview with Mr Hutchins. My Lady was by way of being confidential, and told me Montholon had come over without a passport and in disguise to settle some business of Napoleon's will. She (my Lady) is mentioned in it, which must at once silence the base insinuations that some of his gaolers are too happy to drop but not bold enough to state. He has left £900,000,000 sterling (*sic*), the bulk of it to his son. Some to Drouot, Lavalette, those

[1] Mary Fox's new companion and governess.

[2] This was the only occasion on which Kean acted in *Jane Shore*. The débutante was Miss Edmiston. (Genest's *History of the English Stage*.)

[3] Because of his support of Queen Caroline, Brougham's silk gown was taken from him owing to the King's animosity, and was not restored to him until 1827. Notwithstanding this persecution he made £7,000 one year.

[4] Laurence Peel (1801–88), sixth son of Sir Robert Peel and younger brother of the statesman.

wounded at Waterloo, the towns in France destroyed or impoverished by the Prussians and other invaders, and of course to Montholon and Bertrand. There is some ill temper shewn in the will. My Lady is kindly and honorably mentioned.

The Dss of Bedford has got a son—three weeks before its time.

At dinner :—Ld and Ly Morley, Ld and Ly Cowper, F. Lamb, Luttrell, G. Calcraft. The latter absurd and dandified, but approved of sufficiently. In the evening Luttrell read some of the notes and prefaces to Ld B.'s three new tragedies, lively and witty though very severe. The dinner and evening was pleasant. Punch came. The riches of the Phillips' were talked of, and Lady Morley said, " Oh ! it is *past Baring* ! "

Thursday, 20 *Dec.* Called on Lady Affleck and Mrs Ord. The latter not well, but going tomorrow to Bowood. At dinner :—Brougham, G. Lamb, Adair, John Russell, Dundas, Heneage. It was pleasant. George Lamb, although always vulgar and noisy, is certainly entertaining and has some share of humour. He talked a great deal about the theatre, upon which he at present raves. A new *light* ! ! *Welsh* ! ! ! tragedy, as he calls it, is coming out with Kean and Miss Edmiston. In the evening came Lds Aberdeen and Ossulstone, Miss Fox and Miss Vernon. The first was sarcastic and contemptuous about Ld Wellesley, and was as usual cold, haughty and disagreable. The second is properly indignant with that ill-tempered, spoiled child Lambton, for having taken Ly O. and his two other ladies over to Calais on a stormy day *in an open boat* ! ! ! His insolence to every body and his tyranny in his own family are insufferable and makes one feel very much for poor Lady Louisa. His temper and selfishness pass all credited or permitted bounds.

After dinner we all read the proof sheets of Ld Byron's *Vision of Judgment*, which is very good and is meant as a satire upon Southey's apotheosis of G. III.[1] It is much on the same plan, and only makes H.M.'s trial in heaven more lively and more readable. There are some excellent touches in it, and it ends with these two lines—

> " And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
> I left him practising the hundredth psalm."

Saturday, 22 *Dec.* Received a letter from George announcing

[1] Written under that title.

the marriage of Georgiana Howard and Agar Ellis.[1] I am most sincerely glad and greatly surprized. She is a pretty, amiable, pleasing girl; but I never should have thought his fantastical notions would have been satisfied with anything so simple and so devoid of pretensions. Rode to Holland House. Mary delighted and surprized at the marriage, and talked with great naivété about it. Oh! I wish to see her established happily and greatly in the world. But I know perfection would not satisfy *me*, for I never saw a man worthy of such a high-minded, noble girl. Dined at Punch's, and met, three female Bathursts, Lʸ G. Lennox, H. de Ros, G. Dawson,[2] Henry—very pleasant, but like a fool I left the dinner at dessert to go to the Stanhopes' box at D.L. to see the dullest, stupidest thing ever acted—*Giovanni in Ireland*, and *Monsieur Tonson*. Nothing could exceed the dullness of the play or the emptiness of my companions—a whole train of Stanhopes, who have nothing but their good-nature to redeem them. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien* is a narrow-minded but true proverb.

Lady Bathurst asked me to go to Mᵉ de Lieven's with *her* on Sunday next. I thought it odd, after having sent word to my father and mother that she did not dare to ask them or dine with them, so I consented conditionally that she should apprize her of my coming, which she *said* she *had*!!!!![3]

Received a letter from Wortley in high spirits.

Sunday, Dec. 23. Drove to H.H. with my Lady and rode back late. At dinner:—Mrs Tighe, Henry G., Messrs Rice, Campbell, Adair, Col. Macdonald, Dr Holland and John. Mr Rice,[4] I never saw before, a more conceited, chattering, provoking little elf I never beheld. I longed to box his ears the whole time and try to silence him. His manner of speaking is like an affected fine lady on the stage. Campbell has been my aversion since I could discriminate. Henry wrote me a note just before dinner to tell me that Mᵉ de Lieven would not have me!!! I am not

[1] George James Welbore Ellis (1797–1833), eldest son of Henry Welbore, second Viscount Clifden. He was created Lord Dover in 1831.

[2] George Dawson, of Castledawson, Member for Londonderry.

[3] Princess Lieven had broken off her friendly relations with the Hollands, after a reference to the Czar in a speech of Holland's in the previous July, which she considered personal and insulting.

[4] Thomas Spring-Rice (1790–1866), created Lord Monteagle in 1839.

surprized, but sorry for *one* reason. Lʸ B. wants to see me to explain, and is annoyed at it. No explanation can make me believe that what she told me yesterday was true. They were all in alarm I should tell my Lady or rather Lady Jersey. Poor Lady J. ! She is always held up *in terrorem* as a sort of scourge. Henry was bored to death, as well he might be. The dullest party we have had since I came to town. Sir B. Bloomfield and Sir M. Tierney are disgraced, and Lᵈ F. Conyngham is, it is said, to have the former's place. In the evening came Lᵈ and Lʸ Normanby,[1] Miss Fox, Miss Vernon, G. Lamb, Lᵈ Albemarle, and the hideous Lʸ Mary Keppel, to whom I made a vow I would not talk and kept it, though both my aunts and my Lady tried all to prevent my silence. The *stage* and *acting* was discussed. Miss O'Neill[2] *of course* talked of. Lᵈ Normanby grew quite warm and red, when George Lamb with his usual coarseness attacked her beauty and her acting. Lʸ N. seemed annoyed, and twice tried in vain to turn the conversation. We had it all—her *face, figure, hair, character, marriage,* &c., &c., &c. Luttrell in the latter end of the evening from Madame de Lieven's.

Monday, Dec. 24. Received the class paper from Oxford. Poor Wortley ! only one class. Exactly the same fate as that fool Charles Ross and that mass of dullness Harrington. Passed most of the morning with Henry. Called on the Bathursts. Lʸ Georgiana Lennox looked pretty and was very well dressed. Lʸ B. herself has grown deaf, and it is distressing to see such a sudden alteration. Nothing can be kinder than all are to me. Not a word about the Lieven party. A *white* fib is always best passed over in silence.

Friday, Dec. 28. Dined at Punch's ; met Lᵈ, Ladies G. and E. Bathurst, Lʸ B., Lʸ G. Lennox, G. Dawson, G. Anson, H. de Ros, Alvanley, Henry, and the host. Alvanley[3] by several complicated arrangements with his uncle has at last brought his affairs into a

[1] Constantine Henry, Viscount Normanby (1797–1863), who succeeded his father as second Earl of Mulgrave in 1831, and was created Marquess of Normanby in 1838. He married, in 1818, Maria, daughter of Thomas Henry, first Lord Ravensworth. She died in 1882.

[2] Eliza O'Neill (1791–1872), the celebrated actress, who married William Becher in 1819 (see *ante*, p. 66). She retired from the stage after her marriage.

[3] William, second Baron Alvanley (1789–1849).

prosperous condition. He is in the highest spirits, and is considered more than ever agreable, in greater favor than ever with L^ds^ Foley and Worcester, whose fortunes he has entirely destroyed and whose days he has embittered; but if people like to be ruined and made miserable, it is their own affair, and they may take which way they like best.

L^d^ B. told a very good story of Mr Fox. When L^d^ Auckland (then Mr Eden) deserted Opposition for a foreign mission he thought himself called upon to explain to Mr Fox, and had a long interview for the purpose. At the end of it, Mr F., who had never spoken, turned round and said good-humouredly, "Have you seen *The Romp*?" which at that time was in the height of fashion. This was à propos of a story of M^e^ de Lieven at Aix-la-Chapelle, which my Lady told me yesterday. The Austrian —— found her in a room before many people, and exclaimed, "Ah! Vous avez le nez rouge." "Oui, Monsieur," she coolly replied, "je ne le sais que trop, mais ce sont des choses qui ne se disent pas." L^y^ G. Lennox had a face-ache and wore a cap; she looked pretty, but in pain. Henry de Ros[1] told me a great deal about old Ogilvy, whom they all hate. Came home; found the Vice-Chan. and Mrs Tighe. My Lord has got dear Charles's exchange at last for £350, so we may perhaps have him back in spring. I am more than delighted.

Saturday, Dec. 29. Got a letter from Wortley not at all pleased with Agar Ellis's marriage, as he has not a good opinion of him. I went to see Lydia White. She is not devoid of talent, but is so anxious to say what is clever that she sacrifices at every sentence a friend or foe or most likely both. Like Mrs Candour her defence of her friends is her chief means of laying open all their faults. She told me some very droll stories of Lady Davy before her marriage to Sir Humphrey,[2] and the account of the courtship. He proposed; she refused; he proposed again; she refused again; he vowed he would either marry her or leave her for ever. He went to Ireland; she fell dangerously ill; his agitation was great, he said, "he could live in the world *without*

[1] Henry William, afterwards twenty-second Baron de Ros (1793–1839), eldest son of Charlotte, Baroness de Ros and Lord Henry Fitzgerald. His grandmother, Emily, Duchess of Leinster, married William Ogilvie after her first husband's death.

[2] See *ante*, p. 48.

Mrs Aprice, but could not after her death." He returned to England ; she asked him to dinner. He answered, " You know the conditions." *The invitation was repeated.* She was L^y^ Davy in a few days.

Sunday, 30 *Dec.* To my sorrow and dismay we went to Holland House for *change of air* ! ! ! Colder than ice, and we all caught violent coughs, colds and catarrhs. The evening passed in frigid dullness as might be expected.

Monday, 31 *Dec.* Breakfasted with Mary. Walked a good deal in the grounds with her. I had a letter from Mrs Ord from Bowood. As little effect as usual in her epistolary effusions. The whole subject of the country are the floods in every direction, which seem terrible and are great food for the newspapers. Rode to town. Saw Henry, who goes tomorrow ; it will make town very dull to me. He wanted me to stay and dine with the Bathursts, which like a fool I did not. Lady Jersey fainted away at a ball of L^y^ Charlemont's. Rode a little with Dundas in the park. Came home to H.H. Tonight is the last day of our endurance vile here. I shall be delighted to return to *old smoky* ; ruralties and frost don't agree. In all weathers the country is an infliction, but in winter, oh ! Four selves at dinner. Afterwards read M^de^ de Sévigné. Report in the *Courier* of the K^g^ of France being ill, something in his understanding. Allen anxious to make out that it is a trick of the Ultra Ministry. He seems to have wandered in his conversation while in council.

Here ends the old year, which like all its predecessors has been full of good and evil, but the former has on the whole predominated. May its successor be no worse ; but I have forebodings of ill I do not like to think of. The great political events have been, the loss of the Catholic Bill, Napoleon's death, the Queen's death, the accession of the Grenvilles to the ministers, and the appointment of L^d^ Wellesley. Nothing has happened remarkable in the course of the year in my family, except the expedition to Paris and the legacy of the snuff-box to my mother. The pleasure the latter gave me is not to be told ; it reflects as much credit on both sides as they mutually deserve.

> " It is twice blest,
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

CHAPTER III

1822

Tuesday, January 1, 1822. There are great hopes (but they are to be concealed) that Worcester will be off from L^y^ Jane. He is very much in love with Emily Smith, and a marriage can be contrived by instituting a suit against themselves, which may last during their respective lives, and which is often done and winked at. Her family (the Argyles[1]) *I suspect* are against it, and it is ardently hoped that it will be broken off, which after all is the best thing for both parties. I hope poor Georgy Lennox will not be unfortunate enough to be his wife. Fifty things would make Emily Smith much the best choice.

Jan. 2, *Wednesday*. At dinner :—L^d^ Aberdeen, M. de Souza, D^r^ Holland, Dundas, G. Beauclerk, Sir J. Newport. The dinner was not pleasant ; political economy and bullion were discussed at terrible length. L^d^ A. never opens his mouth but to contradict sarcastically and insolently, and contributes nothing to society ; and yet has the reputation of being pleasant ! G. Beauclerk[2] is forward, vain and puppyish ; extremely occupied with his beauty and proud of his talents. Dundas,[3] from his perfect simplicity and freedom from affectation, was a striking contrast and was highly approved of even by Allen ! ! ! I went afterwards to Savile Row to see Miss F. and V., who are just come from Rich-

[1] Lady Jane Paget's mother, Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of George, fourth Earl of Jersey, after her divorce from Lord Anglesey in 1810, married George William, sixth Duke of Argyll. See also *ante*, p. 86.

[2] George Robert Beauclerk (1803–71), third son of Charles George Beauclerk and Emily Charlotte Ogilvie, daughter of Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

[3] Robert, afterwards fourth Viscount Dundas (1803–86), who succeeded his brother in the title in 1876.

mond. Found Vernon and Leveson [1]; the latter much improved, the former oh!

Thursday, Jan. 3. At dinner:—Shuttleworth, Vernon. The unauthorized and unbounded conceit of the latter is quite insufferable and provokes me, who have real, sincere gratitude for his kindness to me when I most needed it two years ago, but nothing else could make me tolerate him. Leveson and the Ladies in the evening. He is grown quite placid and amiable, and I feel I have done him great injustice in seeing only his faults.

Saturday, Jan. 5. At dinner:—L[d] Gwydyr, L[d] A. Hamilton, L[d] F. L. Gower, Brougham, W[m] Rose, J. Jekyll, L. Smith. A great mixture, and not a very pleasant party. Gower [2] was pleasant and liked. He is the same he used to be, but not so handsome. W[m] Rose [3] was very pleasant indeed. He has a great deal of dry humour, but it is very uncertain, and one never is sure when he begins whether he is not going to tell the flattest or the drollest story. He luckily was not flat nor was he offensively indecent, which he generally takes the opportunity of being when there are many ladies in the room.

Sunday, Jan. 6. Got up early and went to breakfast with friends of Shuttleworth's, a Mr and Mrs Williams; he is a New College man and reckoned a wit. I can't say more against him; no infliction can be greater than one of their wits. I went afterwards with Shut. to Bloomsbury Chapel to hear the famous Mr Dan. Wilson.[4] It was all bombast repetition. Good works he held very cheap, and gave about fifty descriptions of the New Zion, exactly with the same thoughts but differently expressed each time; and that, with a few theatrical attitudes and variations of voice learnt of Kean, was the amount of his whole sermon. Upon the whole it was trash, and not worth undergoing that most tedious morning service to hear.

14 *Jan.* Mary was brought mysteriously to town and went

[1] Leveson Smith, "Bobus" Smith's youngest son, who died in 1827.

[2] Lord Francis Leveson-Gower (1800–57), created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846, second son of George Granville, second Marquess of Stafford and first Duke of Sutherland.

[3] William Stewart Rose (1775–1843), son of George Rose. He was for many years a clerk in the House of Lords, and wrote some good verses.

[4] Daniel Wilson (1778–1858), evangelical preacher, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

with Lady Affleck to the play, but all secretly and by stealth! How absurd and illnatured! Only four selves at dinner.

15 *January*. Drove out with Lady A. and Mary in the park. Received a very pleasant letter from Wortley, quite affectionate. I hope he does like me, for I am so sincerely fond of him that I really deserve it. I wrote to Miss Fox and L^y^ Jersey. Lady Affleck talks so terribly indecently before poor Mary that it quite shocks me; and if she was not of the most pure, delicate mind, it might really be of serious injury to her. But she has such a horror of anything the least indecent and wrong for her to know, that she never would investigate or try to find out; for Lady A. is always willing to give the most detailed explanations.

Jan. 19. Letters from Henry and Miss Fox. L^d^ Albemarle is going to marry Miss Charlotte Hunloke; and Fazakerley[1] has written to my Lady from Nice to announce his marriage to one of Miss Montagus—neither of them good matches in any way. Faz.'s is not to be for seven months; he comes in March to England. Went with the Tierneys to the Opera; always the same. The Spanish protégée of L^d^ Fife made her début: very pretty and dances well. I was chiefly with the Bathursts. L^y^ G. L. looked very pretty indeed in a turban. L^y^ Heathcote opposite in pink; such a sight! Came home and sat up with my Lord till late. I rode to H^d^ H^se^ in the morning, and had new proofs of dearest Mary's warm heart and strong sense of justice. Dear, dear girl! How I love her!

Jan. 21. Went with R. Dundas to Oxford. Stopped to see Mary, and got to the hated place at a little after five.

Sunday, Jan. 27. Letters from Miss Fox and my Lady. L^d^ Stowell dined in Burlington Street the other day and was pleasant. He talked of the ladies' statue to commemorate the victory of the Allies over France.[2] A difficulty had arisen, and the artists had submitted to the female subscribers whether this immense colossal figure should preserve its antique nudity or be

[1] John Nicholas Fazakerley, who was a member of the House of Commons, 1812–37.

[2] The Achilles statue in Hyde Park, which was put up in honour of the Duke of Wellington by the ladies at a cost of £10,000. It was cast from cannon taken from the French, and was the work of Westmacott.

[Sir William Scott (see *ante*, p. 28) had recently been created Lord Stowell.]

garnished with a fig-leaf. It was carried for the leaf by a majority; the names of the *minority* have not transpired.

The dullness of Oxford soon stopped this journal; nothing happened worth relating. We had two concerts. The second was pleasant, though disgraced by the inebriety of Newborough and Granby Calcraft. On Monday, Feb. 18th, we acted *The Orphan* in Muir's room, before an audience of 55. I was *Monimia* in a black velvet gown, George Howard *Polydore*, E. Vernon *Acasto*, L. Peel *Castalio*, G. Calcraft *Chamant*. I acted less ill than I expected and met with great applause. Next day I was extremely shocked to hear of poor Henry Somerset's death at Heythrop. A neglected cold that ended in a brain-fever was the cause of it. On Wednesday night Henry and I determined to go to town next day, and off we set next morning.

Feb. 21. Went to town with Henry. Arrived at a little before seven; found my Lady just dressed and dinner ready—most auspicious moment. Afterwards to Drury Lane to see Kean's *Richard II*, a dull play; but he acted admirably. The talk of the town is Mr Coke's marriage to Lady Ann Keppel, which takes place on Monday.[1] Forty-nine years between their ages, just her father's age; she will become a great-grandmother and her own father's aunt on Monday next. It is quite revolting, and nothing but madness (which I believe is the reason) or interest could make her consent. They say she is in love, which is greatly in support of my theory. My father's joke is much admired that nothing but horses and Grenvilles keep their prices; though not so good as that they have been taken, like goods at the Custom House, by weight and not ad valorem; and that we have had a Sheffield and are now to have a Birmingham Duke of Buckingham.

Feb. 22. Drove to H^{d} H^{se} with my Lady, where I found Mary and Miss Mackintosh, the former in beauty and spirits and about to act before my aunt a scene out of *Iphigenie* tonight. The latter is pleasant and clever, though with vulgar manners; and like her mother, she is brusque and not ladylike. Called on

[1] Thomas William Coke (1752–1842), created Earl of Leicester in 1837. He had three daughters by his first wife, Jane Dutton, sister of the first Lord Sherborne. She died in 1800. Four sons and a daughter were born of his second marriage. Lady Anne was daughter of William Charles, fourth Earl of Albemarle. After Lord Leicester's death she married Edward Ellice in 1843, but died eight months later.

L^y Bathurst, and found L^y C., Miss and H. Greville there: L^y G. Lennox in blue. It was pleasant, though I was sorry to see L^y B. so unwell. Miss Greville [1] is, I think, quite pretty, save and except her mouth; her figure beautiful, and she has very pretty manners. Afterwards I went to L^y Grey, whom I found better than I expected. L^y Elizabeth delightful and cheerful. She does not seem to have seen all she ought at Paris, and went only once to M^lle Mars. Tierney and B. Frere [2] in the evening; the former was very pleasant indeed.

Feb. 23. Went to see L^y Affleck, who was ill; afterwards to Mrs Tighe, who is in tribulation about the manner old Coutts is expected to leave his money entirely in Mrs Coutts's power.[3] Afterwards to L^d Morpeth's, where I saw the bride and bridegroom. She looks in beauty, he thin and ill. It takes place on Tuesday the 5th. Went with my father to L^y Spencer,[4] rather formidable: there is nobody I dread so much. She was gracious and clever, full of her own jokes that she had just made to Mr Coke about the madness of the season, &c., &c. Nothing else is talked of. She is noisy and vulgar; her laugh is hearty and not disagreable. Old Sir A. Macdonald [5] came in while we were there; he is nearly blind. I called with Miss Vernon in the morning upon L^y Warwick and her scarecrow daughters, who looked hideous.

I went to L^y Morley, and was struck with Miss Villiers' [6] cleverness in a dispute about vulgar relations with L^d Clanwilliam. L^y G. looked so pretty, and was very amiable.

Sunday, Feb. 24. I went to H. H. with my Lady; returned

[1] Miss Harriet Catherine Greville married Lord Francis Leveson-Gower later in the year.

[2] Bartholomew Frere (1778–1851), diplomatist. Younger brother of Hookham Frere.

[3] Thomas Coutts (1735–1822), banker, who married Harriet Mellon, the celebrated actress, in 1815.

[4] Lavinia, daughter of Charles, first Earl of Lucan, married George John, second Earl Spencer, in 1781.

[5] Sir Archibald Macdonald (1747–1826), Judge. He was made a baronet in 1813.

[6] Maria Theresa Villiers, daughter of Hon. George Villiers (1759–1827) and Theresa, daughter of first Lord Boringdon, and sister of Lord Morley. She married Henry Thomas Lister in 1830; and, secondly, in 1844, Sir George Cornewall Lewis. She died in 1865.

on my Lord's horse. Walked with Lawrence in the Park, and met the Ladies Bathurst, but not G. Lennox. Old Coutts died this morning. His will is on half a sheet of paper and gives everything in the world to Mrs Coutts without any sort of restriction. This is too much. They call old Coke's marriage, the wedding of an *old fool* and a *young knave*. *John Bull* attacks them violently to-day, and says he always was fond of *husbandry*.

Feb. 25. Went with my Lady all over Westminster Abbey, and was rather disappointed except in some of the tombs. I had never been there before, and was shocked at the dirt and gloominess of it. L^y^ Orford's tomb, I think, beautiful; the grace of the statue is striking, but rather heathenish for a Xtian temple. It was cold. At dinner:—L^d^ A. Hill, L. Peel, R. Abercromby, Luttrell. Lawrence was less formal than before, and looked quite handsome. We went soon after dinner to Lansdowne House. The great room *not* opened; it was pleasant. I was with the Bs., G. and L^y^ Euston all evening; she looked lovely, quite transcendent. Miss Sparrow not so ugly as I had imagined to myself. L^y^ Morley with Miss Villiers, to whom I introduced myself; she seems clever and agreable. I was very much pleased to-night by one or two little things which tickled my vanity. How foolish it is to let vanity ever be pleased; but no philosopher can withstand, so I shall not try. Wrote to Henry W. at Paris.

Feb. 27. Went to Miss Fox and afterwards to L^y^ Affleck, where I witnessed a scene between her and Miss Vernon about Mary, whom my Lady at last has allowed to dance at Lansdowne House. Mary looked very pretty, and was delighted to be out of the dismal walls of H^d^ H^se^. Went over to Holland House, where I got some violets as an admirable excuse for going to Stanhope Street. Nothing could be more goodnatured than L^y^ G. Bathurst, who let me in for a moment as L^y^ B. is out of town. Dined tête-à-tête with my Lady, who is become calm again. She was gracious and talked a great deal about Mary and *the* subject, upon which I did not, however, say one word, as I mean to have all in black and white on that head. L^y^ Ossulstone came and told us all about her passage. Went then to Mrs Tighe's, dull! dull! dull! bored to death by Mrs

Herbert, not much pleased with either of the Miss Berrys. Lʸ C. Wortley there. Home early.

Feb. 28. Breakfasted with L. Peel at his lodgings, and set off at about 10, with a screaming grey parrot, for Oxford. We stopped at Windsor and saw the Castle all through. I never was more undeceived. I had always thought it was handsome; the rooms are by no means fine and there is hardly a picture, except the famous one of *The Misers* by the Blacksmith of Antwerp, that has any merit. We stopped at Napiers' at Ewelme to deliver the parrot, and arrived in Oxford just in time for the second act of Campanese's concert. She sang beautifully, but I had too bad a headache to enjoy anything.

Feb. 29–*March* 9. George went to town for Georgina Howard's marriage, which took place on the seventh, when also I arrived at the advanced age of 20. M. Alexandre, the ventriloquist, performed in Ingestrie's room and amused me very much. He is a gentlemanlike man and is pleasant, though a liar and boaster. No news. F. Seymour is to marry Lʸ M. Gordon at last, and Wᵐ Lock is talked of for one of the Ladies Beauclerk. I was elected of the Travellers' Club. I staid in most part of the time, living only with Henry, Bob and Lawrence. I read Miss Aikin's *James the 1st*, and first volume is very amusing indeed.

From the 10th to the 21st nothing happened remarkable. I had a sharp correspondence with my Lord about my leaving Oxford. I wrote a hot, inconsiderate letter, which, besides being wrong, was *foolish*: but I must support whatever I have done. I afterwards wrote an affectionate and conciliatory, but *not* a conceding, one. The great thing is never to own oneself wrong, for that is a subject nobody will discredit. I dined once or twice with Shuttleworth, and one day met Ellice there, who was very pleasant indeed. Rouge et noir has been raging violently. George has lost a good deal. Leveson and Strangways[1] won mints. London news scanty. Worcester has written to break off his marriage to Lʸ Jane Paget; they take it in the dignified line. Lᵈ Anglesea calls it a release. Lᵈ Kinnoul[2] proposed to Lʸ Louisa Lennox, who refused him on account of his character

[1] Probably Hon. John George Charles Fox-Strangways (1803–59), youngest son of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Ilchester.

[2] Thomas Robert, tenth Earl of Kinnoull (1785–1866).

and age; she had only seen him as an Opera acquaintance. Miss Villiers was talking about the beauty of Mr and Lʸ Jane Peel. Some one observed that Lʸ Jane was the handsomest of the two: "No wonder, for the proverb says the peel is the worst of the pear (pair)." When Lʸ Londonderry embarked for Ireland and was rather tipsy, somebody said she would have a long passage. "No, no," said Miss V., "for she was half-seas over when the packet sailed." Bloomfield has lost his place at last, and of course Lᵈ F. Conyngham will ultimately have it.

March 21. After breakfasting with Ingestrie, I went up to Collections with the 4th book of Tacitus; the whole set very cross. Staid with Lawrence, who leaves Oxford for good, alas! Henry did not get out till late, so we were not off till half-past 12. Got to Burlington Street at a little after eight. Found Lᵈ Grey, John Russell, Sir J. Mackintosh, just finishing dinner; went with them to Matthews, who was very amusing, and then to Lady Essex's assembly with my Lord. Nothing but old people. Had a few minutes with Lʸ G. and Caroline Howard, who was in great good looks. They are fresh from the Pavilion. They liked it. The King took Lʸ G. and la Marquise out to dinner, and shook hands frequently with them while it was going on—Lʸ C. with a profusion of jewels, and a peacock's tail in jewels in her head. No news. Sir H. Englefield is dead.

Sunday, March 24. Rode in the park, and walked with Archibald Home. Called on Lydia White, who is swollen to a terrible degree and talks of her death with *sangfroid* and philosophy. She was clever and as usual spiteful. My Lady gave me a message to Mrs Ord about Ampthill, which I delivered. I am delighted that she has made up her mind to go there for my Lord's sake, certainly not for my own; we are to go Easter Monday. Dined at Cleveland House. Sat between Francis Leveson and Tom Grenville. Lʸ Stafford in great good looks. Met there Dᵉˢˢ of Leeds, Baron Fagel, Mr and Lʸ C. Wynne, Newborough, P. Knight, Lᵈ Gower, Mrs Leigh (Lᵈ Byron's sister). Tom G. told the story of H. Eliot saying, "If he was to shut his eyes and open his ears he should believe this country was quite ruined. If, on the contrary, he opened his eyes and shut his ears, he should think it the most prosperous one in the world." Francis Leveson was very pleasant and conversible, nor di he shew any

of his faults. He seemed quite amiable. Returned home to a dull party. L^y^ Albemarle came, whom I never saw before, Lawrence and Home. My Lady shewed *the* box to the former—a great mark of favor.

Tuesday, March 26. Called on Lady Jersey, who told me volumes of French news. I dined at Payne Knight's, and met there L^d^ Aberdeen, L^d^ Morpeth, Mr W^m^ Bankes, Mr Combe, Cimetelli. Something was talked of as a recent invention by Knight, "quite latterly, quite modern." "When about?" asked somebody. "Oh! lately, since Crœsus; Homer knew nothing of it," answered the Pagan. Afterwards W^m^ Bankes[1] was pleasant; his voice is tiresome. He seems full of knowledge of *all* sorts.

March 27. Rode with Dundas in the park. Late with Mary in Hertford Street. Dined with the Ords. Met, L^d^ Harley, Lydia White, Allen, R. Abercromby. With Lydia I went to Mrs Tighe's, where there was, as usual, a blue party. I was introduced to Miss Edgeworth, who is collecting materials for some new novel among the gaieties of London. L^y^ Sophia Fitzgerald took me to Almack's, which was looking beautiful and there was a very pretty ball. D^ss^ of Richmond and L^y^ Louisa, who is very pleasing. Miss Canning's voice is very bad and spoils her agreableness. Lucy Lock flirted all night with Upton; Lucy Fitzgerald told me something else, however, is in the wind. L^d^ Anglesea in going out fell down, and L^y^ Jane Paget screamed violently, which alarmed the room. L^y^ G. Morpeth took me home.

Thursday, March 28. Called on the D^ss^ of R., and staid nearly two hours with her and G.L., whose manner in one respect did not please me, and I am sorry to say verified what I had heard. She has had letters from the Bathursts from Brighton, in raptures with all there. Her mother's soreness about L^y^ Conyngham is great fun. She is frantic about it. Poor Lady Jersey does talk and write most foolishly about the Buckingham Dukedom, and is laughed at for it by her enemies most justly. I hate her to do what is ridiculous, as there is no fine lady I love so much. The D. of Buck. has given up his second course from economy and

[1] William John Bankes, the traveller, who died in 1855. He sat for many years in the House of Commons.

as an example, which is, the wise ones say, the most foolish thing, and defeats his very object. I afterwards called on Mrs Herbert, who was duller than usual: and then walked with George in the park, where we met Harriet Howard,[1] who is very much admired for her age and will be a remarkable girl. We moved tutti quanti to Holland House for good. Only our four selves to dinner, and in bed by 12. L^d^ Rancliffe[2] heard so much from his servants, that he set four police officers to watch his wife. They traced her to a house in Rue de la Pépinière and told him. A scene ensued, and after she had begged for a provision of £500 a year, he sent her to her mother's, and is coming over to England and means to divorce her. Nobody pities her.

Friday, March 29. I begun reading with my Lord Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, which seems an admirable and even an amusing book. Mr Canning called on my Lord to announce his intention of a motion about the Catholic Peers, which he means to give notice of to-night.[3] The other side are not pleased; nor has it, I think, a good appearance, coming directly after his Indian appointment. However it will be rather a fine *finale* if he succeeds in his attempt, and gives him an opportunity for great display.

I rode to L^y^ G. Morpeth, where I found Francis Leveson, remarkably pleasant and full of mimicry and wit about Matthews. The only news seems to be a duel that has taken place in Fifeshire between Sir A. Boswell (the biographer's son) and a Mr Stewart,[4] about a vile paper called *The Beacon*. The former was killed, and Mr S. has passed through town on his way to Calais. L^d^

[1] Afterwards second Duchess of Sutherland.

[2] George Augustus, second and last Baron Rancliffe (1785–1850), married Elizabeth, daughter of George, sixth Earl of Granard.

[3] To ask for leave to bring in a Bill to admit Roman Catholic peers to the rights of sitting and voting in the House of Lords.

[4] James Stuart (1775–1849), Writer to the Signet, a keen Whig politician. He was assailed by two Scotch papers, the *Beacon* and the *Glasgow Sentinel*, in articles which reflected on his family and on his personal courage. Having traced the articles to Sir Alexander Boswell, Stuart called him out. Sir Alexander fell in the duel. Stuart was tried for murder, and the prosecution alleged a premeditated scheme of forcing the deceased to mortal combat. Lord Rosslyn and Mr Douglas were respectively seconds for Stuart and Boswell. The Jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving the box.

Rosslyn will be obliged to fly, they say, as he was Mr S.'s second, and L^y^ Janet[1] will have to play Antigone. I called with George on L^y^ Spencer, where I got in the wrong box about this duel, which I called shocking. She is furious, and wants to be attacked in *John Bull* that she may send Jackson and the famous boxers to lick the publisher till he gives up the name. Sir A. Boswell one can hardly pity, as he is both a libeller and a coward. The libel was in his own hand, and he declined the duel.

Canning did give notice, and Plunkett[2] made a very bad figure and lost more credit with the House than any one ever did in so short a time. Nobody cheered, nobody supported him. If he had even been taken unawares there would have been more excuse, but he had had notice of it from Canning and plenty of time to prepare. Canning does not seem elated with the prospects of India, where he means to take his wife and daughter after having had many doubts and consultations.

Saturday, March 30. Rode to town, and spent the day chiefly with L^y^ Affleck, L^y^ Jersey and Mrs Ord. L^y^ Jersey had of course her levée, but was in spirits and very delightful. I dined at the Abercrombys, and met there L^d^ and L^y^ King, Mr and L^y^ S. Macdonald, Mrs Lamb, Calcraft, Fazakerley, John Russell. It was not pleasant: much too political for me. Plunkett's conduct discussed at length and generally condemned. The only person he is said to have consulted was L^d^ Londonderry about the Catholicks, which they say was like a dentist consulting his patient when the tooth should be drawn. Of course the answer was to defer it. I went to the Opera with John, and as I went late had only time to go to L^y^ Jersey, the Greys, Grevilles and Lennoxes. The ballet was *Cendrillon*. M^e^ R. Vestris debuted. Had it not been for the green-eyed monster, it would have been a pleasant Opera; but I was annoyed and angry, so much so as not to go to the door as usual, but left them in the lobby. I was very foolish and angry with myself. Worcester's letters to L^y^ Jane are the most amatory ever seen. He tells her not to

[1] Lady Janet St Clair Erskine, only daughter of James St Clair Erskine, second Earl of Rosslyn (1762–1837).

[2] William Conyngham Plunket (1764–1854), created Baron Plunket and Chief Justice of the Irish Common Pleas in 1827: an ardent supporter of the Catholic claims.

mind his apparent coldness, that he loves her and her only ; and that he only lives for her, to whom he is devoted. All this he ends by signing himself her affectionate *husband.* I am very sorry he has committed himself so foolishly. My Lord and my Lady had been to Covent Garden. I staid with them till late. M. S[t] Aulaire is dead at Paris ; he was a clever and an amiable man.[1]

Sunday, March 31. Rode to town, and walked about with George till I dressed at L[y] Affleck's. Then to dinner at Lydia White's, where I met three Miss Edgeworths, Mr and Mrs Ord, Milman, Dr Holland, Sir H. Davy, Mr Moore. I sat next to *the* Miss Edgeworth. She was pleasant, though rather *précieuse* and interrupting any conversation she hears going on to find out what it is about. She has the manner of a clever, inquisitive person who wants to acquire all the knowledge and all the facts she can. They pass their days in sight-seeing and their evenings in every society they can get to. She carries her want of affectation to the point of becoming affected. She had been to the Foundling Hospital to hear the children, and told rather a good bull of an Irish lady who said, " Oh ! what a pity ! Here am I getting older and older every day ! Now I went to the F. Hospital, and there the children were singing away just as young as they were 20 years ago."

After dinner we found Mrs Siddons in the drawing-room. She talked most openly and sometimes, to my surprize, quite *wittily* about the stage and her own feelings. She gave an account of the first time she had acted Lady Macbeth—for a fortnight she had thought of nothing else, she had hardly slept, and had studied her part with the greatest diligence. The evening came, she was dressing, and she heard a tap at her door and an entreaty to be admitted. It was Sheridan. She refused for some time ; but he was so importunate she was forced to admit him. He came to beg that she would not think of putting the candle on the table in the last scene. She said she must ; he expostulated, and told her it would damn her for ever. She said it was too late, and would not alter her intentions. Burke and Sir Joshua were in the house and had betted about it. She did it, and the success was wonderful ; it had never been done

[1] Joseph, Comte de St Aulaire (1743–1822), French general and émigré.

before. Mrs Pritchard had always kept it in her hand. Sheridan came after the play and thanked her. She said, with great feeling, that it was a melancholy thought for her that poets, sculptors, painters, &c., &c., could all leave a monument behind them to posterity to judge of their merits, but to her it was impossible. Her fame might survive, but how justly it was acquired could never be known. She talked with affection of the stage, and said she could not see a play now without feeling a pang to see how all was fallen. She said Constance was one of the parts she found most difficult; because all that roused her, all her misfortunes, happened behind the scenes, and she had not the opportunity to show the gradual rise of them, but had to come on with all her fury and agitation already roused. She says she often has sat with the door of the dressing-room open, to hear the play and keep her mind fixed upon it with deeper attention. She says nobody was an honester actress than herself, because even though she hated the play she always acted her best and did as much justice as she could. The character of Hamlet was discussed. She gave her notion of his pretended madness at length becoming real, and supported it by saying that she herself, especially in Isabella, had become quite strange from acting madness, and had no doubt that if long continued would produce positive insanity. She seems to know every line of Shakespeare by heart, and enters into the spirit of it wonderfully. All her parts used to affect her, and Jane de Montford quite overcame her and agitated the audience too much. In talking of the stage and plays she very often recited a few lines with great energy and made me remember her glorious days. From *Jane Shore* she repeated two speeches from the great scene, which used to be spoiled by the coming in of second price,[1] for it is in the first scene of the fourth act.

April 1. Staid at home all morning with my Lady, who was ill and only just got up in time to dress for Charles Ellis's dinner, where we met L^{d} and L^{y} G. Morpeth, Caroline Howard, John Wortley, Canning, besides the two sons; the latter[2] is a bore. I sat next to him, with Canning on the other side, who was very

[1] Those who came in at half-price in the middle of the play.

[2] Charles Ellis's youngest son, Augustus Frederick (1800–41) joined the 60th, and was for a time Member of Parliament.

agreable indeed. After dinner, while standing by the fire, a sudden giddiness came over me and I almost fainted, but was taken out of the room and most tenderly watched by dear Wortley, who was as kind as possible. I went home with Allen, and was soon better. It was caused, I think, by eating mushrooms or something that disagreed with me.

Saturday, April 6. Old Knight at breakfast was pleasant, though beastly. Mrs Windham[1] is dead at Florence. We went to Cassiobury, where I was so oppressed by a violent cold that I did not go to dinner. To my Lord's great surprize, Sir John Newport,[2] who was there, took him aside and made a formal proposal for my aunt's[3] hand, of which my Lord of course instantly wrote her word. Of her answer, I have no doubt.

April 9. The Ords and John Calcraft came. George came on the following Friday. The weather was bad most part of the time. Received several letters from Henry and my aunt. No news. D^ss^ of Clarence miscarried of twin boys. My aunt's answer was as I expected, and was admirably written with good taste and excellent feeling. We played at whist two evenings, and the others were passed in playing with the kitten, *country diversions*!!

Monday, 15. *Woburn.* Arbuthnots, Ords and Faz. went. Mrs A.[4] is the most indefatigable questioner I ever saw; she asked me sixteen running. In the evening we had tableaux: the children first and then the D^ss^, L^y^ Morley and Eliza Russell. The D^ss^ artfully prevented Miss Villiers, whom she hates. I was a spectre with little L^d^ Boringdon. I have been reading L^y^ Charlotte Berry's[5] novel called *Conduct is Fate*; some is interesting and some thoughts pretty, but on the whole it is bad and commonplace, but not so much so as the world choose to say.

[1] Frances Mary Harford, natural daughter of Frederick, Lord Baltimore, who married Hon. William Frederick Wyndham in 1784. She was for many years an intimate friend of Lady Holland, and kept up a constant correspondence with her and Lord Holland.

[2] Sir John Newport (1756–1843), banker, and M.P. for Waterford, 1803–32. He was created a baronet in 1789.

[3] Miss Fox.

[4] Harriet, daughter of Hon. Henry Fane, married Charles Arbuthnot (1767–1850). She died in 1834. Both she and her husband were intimate friends of the Duke of Wellington.

[5] Lady Charlotte Bury (1775–1861), author of a *Diary of the Times of George IV.*

17 *April.* Left Woburn; George with us. My Lady waited at Hemel Hempstead nearly half an hour for a thunderstorm which never came. The road was wretched, the day worse. When we stopped to leave George in Park Street, I, to my Lady's great surprize and indignation, went to dine with L^{y} Affleck and then to Almack's, which was full but not very gay. Lennoxes (not G.) there, Locks, Mrs Herbert, &c., &c., &c.

Sunday, 21 *April.* Rode with Lawrence in several heavy showers. At dinner:—Cowpers, H. Greville, Bingham, L^{d} Gower, L^{d} Clanwilliam, L^{d} Lauderdale, Morpeths, Miss Howard, George, and Moore. The last five slept. The evening was agreable. Caroline[1] is a very pleasing and well-mannered girl, and it is quite impossible to see much of her and not like her. Mary looked very well, and was permitted to stay up till late. Bingham's voice is terribly against him, nor is what he says at all good or amusing. Henry looked very ill. My Lady grows to like him very much, and I should not be surprized if he ended by being an actual favorite.

My Lord has given the statue of Bacchus that was at Ampthill to the Duke of Bedford, with the following verses. The Latin are good:—

> "Saepe tuâ nimium quem sum veneratus in aula
> Ecce Deus, nostrae pignus amicitiae."
>
> "The honest God of wine and joy,
> Who rules o'er Woburn cheer,
> Whom I, perhaps too long a boy,
> Invoked so often here;
> To thank you for your bright champagne
> I now in person send,
> Hoping he may for aie remain
> The offering of a friend."

22 *April.* Rode to town, and only called on Miss Fox and L^{y} Affleck. Henry I met in the park, who told me that a droll scene took place at M^{e} de Lieven's about Francis Leveson. L^{y} Stafford[2] was there and watched him like a cat. When he saw her, he did not speak a word to Miss Greville; but the

[1] Hon. Caroline Georgina Howard, eldest daughter of the Morpeths. She married Rt. Hon. William Lascelles in 1823.

[2] Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland in her own right (1765–1839), Francis Leveson's mother. She had married, in 1785, George Granville, Earl Gower (1758–1833), who succeeded his father in 1803 as second Marquess of Stafford, and was created Duke of Sutherland in the year of his death.

moment she was gone he begun in the most marked way. She does not like him much, and carries to a fault the fear of being supposed to encourage any great match.

23d *April.* Mackintosh, who arrived late after last night's debate, gave an account of Plunkett's speech, which seems to have been magnificent. He says he would rather be six days under the lash of Brougham or the ridicule of Canning than ten minutes under Plunkett's invective. It was against a Mr Ellis, who ventured to maintain that all the disturbances in Ireland were in consequence of a Popish plot. I rode to town, and went with Lawrence to St James's Park to see the people go to the birthday Drawing-room. Afterwards with Henry to the Bathursts, where the young ladies came in their court dresses and looked very well. Afterwards to Miss Vernon, where I found Dow. Warwick and her daughter in their court dresses, and also Mrs and Miss Hall, who seemed duller than ever. I dressed at Lady Affleck's, and dined with the Ladies Fitzpatrick, where we were only four. The carriage came early, and I went with Miss Fox to the Opera. *Pietro l'Eremito,* altered from *Il Mosé,* and longer than the captivity in Egypt itself. The Opera was not over till past twelve. Paul and Noblet made their débuts in the ballet. "Strange coincidence," said Ly Morley, "Peter in the Opera and Paul in the ballet." The house looked beautiful when they sang, "God save the King," for almost every box had several plumes. Mrs Ellis looked beautiful. I was chiefly with the Bathursts and G. Lx., who looked very well in her plume. Lawrence introduced me to Mrs Dawson. Returned to Hd Hse, alas! alas!

24 *April.* My Lady crosser than for some time back and blacker than thunder, which makes me regret going less. George came to breakfast and then we set off for Oxford. Our journey was rapid; had I been in a hurry we should have gone slow. We arrived much earlier than was pleasant. The place looked more odious than ever.

Staid at Oxford till Tuesday, 30 April. No event of any sort. *Rouge et noir* every night, which I did not attend, but which destroyed all social intercourse. Sydney Smith was at New College, and I dined there three days running to meet him. He was delightful and gayer than ever. No London news except

Miss Hamilton's marriage to the Duc de Coigny being announced, and F. Leveson dangling after Miss Greville. On 29, Monday, there was a dull concert. Miss Tree, who sang, " Mary, I believed thee true," beautifully, had only wretched songs given her; and it was very flat.

30 *April.* I left Oxford with George and Ashley at a little after seven and arrived at H. H. by two, where I found everything in confusion from the approaching debate.[1] We eat a hasty dinner, and, after stopping to disappoint poor L^y G. Morpeth about taking her, we got to the H^se of Commons. Canning even surpassed my expectations, highly raised as they were, and perfectly convinced me of the justice and expediency of the measure. Peel was followed by a tedious harangue of L^d Nugent's, which was not listened to. Peel's speech was good in some parts. His manner is odious, and it is impossible not to hate him. Francis Leveson made his maiden speech; it was a strange performance, full of fancy and metaphor, but not at all à-propos, nor do I think very successful. Canning's reply was the speech of the night and quite beautiful. I never was more delighted. During the division I went up to the ventilator,[2] where were L^y Binning, L^y J. Blackford, L^y Holland, Miss and Mrs Canning and Lady Surrey. It was too anxious. The D. of Norfolk was in the greatest agitation. At one time when we heard our enemies were 244 our hopes were very slight; nor was it for more than half an hour that the delightful paper was read, Ayes 249, Noes 244, majority 5. We got home at about three.

1*st of May.* Rode to town, saw my aunts and Lady Affleck and went about with Lawrence. Delighted and rather surprized to find that there is a great disposition both with my Lord and my Lady to let me leave Christ Church. A trip to Scotland with Allen was proposed, to which of course I eagerly concurred, as he goes at the end of next week, and as it must put an end to my University vegetation. At dinner :—L^d Aberdeen, Dr Holland, Wortley, L^d John Russell, Sydney Smith, Blanco, Sir J. Mackintosh, J. Murray. Nothing could exceed Sydney's wit and liveliness; he made Blanco ill from laughing.

2^d *May.* Moore and Washington Irving came to breakfast.

[1] Canning's motion. See *ante*, p. 107.

[2] A circular ventilator in the roof was then the only Ladies Gallery.

The D. of Bedford afterwards came to ease my father's mind about a duel he had this morning at seven o'clock with the D. of Buckingham, about some foolish, hot phrases at Bedford. It took place in Kensington Gardens. They fired at the same moment, Buckingham missed and Bedford fired in the air. L^d^ Lynedoch and Sir W. W. Wynne were the seconds. I went with my Lady to Buckingham House to see the Library.[1] His Majesty it is said means to sell. There are very valuable Caxtons, and a curious Indian book full of illuminations—quite beautiful. We went to call on the D^ss^ of Bedford, who was still very much flurried, but yet talked very sensibly and with great feeling. The correspondence began a week ago. She knew nothing about it, nor had the slightest suspicion that anything unpleasant was going on. Last night they settled he should breakfast at Holland House, so she was not surprized at his going early out. After Almack's he sent for her and Eliza Russell, under pretence of seeing their dresses, kissed them both and wished them good-night. He had had this on his mind so long, and only L^d^ Jersey and L^d^ Lynedoch were his confidants. He betrayed no sort of uneasiness; and L^y^ Morley said she sat next him on Wednesday at dinner and never knew him so full of conversation. While the seconds were measuring the ground the principals had a long conversation, and the D. of B-m asked the other Duke whether his Duchess knew anything about it, at which people are furious, as it was unfeeling. It certainly was ill-judged and thoughtless.

3^d^ *May*. Went to the private view of Somerset House, where there are some beautiful pictures.[2] Wilkie and Lawrence are the most remarkable. L^y^ Conyngham was very gracious to me, and made me go to look at H.M. bust by Chantrey, which is a chef d'œuvre. There are two beautiful statues by Westmacott. I rode home with Lawrence, and at dinner were, L^d^ Rosslyn, L^d^ Lynedoch, Blanco, Sydney, John Russell. The making the two seconds meet each other was rather absurd.

4 *May*. Heard of the death of the eldest Miss Calcraft.

[1] Now the King's Library at the British Museum, presented by George IV in 1823.

[2] The Royal Academy held their exhibitions at Somerset House from 1780 till 1838.

The Duchess of Kent and her two children[1] came to walk in the garden. Our future Queen is a pretty child. Ashley came for me at about two. We had a very pleasant journey, and I got from his conversation a much better opinion of his heart than I ever had before. His understanding is so warped by the most violent prejudices, that he appears quite ridiculous whenever he finds an opportunity to vent them. We arrived at Oxford at about half-past eight, and I passed the two following days in all the confusion of packing and departing. I felt every now and then a pang at leaving a place where I have made some of my best friends, and where I have at times been very happy. I did not expect to have regretted it in the least, but when I saw how unfeignedly sorry both George and Henry were, I could not help feeling so for a few minutes. There has been an explanation between F. Leveson and L^{y} Charlotte Greville; the girl is still unmoved, but I cannot believe she will refuse him. Henry was in a great fidget and came up to town with me, partly for that, and partly to see Verity, as he is far from well.

7 *May*. Left Oxford *for ever*. Arrived at H. H. at dinner-time. Found Sir J. Mackintosh, Miss Mackintosh, Ords, John Russell, L^{d} Gower. Henry Webster, fresh from Paris, having crossed in an open boat from Boulogne, came in the evening. The Primate of Ireland is dead, in consequence of swallowing a bottle of laudanum, which was administered by mistake by his wife who nursed and loved him more than anything else in the world. They say she will not survive him long.

Wednesday, 8 *May*. Went with my Lady to see L^{y} G. Morpeth and the young branches of the family. Afterwards to L^{y} Affleck, who was crosser than ever I saw her. At dinner:—John Russell, Sir J. and Miss Mackintosh. I went to Almack's; it was pleasant, though there was a great deal of squabbling about tickets, on which subject the patronesses have taken it into their heads to be severe. L^{y} Jersey was quite besieged as I marched up the room with her. F. Leveson and Miss Greville seem to be prospering; and I hope it will do and that the young lady will learn reason and behave as she ought in duty to herself and her family. Her coolness, not amounting to aversion, though, is surprizing,

[1] The Duchess of Kent had a daughter, Anne Feodorowna Augusta (1807–72) by her former husband, Emich Charles, Prince of Leiningen.

and she says she does not wish to be married at all, which is absurd, for she cannot expect to live on with all the luxury she now has on her small fortune. The room was thin and it ended early. Lawrence came to H. H. door with me with his usual good-nature.

Thursday, May 9. Called on L^y^ C. Greville, where I found the illustrious Francis courting and apparently *not* in vain; they seemed delighted with it. Henry rather better. I rode with Bathursts and G. L–x in the park till late. Horrid day. At dinner only, Sir James and Miss Mackintosh, John Russell. My Lord called in the morning to be introduced to the D^ss^ of Kent, with whom and with the child he was very much pleased as she has no form or pomp of Royalty about her. H. Webster in the evening.

On May 14, Henry Fox and Allen set out for Scotland. They stopped to eat salmon at Berwick, "to gratify Allen's Scotch tastes," and stayed a night with the Lauderdales at Dunbar.

Saturday, 18 *May. Edinburgh.* Sandford, who was all civility, got me lodgings in Princes Street next his own. I dined with Mr Thomson,[1] and met only his family and Allen's mother, Mrs Cleghorn, who is too ugly to go about but seems a hard-headed woman. It was rather dull. They talk very broad Scotch, indeed all the ladies seem as free-thinking as the gentlemen. Allen lives with the Thomsons.

19 *May*. Called on a variety of Whigs with Allen, who engaged me for the whole of next week. I went with Mr Pillans [2] to hear Chalmers,[3] who preached one of his most highflown sermons on the love of this world compared to the love of the next. His voice is positively bad, his Scotch broad and vulgar, and his doctrines absurd and sometimes odious; but yet it is impossible to let one's attention flag for one moment, or not to feel deeply

[1] John Thomson (1765–1846), Scotch doctor and surgeon, the author of several medical works. He married his second wife, Margaret, daughter of John Millar, in 1806.

[2] James Pillans (1778–1864), Rector of Edinburgh High School, and Professor at Edinburgh University, 1820–63.

[3] Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847), lecturer in the Scotch Universities, and largely instrumental in the formation of the Free Church.

interested and occasionally elevated in the scenes he draws from his rich and luxuriant fancy. It lasted for a very long time, but I was not the least tired, and, high as my expectations were raised, I was not the least disappointed.

We (Allen, Sandford and his elder brother) went to dine with Jeffrey[1] at his little villa, Craig Crook. We met the Messrs Cockburn, J. Murray, &c., &c. The party was very agreable, and Jeffrey would be a remarkably pleasant man, if he was less afraid of speaking Scotch and did not mince his words in such an absurd way. His information is very great and his observations excellent. Mrs Jeffrey is a poor creature and not worth crossing the Atlantic for; she seems good-natured and inoffensive, but has St Vitus' Dance and is very silly. Sandford sat up with me till very late, and we talked about his review and his prospects. He was very open and very agreable, and I feel I cannot help liking him *very much indeed*, though I am far from thinking that he cares the least for me. I wish I did!

20 *May*. Letter from Henry announcing F. Leveson's marriage to his sister as settled. I am heartily glad for both parties, and wish them all the happiness they have good reason to expect. I went for a few minutes to hear a trial, which was a dullish one, and its only merit was that Colborn[2] spoke, which I was very anxious to hear. His manner is peculiar and impressive. I dined with a large Whig party at John Thomson's, and then went to see Mrs H. Siddons[3] act Ly Racket, who, except Mlle Mars, is the prettiest actress in Europe. It was preceded by a stupid play about Magna Charta. I went with Sandford and his brother, who is a clever little barrister and agreable, but not so much so as Sandford, whom I like more every hour, and whose character stands very high just now from his admirable conduct at Glasgow.

21 *May*. Went with Allen and Sandford to see the Advocates' and the Writers of the Signet Library, two very handsome

[1] Francis Jeffrey (1773–1850), Scottish judge, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, 1803–29. His wife, whom he followed to America in 1813, in order to marry, was Charlotte, daughter of Charles Wilkes.

[2] Probably Henry Thomas Cockburn (1779–1854), Scottish judge. Previously a celebrated pleader and writer.

[3] Harriet Siddons (1783–1844), daughter of Charles Murray, and wife of Henry Siddons, Mrs. Siddons's son.

rooms and with some very valuable books. We dined at Mr Craig's, the father-in-law of George Napier,[1] and I sat between Mrs Craig, who seems very foolish, and rather a cleverish Miss Napier. Sandford and his brother called for me, and we went to a large assembly of L^y^ Morton's[2] in the hotel I lived in in 1816. It was hot and dull. I was introduced to John Douglas, who was Sir A. Boswell's second, and whose conduct has been admirable. L^y^ Morton is rather pretty; she is daughter to a Devonshire Buller. L^d^ M. is an old courtier, and will never inflame the Thames.

22 *May*. Sandford and I went with L^y^ Morton to the General Assembly, where Chalmers spoke for a few minutes only about the theological education of the students. Many clergymen spoke, and I was struck with their fluency and acuteness. Dined with John Clark, a very large party and a tolerably good dinner. I drank too much claret and left them early. I went for a moment to the play, and heard Mrs Bartley's last screams as L^y^ Randolph.

Thursday, 23^d^ *May*. I received letters from my Lady and Henry G. The former is very sore about Francis Leveson's marriage. The only news is the D. de Richelieu's death, the talk of the Chancellor retiring and Plunkett succeeding, and Bingham Baring's marriage to one of L^y^ Sandwich's daughters. Henry writes in raptures at his sister's match, but cannot help feeling very nervous. I went to the G^l^ Assembly again. The ladies chattered a great deal. Jeffrey and Cockburn spoke on different sides, about the right a Papist has to present or cause others to present a living. Cockburn spoke best, but had all the law against him. Dined at L^d^ Gillies, and sat next to Sir G. Warrender. I thought the party would never have broken up, so I went to the play and saw *The Jew and the Doctor*, which rather amused me.

25 *May*. Short letter from my Lord. No news. I went to the courts, where Jeffrey introduced me to Sir Walter Scott, which is what I have been most anxious for since I left London. I then went to Lady Morton's with Sandford, where I again

[1] George Thomas Napier (1784–1855), General and K.C.B., second son of Hon. George and Lady Sarah Napier. His first wife, who died in 1819, was a daughter of John Craig, of Glasgow.

[2] Susan Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Buller, Bart., married, in 1814, George, sixteenth Earl of Morton (1761–1827).

found Sir Walter looking over the Morton manuscripts—some of the autographs of Mary Qn of Scots, John Knox, George Douglass and Lady Lochleven. Sir Walter took great pains and particular interest in decyphering the Order in Council for Mary's imprisonment in Lochleven Castle. His conversation was very good indeed, and he told several stories of *auld lang syne* with great humour and point, especially one of roasting a monk, which resembles so strongly the similar attempt upon the Jew in *Ivanhoe* that it was difficult to restrain saying so. His head is full of expression, and his voice pleasant and engaging. I then walked round the Calton Hill with Sandford. He was delightfully agreable and entertaining. We dined at L. Horner's,[1] which was dull. Allen after dinner talked of three great men, Moses, Mahomet and Jesus Christ, and scouted the idea of the latter being more than man. I never knew Allen give his free opinions such vent as he does here, where he thinks they are heard with pleasure and certainly where he acquired them.

Sunday, 26 May. I went for my sins to evening church, and heard a discourse about the Holy Ghost enough to make me hate him for life. Dull dinner at John Murray's.[2]

June 6. Several letters. F. Leveson to be married on the 14 or 15. Lady Stafford's line is to be delighted. My Lady dined there and thought her very pleasant. She looks forward to the *fertility* of the bride. George gives me a cut about religion. L. Peel in love with Jane Lennox. Alvanley said to Sir J. Copley, "I hear Lady Cork steals your wax and paper." "Yes," said Sir J., "when she is at Sprotborough wax and paper cease to be *stationary*."

Allen and I set off very early and arrived at Kinneil, which is a few miles from Linlithgow, hours before dinner. Mr Pillans was with us. He is a sensible man, but sees everything with the eye of a schoolmaster, and wishes the Cortes to divide Spain in some way or other that will be more convenient to teach. Young Mr Gibson also came down. He has unfortunately been to Greece, and went with an inquisitive mind and has returned with a narrating tongue.

[1] Leonard Horner (1785–1864), brother of Francis Horner.

[2] (1778–1843), the well-known publisher, and originator of the *Quarterly Review*.

Mr Stewart [1] is a melancholy instance of the mind outliving the body. He is terribly feeble and at times very inarticulate, with his reason and memory perfect, and quite aware of his own situation. His spirits are very low, and his consciousness of the distressing state he is in very evident. Mrs Stewart is Cranstoun's sister, and is a sensible woman, as is also the daughter. Both are (and I fear not unjustly) very much alarmed at Mr Stewart's illness. His manner is still calm and pleasant, but to see the breaking up of a superior understanding is a painful sight, and reminds one too forcibly what poor things we are and what a short time we have to enjoy the world and its blessings. The evening was pleasant; we had ghost-stories, when Mr Gibson would allow us to hear of anything *occidental*. His knowledge is so correct and so minute that he had better publish at once. Had Providence not so often cruelly interfered during his various perils by land and sea, we should have been spared the bore of many of his narrations and descriptions. The house of Kinneil is the property of the Duke of Hamilton, and is one of the oldest possessions of that family; part of it is not inhabited. It is large and rambling, and is not an ugly building though irregular and odd.

Edinburgh. Friday, June 7. I dined with Sir Walter Scott. Allen could not go, and was only half sorry to have an excuse. Lady Scott [2] is nearly an idiot, with great marks of her love for the bottle in her face. Her only other affection seems to be for a horrid, ugly dog, that bites everybody but her. She was a Jersey or Guernsey woman, and talks broken English. He always calls her "Mama." The party was small. Captain Adam Ferguson,[3] Miss Macdonald, Mr Sharpe, Miss Scott, and a little nephew of Sir Walter's. After dinner we had several tunes on

[1] Dugald Stewart (1753–1828), philosopher and professor at Edinburgh University. Mrs Stewart died in 1838. Their daughter, Maria, died unmarried in 1846. To his teaching and influence was due the origin of that remarkable literary coterie at Edinburgh, comprising Jeffrey, Brougham, Allen, Horner and Sydney Smith, the outcome of which was the *Edinburgh Review*.

[2] Charlotte Mary Carpenter, daughter of a French refugee. She married Sir Walter in 1797, and died in 1826.

[3] Probably Sir Adam Ferguson (1771–1855), son of the Edinburgh Professor of Philosophy of the same name. Keeper of Regalia of Scotland, 1818; knighted 1822.

the bag-pipes, which seemed to enchant the poet. Mrs Lockhart, who came after dinner, sang, sometimes with and sometimes without the accompaniment on the harp, a variety of wild Scotch melodies, which are beautiful and very extraordinary, " Johnny Cope," " Charlie is my darling," " The Braes of Killicrankie," and many others. Her voice is deep and suits it very well. Sir Walter joins in the choruses with enthusiasm. He told me several stories of his own family, and showed me a pistol which Dundee wore at Killicrankie when he received his mortal wound. We then went down to supper, where from stories of robbers, murders and banditti we got to ghosts and visions. Sir Walter told me the story of himself and Captain Ferguson, when rather tipsy, having both of them the same impression that a third person came and sat with them at table, and upon enquiring they found it impossible ; but yet the chair and the glass half-filled was still there, and they both agreed about his appearance. They evidently both believe it was supernatural, though they laugh and try to account for it. He told a variety of ghost-stories, and Captain Ferguson told a story of an attack made upon his room by some banditti in Portugal that made one shudder. Sir Walter of course did not touch on political subjects the least except about the existing Jacobitism in Scotland, which he says still lives to a wonderful degree, and that it still would be unsafe for M^e^ d'Albany [1] to come here and would make the greatest impression in Edinburgh. He openly owns his own Jacobite feelings, and tried but lamely to defend the infamous sale of Charles the First by the Scotch army. Mr Sharpe [2] is a very clever man, and remarkable for his drawings and caricatures. His voice is tedious, his manner boring. I did not get home till 2.

June 8. Went out to dine at Jeffrey's villa, called Craig Crook. L^d^ Kinneder,[3] a new judge, and several people there, L. Horners, Mr, Mrs, Miss Young ; rather pleasant and delightful weather. London news scanty. Fazakerley *is* married ; L^y^

[1] Louise de Stolberg, Comtesse d'Albany (1753–1824), the widow of Prince Charles Edward.

[2] Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe (1781 ?–1851), antiquary and artist.

[3] William Erskine (1769–1822), raised to the Scotch bench the year of his death as Lord Kinneder.

Davy blooming; and Mackintosh in great spirits at his success.

June 10. The eventful day of Stewart's trial.[1] Just before going with Mr Ferguson to hear it, I received a letter from Sandford wanting me to go down to him immediately and to be his second when opposed to Hare.[2] I sent his letter to Allen and went for an hour or two to the trial, but was too anxious with my own thoughts to enjoy Cockburn's beautiful speech. I had a long conversation with Allen, who dissuaded me from going down, which I had determined to do, though quite aware how unfit I am both from my inexperience and my excessive nervousness. I wrote a letter to Sandford to that effect, but am far from satisfied that I did right, except that I am sure I acted prudently for him. It made me very unhappy, and I was glad to return to the court and try to engage my mind on a different subject. The trial was very long and some of it very dull indeed. L^d^ Rosslyn and John Douglas were the chief witnesses, and they both gave their evidence with the greatest perspicuity and precision. In fact, all were so much in favor of Stewart that no doubt could be entertained of the verdict, which was not given till four in the morning. I sat it out and was rather tired. Jeffrey's speech was less good than I expected, but Cockburn's was admirable. Mr Stewart was very much affected, and was two or three times in tears. His conduct has been admirable, and he has gained a great deal by the investigation. Nothing could be more convincing than the testimonies to the benevolence and gentleness of his character. The summing up of Justice Clarke was very much in his favor, and gave a severe cut at the personalities of the newspapers, which are now so perpetual in Scotland and have produced so much bloodshed and ill-will. I was allowed to sit on the bench between L^d^ Rosslyn and L^d^ Belhaven. On the whole it was very interesting, though the proving the handwriting was dull. The tutor tried to throw discredit on its being Sir A.'s hand, but was terribly browbeaten by John Murray. I got a letter in the morning from Lawrence announcing his engagement to *Jane Lennox*! *How odd*! She is not pretty, nor with any great attraction but extreme good-nature. My correspondence with Sandford agitated me a good

[1] See *ante*, p. 107.

[2] Owing to a pamphlet which Sandford had written.

deal, and at half-past four I went to bed, dissatisfied with myself and with the world, to pass a sleepless, feverish night.

June 12. Allen persuaded Sandford to send for Jeffrey and to consult with him, which he did. I staid all day at home with S., as he does not venture to appear, for fear of giving his family suspicions of what is the case. I cannot help hoping that all may yet be arranged. Dined at John Murray's. Met James Brougham, L^y^ E. Hope Vere, Mr Grahame. I was not well, and went with Sandford to walk on the Calton Hill. Hare's letter is to ask an explanation of a sentence in the pamphlet, to which Sandford's answer is only to refer him to the passage.

June 13. Called with Allen on old Erskine of Mar,[1] who is 82 and grandson to L^y^ Mar, who was L^y^ M. W. Montague's sister, to whom she behaved so infamously. He is a fine old man, and rather pleasant when he does not talk about charities and mechanics. I dined at home with Sandford and his brother Erskine, who is pleasant and quick. Allen called, and I made him delay our going on account of my headache at least for some hours tomorrow.

June 14. Sandford had a letter from Hare, saying he (Sandford) is the author of the pamphlet, and evidently thinking or rather wishing the challenge to originate with him. What Sandford's answer was to be could not be settled without Jeffrey, for whom we waited some time, but in vain; so at half-past one we left Edinburgh and slept that night at Cornhill.

Sunday, June 16. Breakfasted at North Allerton. At York found a very kind letter from Sandford with a copy of his answer to Hare, which is proper and to a degree explanatory. The cowardly creature will, I have no doubt, remain silent. I hope he will. We went on to Sydney's, where we dined and slept.[2] Mrs Sydney is a delightful person in her own house and educates

[1] John Francis Erskine, son of Lady Frances Erskine and her cousin, James Erskine. He succeeded to the estates of Mar in Alloa on his mother's death in 1776, and by Act of Parliament in 1824 was restored to the title of Earl of Mar, which had been taken from his grandfather, the twenty-seventh Earl, for his hand in the rebellion of 1715. Lord Mar died in 1825.

[2] At Foston, Sydney Smith's parish near York. Sydney Smith married Amelia, daughter of John Pybus, in 1800. Of their daughters, the eldest, Saba (1802–66), married Sir Henry Holland; and Emily (1807–74) married Nathaniel Hibbert.

her children admirably. Sydney was brilliant as usual. I thought Emily very much improved and grown pretty. Mrs Sydney, though *justly*, abuses Bobus and Mrs Smith imprudently. I found letters from my Lady, Lawrence and Henry G. Lawrence's marriage is deferred. Sir Robert thinks him too young. The Dke of York's equipage was seized while he was at the levée. I cannot pity anybody who is so absurdly prejudiced against the Catholics.

June 19. The last day of my trip, which has been very pleasant indeed. Allen has been all kindness, and it is not possible to see so much without being fond of him. As to his talents they are very great, and his knowledge quite wonderful. What Madame de Staël says of the German, Müller, applies so well to him, that I cannot resist writing it down:—" C'était un homme d'un savoir inouï, et ses facultés en ce genre faisoient vraiment peur. On ne conçoit pas comment la tête d'un homme a pu contenir ainsi un monde de faits et de dates. Les six mille ans à nous connus étoient parfaitement rangés dans sa mémoire, et ses études avoient été si profondes qu'elles étoient vives comme des souvenirs."

It is provoking, however, to see so sensible and such a kind-hearted man so bigotted to his opinions, and so narrow-minded and intolerant about those of the other faction. It is that extreme violence, that bitter inveteracy, that makes me always suspect the real honesty of politics, and makes me feel such an unwillingness to enter what seems to me to be no longer anything but a theatre of personal hostility and disgraceful struggles for office. Allen is far from a candid man. Many of his opinions are merely adopted from my mother, and he states them as acknowledged facts. He has sometimes too ingenious a view of some subject, and refines too far to bring out some general maxim: which is very absurd, but is one of his greatest hobbies. He has no wit, no imagination, no playfulness, and his gaiety is coarseness. His violence about Kings and priests is almost childish, and does his cause more harm than good. He is fond of prejudice, and when he has none of his own he adopts the prejudices of others, and has seized with warmth and often totally unsupported by facts the *likes* and *dislikes* my Lady has taught him to feel. His conversation is very delightful when one either wishes to

learn the history of the world or to hear his own violent opinions, but out of the subjects of *religion*, *politics* and *history* he has little powers or little inclination to talk. Great and accurate as his knowledge is, I cannot help always thinking that with the extreme violent opinions he maintains, it requires more candour than I think he possesses to relate facts that even remotely touch on political or religious subjects, without giving a shade of partiality to the picture that must partly destroy the fidelity of it.[1]

We left Welwyn at 10 and got to H. H. by 2. Found all at home, and I went out with my Lady to see Lady Lansdowne. L^d^ L. has a decided fit of the gout—it is his first. My Lord went to the House about the Marriage Act. L^d^ Hertford dead. Francis Leveson *is* married; both parties disliking each other very much indeed—not a happy beginning. At dinner:—L^d^ Morpeth, John Russell. My Lord and Mackintosh came in the evening. Plunkett has quite fallen this year, and has behaved most shabbily in a true *Hibernian* manner. Everybody gives him up.

Thursday, 20 *June*. Called on L^y^ Bathurst, and found there L^y^ Conyngham and her daughter, and the *inconsolable, happy* Lady Charlotte Greville. The K^g^ means to go to Scotland and not abroad. I went to Lawrence Peel. Found him in the most tearing spirits at the marriage, which after all is settled and is to take place on the 11th of July. Sir Robert is to give him £1,000 down and settle £800 a year on her; and they will have £2,000 a year, and he is to continue in the office. Yesterday there was a great party at the D^ss^ of Richmond's, where the two families were introduced to each other. Such a set as the Peels was never seen, hideous and vulgar. Poor Lawrence! I am very sorry for him; she is too old and too ugly. At dinner:—Lady Ann and G. Fitzpatrick, L^d^ Essex, Mr Calcraft, John Russell, Mackintosh. Rogers came in the evening. Mary Wilson[2] with Mary and Miss Mackintosh. She is a pretty girl and never looked handsomer. The plot to make her marry Vernon is now evident, and I am surprized to find my aunts and L^y^ Lansdowne are in it.

21 *June*. Rode out all morning. At dinner only Miss Fox,

[1] Compare Charles Greville's character of Allen, written at the time of his death in 1843. Greville's *Journal of Reign of Queen Victoria*, ii. 153.

[2] Illegitimate daughter of John, second Earl of Upper Ossory.

C. R. Leslie pinxit *From a mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds, 17*

HENRY RICHARD, THIRD LORD, AND LADY HOLLAND
IN THE LIBRARY AT HOLLAND HOUSE,
WITH DR ALLEN AND WILLIAM DOGGETT

Rogers. My Lord at the H^se of Lords, at the Catholic debate, where he made a very good speech, but where the division was bad, the majority being 42.[1] Sir James came home at 2, and gave an admirable account of all that happened. Rogers, who had the conversation quite to himself, was more brilliant than I ever heard him—very ill-natured but witty, though satisfied at having such listeners and such silence.

22 *June*. Called on Mrs Herbert. L^y Harrowby was found at Mrs Fitzherbert's breakfast kissing E^d Montague in one of the alleys by P^ss Esterhazy; it has produced a scene. I rode with G. L–x, who looked very nice and was amiable. Lawrence shewed her my letter all about herself, very imprudent; but it has made us better friends. Park full and pretty. Mary went to the Opera with L^y Lansdowne. Mama and I dined tête-à-tête, and went there too. Mary looked beautiful. I was chiefly with the L–xs in the Fife box. They are delighted with Lawrence, but not with the family. I never saw anybody so attentive as he is. Home late; found Brougham. My Lord had been to a Fox dinner at Greenwich.

Sunday, 23 *June*. Walked in Kensington Gardens with G. L–x, who gave me an account of her squabble with L^d Worcester, which was a hot one; all about the reports of her trying to marry him, which were industriously circulated. L^y F. L.-Gower has written to say that she supposes she ought to say she is the happiest woman in the world, but that would be false. She is, however, happier than she expected to be.

June 25. Rode all morning with G. L–x. I like her more and more every day. Her age and her family distract me. Vernon failed me at dinner at the Travellers', so I had a wretched dinner at the Café Royal with Arch^d Home, and then to the Opera, where I was chiefly with the Greys and G. L–x. The debate in the Commons was on the L^d Advocate; his majority was of course great, but his character ruined.[2] Henry G. cold as ice to me.

[1] The second reading of the Catholic Bill.

[2] The accusations brought by James Abercromby against the Lord Advocate and other Scottish law officers were in reality a sequel to the Stuart-Boswell duel and the subsequent trial, referred to previously. He moved for a Committee to enquire into their conduct with regard to the public press, and into the recent trial of Mr Borthwick. He alleged that the Lord Advocate and his deputy, Mr Hope, had supported certain

Heaven knows why! Lawrence takes but slightly to the Bathursts; some old fancy about his brother. His family are terribly vulgar. The D^ss is quite delighted with Sir Robert.

Thursday, June 27. Letters from Charles, who is 650 miles up the country from Cape Town. He gives a lively account of his journey and a good one of his health, but talks of his odious Indian plan. I hope to God he will not go, as we shall not see him for ages. I went to Mr Greenwood's great breakfast at Brompton. Passed all the time with G. L–x, whom I like more and more. She told me all the history of herself and Worcester, and of Emily Smith's *black* conduct in poisoning L^y Jane Paget's mind against her. Lady Errol looked heavenly. Poor Charles! To have seen her pretty attentions to L^d E., who has sprained his ankle, would have driven him wild. The garden was beautiful, and I never saw such a pretty fête. Returned to H. H., but not in time for dinner, where were, L^d and L^y Granville, Miss Stewart, L^d Lauderdale, Bob Dundas, Mr Knight. Luttrell and Tierney in the evening. I went with Bob to Harrington House, where there was an assembly. Chiefly with G. L–x and L^y H. Ashley,[1] who is beautiful and very amusing. Introduced myself to L^y E. Monck, who had forgotten me. Lawrence came to the door of H. H. with me. Nothing can exceed his good-nature. He is happy beyond measure and likes his future wife more and more every day. She is very amiable, and I most sincerely wish them all happiness.

June 28. Rode to town. Called on Lady Jersey and found Bennett and Duncannon hot on all political subjects; rather tiresome. After to Lydia White, where I found Mrs Siddons looking very handsome. Lydia is dying fast, but has great philosophy and bears up with courage. She was pleasant. Rode with the Greys and Henry G. in the park. At dinner:— Luttrell, Knight. Rogers and Mac. and John Russell in the evening. Very pleasant. Rogers said that he heard the only meaning of the statue in the park in honor of the D. of Wellington

scurrilous papers which figured in Stuart's trial, and had illegally detained Mr Borthwick; for the latter had in his possession certain documents which threw strong light on Stuart's innocence or guilt. The matter was made a party question, and the motion was defeated.

[1] Lady Harriet Ashley, daughter of Cropley, sixth Earl of Shaftesbury. She married Rt. Hon. Henry Lowry Corry in 1830.

was intellect overcoming brute-force. "Why," says he, "brute-force is left out and understood. What a pity intellect is not too, for that would have saved all expense." Scotch novels discussed. Rogers almost believes W. Scott's brother to be the author, in consequence of some conversations with Mr Irving.

June 29. Delightful breakfast; Sir James very agreable indeed. Parr at the Warwickshire dinner refused to drink *Church and King*. "Not," said he, "because I would not drink both in their real meaning, but I know what is meant here by the toast—Church without the Gospel and King above the laws." Drove out with my Lady, and then called on the D^ss^ of Richmond and Lady Affleck. At the former I found the future couple. My Lady told me as a great secret, that Punch Greville had been to L^d^ Lauderdale as Worcester's friend to know how he might *in safety* marry Emily Smith. L^d^ L. knew no means to evade the law, but asked for 24 hours to consider.

June 30. Worcester was married to Emily Smith yesterday, and went off this morning to Ramsgate. After dinner the tedious subject of the merits of the Universities was discussed at fearful length. L^d^ Stowell undertook the defence of Oxford and made a studied oration about Sir C. Wren. L^ds^ Gower[1] and Howard are both on the point of proposing to Miss Pointz[2]; the latter will, they say, do it first and is the most favored!!!

July 1. My aunts had a little fête at Little H^d^ House to shew the Fantoccini[3] to the assembled children. It was very pretty. The Ladies Ashley, who were there, looked lovely. My Lady went down, and it went off very well. The D^ke^ of Bedford has been and still is dangerously ill in Devonshire with an attack in his head. The Morpeths went away. Lady G. is *again* with child!!! At dinner:—L^d^ Fitzwilliam, L^d^ Milton,

[1] George Granville, Earl Gower (1786–1861), eldest son of George Granville, second Marquess of Stafford and first Duke of Sutherland. He married Lady Harriet Howard in May, 1823.

[2] William Stephen Poyntz (1770–1840), of Midgham and Cowdray, married Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Anthony, seventh Viscount Montagu, in 1794. Of their three daughters, Isabella, the youngest, married Brownlow, second Marquess of Exeter, in 1824, and Elizabeth Georgina married Frederick, fourth Earl Spencer in 1830. The eldest was already married to Robert, eighteenth Lord Clinton.

[3] Puppets.

L^d Grey, L^d Dundas. L^d Milton[1] is sensible, but his manner is disagreable and he seems to think everybody must be acquainted with all his actions however minute, and was rather offended at being asked if he was ever in Ireland. "To be sure. Did you not know that?" I afterwards went to L^y S. Heathcote's ball, which was not very good, for want of men. Chiefly with G. L–x and L^y H. Ashley. L^y Affleck has been telling a long history to the D^ss of Richmond about my being engaged to L^y G. Bathurst, all founded upon finding a note signed G.B. (which was from *Lady* Bathurst) in my room. Took leave of Wortley, who goes to Ireland. Home at 4. The Tavistocks and L^d John went down to the Duke.

July 2. The news from Devonshire not at all good. I dread it's ending ill very much indeed, but begin to despair. I drove out all morning with my Lady, who is very low and agitated. O'Meara[2] came to present his book about Napoleon, which seems very interesting indeed, though I fear imprudent. Dined at Lady Jersey's; met L^ys Cowper, Ossulstone, Holland, M^e d'Orsay, M. Chateaubriand, Brougham. L^ds Holland, Jersey, Erskine and Lansdowne came in triumphant from the Marriage Bill in the middle of dinner.[3] They have beat the Chancellor over and over again, and L^d Belfast is safe.[4] I never saw people

[1] Charles William, Viscount Milton (1786–1857), who succeeded his father as fifth Earl Fitzwilliam in 1833. He had married, in 1806, Mary, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Dundas.

[2] Barry O'Meara (1786–1836), surgeon to Napoleon in St Helena. His book, *Napoleon in Exile*, denounced Sir Hudson Lowe's treatment of the captive. Lord Rosebery, in his *Napoleon: the Last Phase*, condemns the book, and speaks of it as worthless.

[3] The original Marriage Bill, as it passed the House of Commons, was calculated to amend the Act of 1754 and to modify certain clauses which nullified all marriages of minors. The Lords, however, took the matter much further, and practically did away with the nullity altogether, but complicated matters with a network of forms and documents. In this shape the Bill passed, after strenuous opposition from the Government; and rather than lose it altogether, the Commons acquiesced in the alterations. True to the family traditions, Lord Holland gave the abolition of nullity in the case of minors his ardent support, following in the footsteps of his grandfather, who had so strenuously opposed Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's Bill in 1754.

[4] The allusion is apparently to Lady Harriet Anne Butler, who married Lord Belfast in December, 1822. Her mother, Emily, daughter of James Jefferys, married Richard, first Earl of Glengall, when he was barely eighteen.

happier; it is a great triumph and must delight every one with any feeling. Chateaubriand[1] is rather pleasing; his conversation is good and his manner gentle. Though he looks contemptible and little there is a great expression of talent in his face, and on the whole I liked him. It is an odd thing that little L^d G. Somerset[2] is going to marry another Emily Smith, daughter of L^d Carrington. Worcester has sent to know if the Duke of B. will see him. I went to a child's ball at L^y Aylesford's. Blanche Howard dances most beautifully. What pleased me most was the raptures with which the Ladies Ashley talked of the Marriage Bill. It is in them good taste, good feeling and good sense. The father is disgusting, and meaner than any other wretch in the world. I never saw anybody so happy as L^y Charlotte Ashley. I came home with the ladies.

July 3. Accounts far from good of the D. of Bedford. The first symptoms were distortion of the features and violent pains in the head. I rode with the Greys, L^y Morley and G. L–x in the park; then dressed at L^y Affleck's, and to dinner at Lydia White's, where I met L^y Cork, W^m Spencer, Dr and Mrs Somerville, Mr and Miss Boddington. Not so pleasant as before. Mrs Siddons and Ward in the evening. The latter in better health and spirits. He gave an account of his fall at Carrara, which sounds terrific. I went with him to Almack's. It was pleasant. The flirtation between L^d Gower and Miss Pointz continued till three o'clock. The story is L^d Howard has been refused, and that L^d Gower will meet with the same fate. Bets are offered in favor of Howard. G. L–x there, not looking so pretty, but very amiable. W^m Lennox[3] is pleasant—strange, wild thing. Mrs H. Baring[4] very leste in her conversation, and told me some of the grossest équivoques I ever heard. H. Ashley there, quite lovely. Worcester and Miss Pointz are the

[1] The Vicomte de Chateaubriand (1768–1848) had arrived in London in April as French Ambassador.

[2] Lord Granville Somerset (1792–1848), Lord Worcester's brother.

[3] Lord William Pitt Lennox (1799–1831), son of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond.

[4] Maria Matilda, daughter of William Bingham, of Philadelphia, married Henry Baring, son of Sir Francis Baring, but divorced him early in 1822. Her sister married Henry Baring's brother, Alexander, created Lord Ashburton.

only topicks, quite tiresome. *Rode!* home at about 4; fine morning.

July 4. Up late. Drove with my Lady all over London. The accounts rather better from the Duke, but nothing to exult at. At dinner only L^d^ Gower, who came when it was nearly over, but love was his excuse. He will certainly propose and not be refused. He means to follow the lady in the country. I went to fetch Mary from the Greys', where she had dined. Read the first volume of O'Meara's book, which is one of the most interesting I ever saw. It is impossible to leave it. How I should have gloried in sacrificing my liberty and comforts to have been of the slightest use to that extraordinary hero. That book makes one almost ashamed of belonging to the same nation as Sir Hudson Lowe and Lord Bathurst. Posterity will express that contempt and hatred for them which many now feel though have not the courage to make known. I am prouder and prouder every day of my father and mother's conduct on the subject, who are the only people that have dared to shew the noble generosity and compassion they have felt. O'Meara's book is more candid than I expected, as I feared, from the just hatred he bears Sir Hudson, he might be betrayed into blackening his conduct in instances he did not deserve. But I think the book is on the whole very fair and much more impartial than could be expected from a person who has suffered such treatment and been witness to such tyranny.

July 6. Rode with G. L–x and the Greys; the branch of a tree fell nearly on us. Afterwards to dinner at C. Ellis'. Met the Agar Ellis', Granvilles, Miss Stewart, Miss and George Howard, L^d^ Titchfield.[1] The latter was quite insupportable; agriculture, national debt and the chasse of Welbeck. He was long, loud and slow. We sat for ages, and I only got to the Opera in time to see L^y^ Charlemont in L^y^ Jersey's box and to go to the door with G. L–x. L^d^ Alvanley saw a hearse stopping in S^t^ James Street opposite one of the *Hells*. He went up and said gravely to the driver, "Pray, Sir, is the Devil dead?" Sir James Mac. says he supposes he had a strong reversionary interest. Somebody (Luttrell, it is supposed) said, "Look at

[1] William Henry, Marquess of Titchfield, eldest son of William Henry, fourth Duke of Portland, died in 1824, at the age of 27.

Lady Stewart! Her jewels are all real; she is only paste!" Excellent news of the D. of B.

July 9. The accounts of the D. of B. good. In last night's *Courier* there was a correspondence between Abercromby and a Mr Menzies, evidently leading to a duel; and also John Hope has published an abusive pamphlet attacking him for expressions in his speech in the House. Abercromby's friends consulted in the morning to bring on the breach of privilege in the House to-night.[1] My Lady and I drove about London, and found that Abercromby was actually gone. This alarmed us, and I went to tell Tierney in the House of Commons. At dinner:—Mr and Mrs Ellis, L^ds^ Gower, Clare, G. and Miss Howard, G. Fortescue. My Lord and Mackintosh came at the end of dinner. Abercromby, John Hope and Mr Menzies have all been summoned by the House, and the former will be stopped on his road. Poor Mrs A. knew all; he had informed her by a letter which Mr Kennedy delivered. Nothing ever was more bloody than these Scotchmen are. John Hope seems to be a perfect ruffian: Mr Menzies only a bully. L^d^ Londonderry and the ministers behaved well when they understood what was the real object of Mr Courtenay's motion.

"The ladies' man," as it is called, was put up to-day in the park and is handsome, though he looks running away from the foe. They have overcome all difficulty by sawing off all obnoxious parts and then putting a fig-leaf. A man in the crowd asked Mr Grenville, "Pray, Sir, who is Achilles?"

Wednesday, July 10. Rode in the park, Miss V. and G. L–x. Dined at Lady Cork's. In the evening came Lady Westmeath,[2] a lively, pretty little vixen, which I believe she is. Lady Cork[3] is entertaining, but in such a constant fidget that it fatigues.

[1] This was the outcome of the debate on June 25, Menzies being one of the counsel employed in the Borthwick trial, a case which arose out of the Boswell duel. He and Hope were summoned from Scotland to attend the House of Commons on July 17, when after a long debate both were dismissed.

[2] Emily Anne Bennet Elizabeth, daughter of James, first Marquess of Salisbury, was first wife of George Thomas John, eighth Earl and first Marquess of Westmeath (1785–1871), whom she married in 1812. She died in 1858.

[3] Isabella Henrietta, daughter of William Poyntz, of Midgham, Berks, married, in 1795, Edmund, eighth Earl of Cork (1767–1856).

Her house is pretty. Went to Almack's. The Ashleys, Miss Villiers and G. L–x I was chiefly with. Miss Villiers is a spirited, high-minded girl, with strong sense and a good deal of information. Her manner is said to be flippant, but not justly so; she has naturally not all the gaiety she assumes and that is her greatest fault. I think she is not a happy person, which keeps her in a constant state of effort to those with whom she is slightly acquainted, but the more I see of her the more I like her. She has a warm heart and a sound head.

July 11. L^d^ Grey makes histories about me for being with the Bathursts and Lennoxes, and says I live with the Tories. He is in a terrible humour, and vows he will never put his foot in the H. of Lords again.

July 12. Rode, and met G. L–x and Apsley going to Kew. I joined them; the party was pleasant. Kew is not the least worth seeing. We walked to the Pagoda and back. It was hot, and I rode fast home. L^d^ Burghersh[1] is odd and pleasant; Ladies C. Powlett and G. Fane, beside a troop of men. At dinner:—D. of York, L^d^ and L^y^ Gwydyr, Lady G. Morpeth, L^ds^ Foley, Lauderdale, Darlington, G. Cavendish, Sir H. Taylor, George—dull and long. H.R.H. is a rapid but not a distinct talker. I have not a notion not only of what he said, but even on what subjects he talked. I went with L^y^ G. to Lady Petre's ball, which was pretty. I was chiefly with Mrs H. Baring and the Ashleys. The latter delighted at the Marriage Bill being passed tonight with a majority of 120 to 20 in the H. of Commons. The accounts better of the D. of Bedford. Abercromby appeared in his place in the House and was addressed by the Speaker, but did not reply. I rode home at 4.

July 17. Did not go out all day. At dinner, only H. Webster. My Lord and Mackintosh came late from the House of Commons, where Hope has come off with flying colours, and Peel cheered, which was bad taste and bad feeling. Allen was half mad when he heard it. I went to Almack's with Henry W. It was pleasant; G. L-x and Mrs H. Baring I was chiefly with. Home at 4. Miss Sparrow is going to marry L^d^ Mandeville.

[1] John, Lord Burghersh (1784–1859), who succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Westmorland in 1841. Author of military memoirs, and was employed on diplomatic missions.

July 18. Called on Henry G. and Lawrence; the former lame and ill. My Lady and my Lord dined at the Greys', where we met Lady Ponsonby, Tierney, and an Irish cousin who was a bore. With the Greys I went to L^y^ Gwydyr, and there I had a long conversation with Miss Canning,[1] whose manners please me more and more, and whose situation distracts me. She talked with great feeling about India and the tears ran down her cheeks. From this moment I vowed to try all my influence to stop her going and determined to speak about it. I never felt the little god's darts so much. Returned in a hack early.

July 19. I told my aunt all my feelings and consulted her. She gave me the advice I expected, and recommended a sacrifice of my affection *of course*. I drove out with my Lady and openly told her. She spoke kindly, sensibly and most affectionately—talked of age, fortune, &c., &c., &c.; discussed the pros and cons tenderly and wisely. *My* mind, however, is made up. We dined at the Granvilles' and met L^ds^ Morpeth, Clanwilliam, Cowper, Mr Huskisson, L^y^ Cowper, Miss Howard, Miss Stewart; it was pleasant. I went to the Greys for a few minutes and then to the D^ss^ of Argyll, where Miss Canning was *not*. I staid late and was cross as poison, odious to myself and others. Home at 3.

Saturday, July 20. I had two conversations I dreaded, but which were both more favourable than I expected—with Miss Vernon and my Lord. The latter was all kindness and spoke with a consideration that touched me. I dined at Lansdowne House, and met Miss Fox, Miss Vernon, Mr Macdonell, C. Sheridan and Mr Spring-Rice. The last is intolerable; his voice is painful and his conversation terribly precise. Charles Sheridan[2] is hideously ugly and an Ogle completely; he has nothing of his father about him. I thought we should never have got to the Opera. At last this tedious time broke up, and we went. The Greys told me of little, stubborn John Russell's marriage to Miss

[1] Harriet Canning, George Canning's daughter, who married Ulick John, fourteenth Earl and afterwards Marquess of Clanricarde, in 1825. She died in 1876. Her father had been nominated Governor-General of India in March, but withdrew his acceptance in September.

[2] Richard Brinsley Sheridan's son by his second wife, Miss Ogle. He died in 1843.

Cowsmaker, a great fortune and an excellent marriage.[1] I went to Miss Canning's box and like her better and better. Then to G. L–x, whose sister was married this morning to Lawrence. I told her at length the state of my heart, and she was as kind as possible. The Cannings took me home to the lodge. I gave several broad hints, nor do I think they were misunderstood—nous verrons. L^d^ Londonderry in speaking on the Marriage Act said, " The nullity feature was buried in the womb of futurity." Mr Wetherall[2] spoke last night in the H. of Commons, and used some of the strangest words possible in a long, tiresome speech. Somebody said to the Chancellor, " What words Wetherall coins." " Oh ! " said he, " I should not mind the coinage, if it was not for the utterance."

July 21. Went to church and heard Mr Rennell[3] give a very long and a very tedious sermon, for the sake of seeing H. C. Afterwards I rode to Gloucester Lodge[4] and found L^d^ G. Bentinck. I staid some time. She is very, very lively, and has the prettiest manners I ever saw. Canning was civil to me and all went off well. I then rode and got wet in the park. At dinner :—Mr and Mrs Lamb, Whishaw, Col. Macdonald, L^d^ Lauderdale, M. S^t^ Julien, his son, H. Webster, Mr Markham, Mr Tierney. I was low, and went down to Little H. H. where I found all the cousinhood. My Lord avoided any conversation which I wished for.

July 22. Called on L^y^ G. Morpeth, because I saw the C–g carriage stop there. H. C. looked very pretty and seemed to observe my coming there. Then I called at the D^ss^ of Richmond and saw G. L–x, who was very goodnatured indeed. At dinner: —L^d^ and L^y^ Lansdowne, L^d^ and L^y^ Ossulstone, L^d^ Howard, Mr Whishaw, Mr Byng, V. and L. Smith. With the two latter I went to Mr Petre's ball, where I had a long conversation with H. C. ;

[1] John Russell (1796–1835), Commander R.N., son of Lord William Russell. His wife, Sophia, daughter of Col. George Coussmaker, succeeded to the Barony of De Clifford in 1833.

[2] Charles Wetherall (1770–1846), Solicitor-General 1824, Attorney-General 1826 and 1828. Tory Member of Parliament for many years. Knighted in 1824.

[3] Rev. Thomas Rennell (1787–1824) became Vicar of Kensington in 1816.

[4] Canning's house.

she seemed to like me. *He* was there and consulted in a whisper, which ended in his asking me to dinner; and like a fool I refused because of the Greys. After that both Mrs and Miss Canning were coldish to me, which made me wretched. I am extremely annoyed, as they think me flirting without any real intentions. In this I will convince them that they are wrong. G. L–x was all kindness. I rode home at a little after four. In the morning my Lady and I had a *scene*. As she chose to sneer at me and be disagreable, I walked out of the room, and we had a display of affection afterwards. Took leave of Miss Villiers, who goes to Spa for six weeks.

Tuesday, 23 *July*. Staid at home all morning and avoided any conversation with either of my parents. Dined at Lansdowne House. Besides the hosts only Vernon and Leveson Smith at dinner. We went to the Haymarket and saw *She stoops to conquer* admirably acted. Then I went to the Opera and visited only the Greys, Howards, L–xs and H. C. I proposed myself for dinner on Friday, and it evidently did not displease. She was very gracious and I was happy. Home in a hack at two.

24 *July*. Only L^{d} Morpeth and the two ladies at dinner. Afterwards I had two long conversations with my Lord and my Lady, begging me *not* to go to Almack's and speaking most seriously. I notwithstanding went, and there I was convinced that she is either a great flirt or that ——. I returned home, and wrote a note to my Lady saying I was to dine there. Mr Broadhead Brinxman proposed to G. L–x and was refused immediately.

25 *July*. I did not venture to get up till near 2 o'clock, for fear of having any conversation with my Lord or my Lady. However I found a long letter from the former, which was so kindly and considerately written and put the madness of my intentions so forcibly that I determined to give up my fondest wishes, though it cost me a great deal. We went to dine at Mrs Damer's at Twickenham, in the house where Queen Ann was born. We met L^{d} and L^{y} Cowper, W^{m} Lamb, Luttrell, L^{y} Davy. The situation is pretty, and had I been in spirits I should have liked the drive, which was, I believe, pleasant. We slept at the Star and Garter at Richmond. I sent an excuse to Mrs C.

26 *July*. We came home in a violent rain. I rode in the park with G. L-x, and showed her my father's letter, after which she told me I should be behaving shamefully if I continued, as it was so *very, very* kind. At dinner :—L^{d}, L^{y} E. and G. Grey, L^{d} and L^{y} Cowper, L^{ds} Clanwilliam, F. Conyngham, Ancram, Mr Abercromby, L^{d} and L^{y} C. Morpeth, Caroline Howard. Nothing could be more marked than L^{d} Ancram[1] and L^{y} Elizabeth. My father told me I had better leave town : proposed Spa or Scotland.

27 *July*. Rode with G. L-x and dined at the Bathursts', because Canning dined at Holland House and I feared my Lord had spoken ; but I believe he has not. Met at dinner, L^{d} Apsley, L^{y} W^{m} and G. and E. Bathurst, L^{y} E. Berkeley and her son, and G. L–x. Then to the Opera, where I did not speak even to *dear, dear* H. C. Took leave of the Greys and home early. Morpeths slept at H. H.

Sunday, 28 *July*. The day so wretched that K. Gardens was impossible and the park too, so I staid with the Howards. Harriet H. and the young ones came. At dinner :—*The Lord Chancellor*[2] *! ! !* L^{ds} Aberdeen, Lauderdale, Grey, Alvanley, Morpeth. Mess. J. Russell, Abercromby, Serjeant Lens, L^{y} G. Morpeth, Miss Howard. It was pleasant. The Chancellor was very entertaining about the *Baga* (?) *de secretis*, of which he has the key ; and it contains all the indictments of former times in all curious cases. Very few people know anything of it, and only three people have access to it. He puts me in mind of his brother,[3] but is handsomer and less affected.

29 *July*. The Morpeths went. At dinner, only Mr Vane and Henry Webster, Lady Affleck. My Lord in the H. of Lords, and spoke on the Alien Act. I went with Henry W. to L^{y} Gwydyr's, which reminded me of the last time I was there. H. C. was there for a few minutes only ; we did not speak. G. L-x came, and we talked all night. Henry W. went off to Dublin. I settled with L^{d} Ancram to go with him to Scotland next week, as I must go away. V. Smith flirted all night with Miss Stewart ; I hope something may come of it.

[1] John William Robert, Earl of Ancram (1794–1841), who succeeded his father, in 1824, as seventh Marquess of Lothian. He married Cecily, daughter of Charles, second Earl Talbot, in 1831.

[2] Lord Eldon.

[3] Lord Stowell.

30 *July*. Rode to see a pigeon match at the Red House with G. L-x and others. Mr H. Baring's shooting quite wonderful—the amusement barbarous. I went to the Opera, where I passed most of the night in Mrs Herbert's box looking at H. C., and then to the Fife box to take leave of G. L–x, &c., &c., who go to Cirencester.

31 *July*. L^{y} Affleck took me to Edgware with Mary. From there I rode to the Priory, where I found at dinner, L^{d} and L^{y} Aberdeen, L^{y} Binning, Cimetelli, Cariati, Ward, and Mrs Hay, besides a brother of L^{d} A.'s and the tutor. Lady Aberdeen[1] is very handsome, especially the upper part of her face: and is confined by illness to her sofa, from whence she rarely stirs. Her profusion of hair spoils her beauty from the girlish way she dresses it. Ward ill and low.

August 3. L^{d} Ancram in the morning, to settle about all our journey. I like him very much. I drove out with my Lady. At dinner:—Mr W^{m} Clarke, Mr O'Meara, Rogers, Mrs Fox, Miss Marston, Miss Fox, Miss Vernon, Vernon Smith. W^{m} Clarke was very amusing about Sir Walter Scott, and told stories of coincidences that put it out of all doubt that he is the author of the novels. We had, in the evening, an alarm from a wild cat that got into the library.

August 6. At dinner:—D. of Argyll, L^{ds} Clanwilliam, Morpeth, Howard, W^{m} Lennox, Cowpers, Mr Currey, Rogers. I went with Howard to the Opera, and in the carriage I found to my surprize he knew all about H. C. and me. He gave me great comfort and advised me to speak at the Opera, which I did, and wished good-bye in the ante-room. She was not only kind, but seemed affectionate, and Mrs Canning was quite warm. I was rather overcome, and went home with my aunts.

August 7. Miserable morning. Took leave of all at home, and went off to Hinchinbrook, where I found Ancram and his nephew, little L^{d} Sandwich.

August 8, 9. We set off at eight o'clock, travelled all night,

[1] Lord Aberdeen's second wife, Harriet, daughter of Hon. John Douglas, and widow of James, Viscount Hamilton, brother of Lord Aberdeen's first wife. She married Lord Aberdeen in 1815, and died in 1833. James, first Duke of Abercorn, was her son by her first marriage. The Priory at Stanmore had belonged to her father-in-law, Lord Abercorn, and was held in trust for her son.

and arrived at Newbattle [1] at 12 on Friday. Ancram is agreable, good-natured and well-informed. I hope sincerely he will marry Elizabeth Grey. He talked of her several times in terms of the greatest praise, as the best rider, the best dancer, &c., &c., and he went out of the Tory line to change at the *Lambton Arms* at Chester-le-Street, because the man at Durham had been rude to *her*. This looks well!

August 10. Drove into Edinburgh with Ancram. The whole town in a state of wild confusion.[2] Found L^d^ Lauderdale had got me a room in his lodgings, and was very kind to me. I dined at Dr Thomson's; only his family. After, to the play with Sandford. Miss Tree sang beautifully. F. Levesons and Wiltons opposite. L^y^ F. looked prettier than I ever saw her. I feel very miserable, and fear that I have not strength of mind to subdue the passion I feel and have resolved to propose at once. If I am refused, which is probable, I am only where I was before, except that I shall have no self-reproach.

Sunday, August 11. Drove with Sandford to Craig Crook to see Jeffrey, who is in a state of alarm lest the K^g^ should knight him. Mrs Jeffrey is half distracted at the notion. Dined at Dr Thomson's, tedious and dull.

August 12. Called on Lady Breadalbane [3] with L^d^ L., in whose apartments at Holyrood I am to live tomorrow. She is sensible and seems to have a true *Scotch* understanding.

August 13. Drove out with Sandford, who rather jeers at me about H. C., and I was fool enough to tell him. Dined with L^d^ L. and his son the Colonel at the Royal Exchange Coffee House.

August 14. The King anchored off Leith, but would not land because the day was bad and he was tired. I dined with the Breadalbane family in Holyrood House, only a family party. L^y^ Glenorchy [4] very pretty and interesting. He is manly and

[1] Lord Lothian's house near Edinburgh.

[2] George IV arrived in state at Edinburgh a few days later.

[3] Mary, daughter of David Gavin. She married John, fourth Earl, and afterwards Marquess of Breadalbane (1762–1834), in 1793.

[4] Eliza, daughter of George Baillie, of Jerviswood, and sister of George, tenth Earl of Haddington, married, in 1821, John, Viscount Glenorchy (1796–1862), only son of John, fourth Earl of Breadalbane. She died in 1861, her husband having succeeded to the titles in 1834.

open. In the morning I called on Duke Hamilton, who was in a flannel dressing-gown, much agitated about his dress and his dignities, having received no specific commands. Mr Sharpe, the antiquarian I met at Sir Walter's, came in, and they discussed with great warmth and interest the merits of a gauntlet that was just come—whether it ought to be so long or not, whether it was to be sewed with gold thread, &c., &c., &c. I went to the play with Sandford and saw *Rob Roy* admirably acted, and *The Spectre Bridegroom*. *God save the King* was sung with rapture.

August 15. Letter from George at Wansford, who is coming down here, which will be delightful for me. He announces Lord Londonderry's sudden death from gout in the stomach. His death, however, I find was voluntary and effected with a pen-knife. He had been very strange for some days, so much so that the K^g observed it and spoke to L^d Liverpool. I went to Mr Gibson's, from whence I had an admirable view of H.M. entry into the town. The procession was brilliant ; the day fine ; the people enchanted. Afterwards I saw him get into his private carriage from my own windows at Holyrood. My room is next his private staircase. I hope to God this horrid event may keep Canning in England and prevent his Indian expedition. If it does ! ! !

August 16. George came. We went a large party to see Rosslyn. Gwydyrs, F. Leveson, M^de de Noailles, &c., &c. We walked for ever horrid paths, up precipices. George and I dined with the F. Levesons, and then walked all over the town to look at the illuminations, which were beautiful—quite like fairy-land. L^y Elphinstone was with us, and we went up to the top of the Calton Hill. I never saw anything prettier. Afterwards to Lady Gwydyr's. Won at écarté. Lady Jersey has got a girl.

August 17. Went to the levée. L^d L. presented me. H.M. was gracious and spoke a good deal. Hot and full. I never saw more ridiculous figures—grocers, tailors and haberdashers were among them. Dined at Sir G. Warrender's.[1] Met F. Levesons, Flahault, L^d and Mrs Gillies, M^e de Noailles,[2] who is

[1] Sir George Warrender, fourth Baronet (1782–1849). He succeeded his father in 1799, and married, in 1810, Anne Evelyn, daughter of George Evelyn, third Viscount Falmouth. Lady Warrender died in 1871.

[2] Charlotte Marie Antoinette, Vicomtesse de Noailles (1792–1851), daughter of the Prince de Poix, and widow of her cousin, Alfred, who was killed in Russia in 1812.

staying with Sir George, and he is in love with her. She laughs at him, and is not very susceptible herself. Sir George's house is the original of Bradwardine's in *Waverley*. He has made it comfortable and pretty. We went to Lady Belhaven's in the evening and had écarté. I like both the F. Levesons the more I see of them. Ancram has had a fall from his horse, was bled, and went up to London to be with poor Lady Londonderry.[1] It is a terrible blow to him.

August 19. Called on Walter Scott, who was evidently out of humour with the King, and who is, I hear, in great disgrace for some officiousness. Dined at L^d^ Gillies's :—D^ss^ of Argyll, Belhavens, Lauderdales and a large party. The dinner good and rather agreable. In the evening to L^y^ Gwydyr's, pleasant enough—écarté. Home late.

August 20. Went to the Drawing-room ; chiefly with Lady Elphinstone.[2] The display of beauty very transcendent, the dresses pretty, and the suite of rooms much the best in any English palace. The K^g^ was civil to me and spoke. Despair and nervousness got the better of me, and I sent my proposal to Miss Canning under cover to Howard. God only knows what will be the result. I do not expect a positive refusal, but cannot hope and flatter myself that I shall be accepted. I must stay here till Monday for the answer.

Wednesday, 21 *August*. Waited all morning for Sandford, who never came. Dined at Sir G. Warrender's—large party :—Gwydyrs, L^y^ F. Leveson, D. and D^ss^ of Argyll, D. of Hamilton, L^d^ A., Flahault, L^d^ Rosslyn, L^y^ Janet. In the morning there came an express from Dunrobin with news that L^d^ Stafford had had a paralytic stroke and was alarmingly ill. F. Leveson set off instantly in one of K^g's^ steamboats, and people observed very much on L^y^ F. going out. After all one cannot expect her to care ; and though I think it would be better taste to stay at home, it does not much signify, for, as L^y^ Gwydyr *justly* and *Scotchly* remarks, all the property is entailed. Home late ; lost at écarté.

[1] Lady Londonderry was Lord Ancram's aunt.

[2] Janet, daughter of Cornelius Elliot, and widow of Sir John Gibson Carmichael. She married John, twelfth Lord Elphinstone (1764–1813), in 1806.

22 *August.* Went to a house of Sir G. Warrender close to the Castle to see the procession. The day was rainy and foggy, cold and damp. D. Hamilton looked very well indeed with the crown. He, or the regalia, was loudly applauded—which I did not make out. The K^g^ went up to the top of the Castle and bowed, rather absurd and useless. It was, on the whole, a failure. The party too at Sir G. were more numerous than pleasant.

August 23. To-day H. C. gets my letter and my fate will be decided. Heaven only knows why, but I passed the day in tearing spirits. Went with L^y^ Gwydyr late to the review at Portobello sands. She is a clever, long-headed woman, with an excess of goodnature that takes the line of being a great flatterer and of a very impressive manner about trifles. The review was beautiful. The K. rode a white horse he bought here. It went off admirably. Dined with L^y^ F. Leveson ; only George and Mrs Dundas, a blunt, sensible woman and good-natured. We went to the Peers' ball at nine. The K. came at ten and staid two hours. I never saw so striking a sight. All ladies in plumes, and everybody in full dress. D^ss^ of Argyll looked magnificent. Two Miss Maitlands were the beauties, and L^y^ Glenorchy looked well. Better accounts from Dunrobin. Reels were danced for H.M., who was pleased. I was chiefly with L^y^ Elphinstone and L^y^ F. The former is amiable, but tedious and sticks like a leech. The latter I like very much, though she has great faults and very provoking ones—total indifference to everything about her and no care for what she does or says. I made acquaintance with L^d^ Erroll whom I like. She is not here ; poverty prevented her coming. He is beautiful.

Monday, August 26. After a sleepless night got my letters, and found to my delight that Howard did not deliver my letter, as he thought it could do *no* good and might do *harm.* His letter was kind and sensible, but evidently not wishing for my prosperity. Walked with George up to Nelson's monument and Holyrood House. Dined at the Royal Hotel in L^y^ F. Leveson's room, and then saw the two first acts of Kean in *Macbeth.* Then to the ball given by Caledonian Hunt to the King, the counterpart of the Peers', but not so full. L^d^ Gower arrived.

August 27. L^d^ Gower set off without saying a word, and left

L^y F. with nobody to take her to Dunrobin. She reminded George of his rash promise, and he agreed to go. I dined with L^y F., and met only the Wiltons fresh from Dunrobin. L^d S.'s attack is alarming. L^y F. and I played at écarté till one. She goes at six. My Lady writes word that she has been seriously ill.

Sunday, 15 *September*. Set off early, got to Howick at 5, and found the delightful news I expected of Canning's being in.[1] I was enchanted, but not surprized. Nobody but the family, whom I am very fond of indeed. While at Howick M^e de Noailles and M. de Saluces[2] were with us for the first two days. She is sprightly and agreable, with all the gaiety and some of the imagination of her country, but a less portion of beauty than most. However I liked her. Her escort was a most piteous concern, cross, dull and learned, disputing about every trifle and very tenacious of his own opinions. One day we went to Warkworth. The Castle is fine and the Hermitage very curious. The view from the boat is beautiful. I rode almost every day with the girls. Nothing can be pleasanter than Bessy—gay, goodhumoured, clever and sweet-tempered; if I had a heart at my disposal I should have lost it very soon. I told her about H. C., as I see she likes me, and it made us intimate.

To my great annoyance H. Greville has heard all, and the gossiping Copley girls have been talking of it at Doncaster. We had a sharpish correspondence, in which he assumed a haughty, and I an affectionate tone: both false. He is angry, and I am *furious*, for I feel certain he has and will propagate it. With a thousand merits he is the greatest gossip and tittle-tattle I ever knew. Mr Petre's horse won at Doncaster, but he was cheated and did not clear a sixpence. The D. of Wellington has been nearly killed by the aurist Stephenson. Clanwilliam[3] is to have a foreign mission, perhaps Berlin. My Lord had the gout at Bowood, and they hurried back to H. H. One day passes very like another, punctual breakfasts and dinners, rides

[1] Canning had just been appointed Foreign Secretary.

[2] Count Alexandre de Saluces (1775–1851), Piemontese politician and writer on military subjects.

[3] Richard Charles Francis, third Earl of Clanwilliam (1795–1879), diplomatist, and private secretary to Lord Castlereagh for several years. He was Minister at Berlin 1823–7.

and whist in the evening. Charles Grey went to Ireland[1]; he was a great loss. He is clever, and agreable from his high boyish spirits. Howick has a bad temper, a hideous face, and a moderate understanding—the least amiable of the whole family; even the much abused L^y^ Caroline is his superior.

I had a letter from Charles at Cape Town, talking of coming home immediately. He had heard of his exchange and meant to go in the first conveyance. My aunts are at Mr Kennedy's in Scotland, and partly to see them, but chiefly to stay with dear L^y^ Bess, I consented to stay till Lambton races. Poor Mrs Lock's daughter, M^e^ de Very, has been killed in a horrible way at Boulogne. I am glad I did not know her. A cart that was run away with ran over her, and nearly killed poor Mrs M. Greville too. I had a very kind letter from Wortley telling me of the Doncaster report, which was that I had proposed and been refused. Bessy also told me that Miss Copley had told Mrs Taylor she *knew* it, and implied that her knowledge was from the Cannings. In consequence of this I wrote to Howard, to ask if *previous* to returning my letter he had consulted any of the C. family. His answer was that he had *not*. I am amused at the specimen of three different sort of friends on hearing such a report. H. Greville, the inquisitive, writes me an indignant *demanding* letter; the cautious G. Howard says not a word to me; but the sincere and kind Wortley apprizes me of the report, without asking any sort of explanation and in the most friendly manner. It is at such moments as these that friends are to be judged.

Shuttleworth is standing for the Wardenship of New College. I hope and believe he has a good chance. Gen^l^ and Mrs Grey[2] came for two nights. She is good-nature and ugliness itself, with a vulgarish manner and a sweet temper—happy as the day is long and only wishing to see others happy too. Lady Bath[3]

[1] Second son of Charles, Earl Grey, born in 1804. He became a General in the Army, and was for many years private secretary to Queen Victoria. He died in 1870. Henry George, Lord Howick (1802–94), a distinguished statesman, succeeded his father in 1845 as third Earl Grey. In 1832 he married Maria, daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., of Sprotborough.

[2] Sir Henry George Grey (1766–1845), second son of Charles, first Earl Grey, a General in the Army. He married, in 1812, Charlotte, daughter of Sir Charles des Vœux, who died in 1882.

[3] Isabella Elizabeth, daughter of George, fourth Viscount Torrington, married, in 1794, Thomas, second Marquess of Bath (1765–1837), and died in 1830.

has been in the most imminent danger, and took a formal leave of all her family—inflammation in the kidneys; she is better. One day passes just like another; we ride every day after luncheon and the post. My letters with Henry G. have been very sharp, and his in an *unkind, harsh* tone. Lady Ponsonby [1] and her son, F. Ponsonby, came. She is an active old woman and very cheerful. We walked one delightful night down to the sea and saw the most beautiful moonlight. I have tried, and cannot find a fault in Bessy. Lady Grey talked openly to me about Ancram; she evidently wishes it very much and justly. He is almost worthy of her, I believe, and that is saying a *great, great* deal. Shuttleworth was unanimously elected; he will do credit to his situation. I am most sincerely glad of it, for he requires having some employment, and I am sure he will acquit himself most nobly. He is as high-minded and liberal as possible, and there is nobody to whom I feel so indebted.

Monday, 14 *October*. L^{d} and L^{y} Grey took me to Lambton, where we found, Normanbys, Wyvills, Lumleys, L^{ds} W^{m} Lennox, John Bentinck, M^{ess} Petre, Duncombe, Witham, Cookson, Mills, and many other jockey betting people. L^{y} Normanby sang a good deal, particularly one Scotch ballad that I liked very much. Lambton hates music; when he came in she stopped. He flounced out of the room and slammed the door, and was very cross. I sat between L^{dies} G. and E. Grey. Twenty-three at dinner.

15 *October*. I went with L^{y} Normanby and L^{y} E. Grey to Ravensworth. It is a fine place, and when finished will be very handsome. L^{d} A. Hill with a bad knee is there. We went to the top of the house to see him. All the family are fools, especially Lady R., who is *mad* into the bargain.[2] Jane is very pretty and sings like an angel. Mrs Liddell and her mother L^{y} G. Seymour, were there. We walked about the gardens. L^{d} R. has a great deal of glass. He ordered it all from London and when it came

[1] Lady Grey's mother, Louisa, daughter of Richard, third Viscount Molesworth. She married William Brabazon Ponsonby (1744–1806), created Baron Ponsonby, of Imokilly, in 1806. She remarried, in 1823, William, fourth Earl of Fitzwilliam, and died a year later. Frederick Ponsonby, her youngest son, died unmarried in 1849.

[2] Thomas Henry, first Baron Ravensworth (1775–1855), married, in 1796, Maria Susannah, daughter of John Simpson. Their eldest son, Henry Thomas Liddell (1797–1878), succeeded his father and was raised to an Earldom in 1874.

found it was made at Newcastle, which is within two miles of him. I like the girls very much ; they are good-nature itself.

16 *October*. The races were very pretty. The Petre Cup, which that animal Petre gave, was won by a horse called "Tom Paine." There was some mistake about starting ; and L^d^ W^m^ Lennox was treated, I thought, unjustly and unkindly. I like him *very, very much indeed*. I had a letter from Charles, dated, 20 July. He is to come in a ship called *John Palmer* ; it makes me very nervous indeed to hear of all these tremendous gales. The dinner was very large ; a ball in the hall afterwards, the Ravensworths, L^d^ A. Hill. We played at whist. Mrs Lumley looks very pretty when dancing, but powders her nose and paints her eyebrows.

17 *October*. One of the farmers was thrown off his horse and, I thought, killed, but was only slightly hurt. Mrs Lumley makes desperate love to Lambton, but I do not think there is anything in that. She is the oddest creature I ever saw. I did all sorts of nonsenses after dinner for L^y^ Normanby, whom I like excessively. She is good-nature itself. Mr Witham got drunk and burst into my room at night, Duncombe and J. Bentinck following ; it was a stupid practical joke. Muncaster at dinner.

Friday, 18 *October*. Letters from my Lady at Panshanger on their way to Ampthill, where they want me to come, and press extremely. I feel very low about a thousand things, and am delighted to be in a bustle where I am obliged to think of anything but the odious fears and alarms that will obtrude themselves. It is silly to be unhappy by anticipation. The Normanbys won a great deal. A very quiet dinner. Afterwards Lambton quarrelled with Mr Wyvill and others about his horses being supposed to be favored, and was as cross as possible. The chief amusement was slipping shillings down Mrs Lumley's back and then fishing them out. This made Lambton crosser. He overheard a conversation I had with her, for which I shall never be forgiven. He looked blacker than thunder ever after. There was a ball afterwards—Ravensworths'. Miss Ellison is rather pretty. Petre [1] was and has been the whole time the butt of the

[1] Hon. Robert Edward Petre (1795–1843), son of Robert Edward, ninth Baron Petre (1742–1801), by his second wife, Juliana, daughter of Henry Howard, of Glossop. He married, in 1829, Laura Maria, daughter of Lord Stafford.

party. W^m Lambton[1] is agreable, though blazé with everything and everybody. He is never pleased, and bored with whatever is going on, without the pleasure even of hope, for he does not expect to like anything at all. He praises Ancram very much. L^d Normanby has bought Mr Wyvill's " Kitten," and I fear has been cheated. The latter is a rogue, with a frank, open manner but a designing countenance. To bed at 3; the gas smelt horribly.

October 19. Last day of the races. " Kitten " beat, as I expected. Duncombe won the Ladies' Cup which was very pretty. Many of the people went. We still dined in the library.

Sunday, October 20. Letter from Ampthill. L^d Amherst is to go to India. The day was wet, and all morning was consumed in making nonsensical verses about Petre and Mr Witham's drunken perambulations of the house. W^m Lennox distinguished himself very much for his quickness and drollery. John Bentinck, Petre and the Normanbys went to Ravensworth. We dined in the dining-room. I had a letter from Howard tracing the report to *Henry Greville* ! ! ! This is impossible. I sent H. G.'s letter from Doncaster to him. I had also a letter from Ancram on his road north; he goes first to Scotland and then to Howick.

Sunday, November 17. *Farming Woods.*[2] The Ladies were very good-natured and agreable. They talked about Mary Wilson's marriage as a thing they wished and promoted. H. Webster, like a fool, proposed or at least did as much, and met with the rebuff he merited.

November 18. To H. H^se, where I arrived after suffering agonies from tooth-ache at about half-past seven, and found them at dinner. Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh; Charles gone to dine out. A kind reception I met with, and no sort of allusion to H. C. *of course.* Charles came at night and we talked till near morning. He is as delightfully amusing as ever and full of gaiety and good humour. Mary looking more lovely than I ever saw her.

November 20. Went to town with my Lady, who was pleasant and seems in good humour. Only Bingham additional at dinner.

[1] William Henry Lambton (1793–1866), J. G. Lambton's second brother. He married Henrietta, daughter of Cuthbert Ellison, in 1824.

[2] The residence of the Ladies Fitzpatrick in Northamptonshire.

He is no favorite of mine, foolish, chattering and only good-looking. Me de Souza[1] has written a new novel called *Me de Fargy*, which is, I hear, bad. Two women she had *manned* with her own character, Sir James says. He is in good spirits now and has heard of his daughter's safety, and his vanity seems tickled with his election at Glasgow where they have made him Ld Rector. W. Scott was his opponent, and was beat *hollow*.

November 21. Rode to Fulham and saw Lady Jane Peel. Lawrence was out. It is a nice place, and they are as happy as the day is long. She has caught some of his sarcasm, I think, and seems clever. I then went and had a long coze with Ly G. Bathurst, who was very amiable and entertaining. At dinner :— C. Ellis, Ld Howard ! ! ! Byng, Mr and Mrs Lamb, Rogers and Mackintosh. Charles dined and slept out. I dreaded seeing Howard, but not a word passed between us. Soon I must have a long talk with him. I saw Lawrence in the morning and found him very kind and pleasant.

Nov. 28–30. Staid at Middleton. George came over one day, very happy and satisfied with the security of success. Lady Jersey very agreable one evening about Pss Charlotte, and told all the history of her quarrels and Me de Flahault's. It is very wonderful how correct Lady Jersey always is and what a memory she has ; she never tells what is not true, and yet talks more than anybody in England. Mr Bankes is returned for Cambridge and Mr Hill is to be H. Secretary. Ly E. Balfour's child burnt to death in a horrid way at Dunbar.

Old Burlington Street, December 11. O'Meara in the morning. Bertrand's shabby letter has done him harm, and he shewed us the still shabbier excuses Bertrand makes for it in private. It is extraordinary that after devoting his life to Napoleon in the way he so nobly did, he should now barter all his fame for a petty legacy ; for it is merely to get the will ratified that he has contradicted in public what he owns to be true in private and what he must approve of if he really has any attachment for the Emperor's memory. O'Meara's letter is admirable, and nobody can doubt

[1] Adelaïde de Filleul (1761–1831), who married, first, the Comte de Flahault, who was guillotined in the French Revolution ; and secondly, in 1802, José Maria de Souza-Botelho, for many years Portuguese Minister in Paris.

the authenticity of the book that knows anything about him. Charles off early to F. Woods. Dined at Mrs Tighe's. Met :— Lady Sandwich, Dr and Mrs Holland, Miss Godfrey, L^d^ Meath and a gawky, chattering son, Ward. Pleasant on the whole. I sat next to Lady S.,[1] who is an agreable woman. L^d^ Tankerville is dead. Lady H. Montague in the evening, not so monstrous as I expected.

December 12. A letter from Lady Grey denying the slightest truth in the story of Bessy's marriage.[2] I am very sorry indeed. Dined with my Lord and my Lady alone, and went to see *The Huguenot* with Lady Affleck. It is interesting and Macready acts well. Miss Kelly less odious than usual.

December 18. Rode and joined Ward, who was very pleasant indeed. L^d^ Wellesley has been pelted by the Orangemen in the theatre at Dublin. Only the Abercrombys at dinner besides our four selves. We went to see Kean and Young in Othello and Iago ; nothing can be finer than the acting of the former. It quite agitates one. I never knew him so free from faults as tonight and so full of *unstudied* beauties. Bertrand is to be employed soon by the French Government ! ! ! *Virtue is but a name.*

December 20. Called only on Lady Affleck and Lady G. The theatricals at Castle Howard went off very well, but with very little *pretension.* At dinner :—L^d^ and L^y^ Cowper, L^ds^ Morpeth, Gower, F. Conyngham, Mr Tierney, Mr Grenville. Lady C. makes a fool of herself with Francis Conyngham. The Tankervilles[3] in the evening. L^d^ T. has left all to his wife, and she has behaved most handsomely to all parties. Punch Greville in the evening. He has a shrewd head and some information, not an atom of feeling, but great general good-nature, or at least pretends to have it. He was very pleasant, and sat till late talking very agreably. L^y^ Carlisle has had an attack again of her paralytic seizure. A fire broke out in the night at Long's Hotel, and a great deal was demolished.

[1] Louisa, daughter of Armar, first Earl of Belmore, married George John, sixth Earl of Sandwich (1773–1818), in 1804. Lady Harriet Montagu, their eldest daughter, married William, second Lord Ashburton, in 1823.

[2] To Lord Ancram.

[3] See *ante*, p. 89. Lord Ossulston had just become Lord Tankerville.

December 27. At dinner:—L^{d} Granville, L^{d} and L^{y} G. Morpeth, Mrs Lamb, Luttrell, G. Anson, F. Howard. The latter goes to India tomorrow; he is to be L^{d} Amherst's aide-de-camp. Jekyll says he hears L^{d} Glenbervie has translated a dull Italian poem, and that everybody compliments him on the *fidelity* of the translation. Clanwilliam is to go to Berlin. Mr Coke has got an heir.

December 30. Walked out with Leveson to the park. Nobody at dinner. Went afterwards to the play, where I found Mary, Mrs Smith and Leveson. Spoiled child! Miss Clara Fisher's acting was inimitable. My Lady better.

December 31, 1822. L^{d} Gower, L^{d} and L^{y} G. Morpeth, L^{d} Clanwilliam at dinner. The latter was very flippant and pert; nor do I see where his merits lie. He is enchanted at going to Berlin. The Francis Levesons are come to town; he is going with L^{d} F. Somerset on a special mission to Madrid.

Here ends 1822, which has been an eventful year to me but from my own folly and impatience has only placed me in an awkward and not in an advantageous situation. If repentance can do any good, nobody repents more than I do my own rashness and absurdity at Holyrood House, which combined with my absurd haste on the 19th of July has almost ruined my wishes.

CHAPTER IV

1823

January 7, 1823. I had a letter from Sandford about Sir James Mackintosh's speech at Glasgow.[1] He says :—" The speech was brilliant in some passages and very Mackintoshian in all. The spirit just and philosophic, the expression copious and refined, but the manner nothing better than the parliamentary see-saw and sing-song. The chief fault was length and a total misconception of the audience. He never seemed to recollect that the great majority of his hearers were almost boys and could not be interested in long details and historical allusions. But on the whole it was well received, though I must not conceal from you that disappointment was the general impression."

January 8. At dinner :—L^{d} and L^{y} Granville, L^{d} Morpeth, W^{m} Howard, Rogers, Charles. Rogers very brilliant in the evening. He makes an expedition of a fortnight or three weeks to several country houses, and comes home with a budget of little observations on their manners, habits and characters.

January 11. Took a cold drive with my Lord to H^{d} House, and dined at Mr Boddington's.[2] Met Mr and Mrs Scarlett, Lydia White, Sir H. Davy, Ward, Sharp, Mr Hallam, and the fair Grace Boddington. When Mrs Scarlett was not eating, I heard my host say, " Mrs Scarlett, you don't eat. Won't you *play with a bit of sweetbread* ? " Ward was pleasant, but paradoxical about Shakespeare. Hallam is an odious man in society, very good in his books, I believe.

January 16. When Mr Plunkett went to congratulate L^{d}

[1] His address to the University as Lord Rector.

[2] Samuel Boddington, M.P. for Tralee. His daughter and heiress, Grace, married Henry Fox's half-brother, Henry Webster, in October, 1824.

Wellesley on his escape,[1] the L^d^ L^t^ said, "I hear it was entirely done by Protestants. Do they take me for a Papist?" "As to that," replied Mr P., "I don't know, but your Excellency certainly behaved like a *Roman*." I dined tête-à-tête with L^y^ Affleck and played at cards all evening.

January 20. Called on the Bathursts, who are just come to town. Lady Jersey has been very near making mischief between us, but in vain. I dined at Mrs Tighe's. Met Ords, Ward, Mr H. Tighe, L^d^ James Stuart, Cornwall, W^m^ Ord, Hallams. Mr Hallam is one of the most disagreable members of society I ever have the misfortune to meet. Ward was pleasant, and so is Cornwall,[2] though vulgar-minded.

January 21. Staid at home all day reading *Peveril*, which is just come out, and is good as far as I have gone. Nobody at dinner but four selves. My Lord not well enough to come to table. Miss Vernon has had rather a serious fall, and hurt her head a good deal. Charles and I went to the Opera, chiefly with the Bathursts and Peels. G. L–x very agreable, but not upon H^d^ H^se^ subject. Les dures vérités (if *vérités* they are) are painful. Henry Greville just come from Welbeck in a sweet humour.

January 24. Mr Fox's birthday. I went with L^d^ Thanet to the Fox dinner. We sat for ever and I was bored. L^d^ Erskine, Mr Lens, Mr Scarlett, Mr Denison, and many dirty, violent little black people, who talked about taxes, poverty, funds, war, peace, the wickedness of ministers generally, for they had no particular fact or person in view, and the usual prophecies of ruin, tyranny and revolution which wind up the sentences of speculative politicians. Good dinner at Grillon's Hotel.

January 25. At dinner only our four selves, Henry Greville and Poodle Byng. Allen at Dulwich. Henry and my Lady don't suit. She is very civil to him, and he barely so to her. We went to the Opera, chiefly with Lady Gwydyr, who amused me with her plans for a junction with the present ministry. Lord Grey she wants to send for Lady Grey's health to Italy; and then she thinks, with Canning, L^d^ Wellesley, L^d^ Lansdowne and

[1] A bottle was thrown at Lord Wellesley's head when attending the theatre in state.

[2] Described by Creevey as a "London flash" (ii. 132).

my father, with the backstairs influence of Lady Conyngham, to make a sort of mixed ministry with the sacrifice of political opinions and attachments. My father, I am sure, will never do such a thing; and though I never like answering for those I do not know much of, I think L^d^ Lansdowne knows too well the worldly advantage of reputation to sacrifice his opinions for the bare power he might get. Lady G.'s political feelings are all connected with the court, and she cares for nothing but power. She is a pleasant woman, though too cautious of offending those she speaks *to*, but equally so of censuring those she speaks of. My aunt and Mrs Ord brought me home.

Sunday, January 26. At home all day. The snow and frost have lasted for more than a week, and are quite intolerable. At dinner:—Mr and Mrs Abercromby, Mr Brougham, Serjeant Lens, Charles. Mrs A. was strangely attired, something between Q^n^ Katherine and the muslin of a toilet-cover. Many jokes are made about Vansittart's title.[1] They talk of L^d^ Cara*van*, L^d^ *Woold* and *Coold*, which is the way he pronounces *would* and *could*, and which is meant as a parody on Say and Seyle. The best, however, is that he cannot *take* the name of his birthplace, *Maidenhead*.

January 27. At dinner:—Morleys, L^ds^ Gower, F. Conyngham, Morpeth, W^m^ Ponsonby, Mr Rogers, Mr Heber.[2] I sat by the latter, with whom I had a good deal of conversation. He is good-natured and has acquired a good deal with all his book-collecting and reading, but is rather in the Oxford style of humbug, which is so very odious. I rather like him. He is very much given to drinking and eating, which *his friends*!!! say has deadened his understanding. His brother has accepted the offered Bishopric of Calcutta, which is very extraordinary, as with great talents and very good interest to banish himself voluntarily for a station which is not even brilliant is very wonderful; but as Canning once accepted India, who can be surprized. L^d^ Morley is to move the Address.

[1] Nicholas Vansittart (1766–1851), Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1812–23. He took the title of Baron Bexley.

[2] Richard Heber (1773–1833), book collector and one of the founders of the Athenæum Club. M.P., 1821–6. His brother, Reginald Heber (1783–1826), had just been appointed Bishop of Calcutta.

January 28. Charles, after a variety of hesitations, went off with W^m^ Ponsonby to a shooting-party at Wherstead. Only Mr Tierney at dinner. I went to the Opera. Chiefly with Lady Morley, who was very agreable and rattled away great nonsense. Miss Mellish, the heiress, was with her; she is a pleasing person with very good manners and *sensible* conversation. Colonel Stewart, son of the Professor, is persecuting her in the most infamous way. Afterwards to the Peels in L^d^ Fife's box. Henry Greville very cold to me.[1] Our friendship is falling fast to pieces; I cannot help being sorry for it, though he has behaved both *unkindly* and *ungenerously* towards me. I loved him once very much indeed—a great deal more than I believe he merited; and though not less than he *then* affected for me, I have good reason *now* to believe much more than he ever felt. He has some merits, which his vile education and vile Greville temper and selfishness have almost destroyed. His code of morality has no restrictions, but from the *qu'en dira t'on*. His own convenience and amusements are his primary objects, and if he can obtain them by the sacrifice of his neighbours they are sweeter and more acceptable to him. He has a better understanding than the frivolity of his occupations and conversation lead people to expect—a good deal of quickness and some drollery. His uncertain temper and total disregard of secrecy upon every subject, however important, have by degrees separated us more and more. I still feel for him great regard and good will, but in future I shall never be weak enough to trust him with anything that would form a sentence in his gossiping dispatches. I wish the mask did not fall off the faces of our friends one by one. It is very painful to see so much clearer every day of one's life; and I fear the clearer one sees, the less good is really to be found. It thawed all day, God be praised! L^y^ G. Morpeth brought to bed of a daughter in the morning.

February 1. *Old Burlington Street.* At dinner:—Lansdownes, L^d^ Morpeth, George, Brougham, Sir J. Mackintosh, Abercromby. The Scotch novels discussed and shamefully abused by Brougham and Abercromby, one from envy, the other from party feeling.

[1] Two days later Fox wrote: "I found out from G. L—x the real cause of Henry's coldness. He is angry with me very *justly*. *He, G. L—x* and *I* have each behaved *very, very* ill. Which is worst I don't know."

Went with George to the Opera, dullish. Bathursts brought me home without a chaperon.

Sunday, Feb. 2. At home all day. L^d^ Grenville has had a slight paralytic affection, but is recovering. At dinner:—Ords, Sir Guy and Lady Campbell,[1] L^d^ Bessborough, Sir James Mac., Macdonell. Sir Guy is too bad, without tolerable manners. I hear he is honourable and warm-hearted, vulgar, passionate and suspicious. Poor woman! What a lot! A great many people came in the evening. Great curiosity as to the line this country is to take about Spain, and the chances for and against a war.[2]

Feb. 4. Called on the D^ss^ of Argyll and Lady Normanby, whom I delight in. Parliament meet. The K^g's^ Speech was pacific and gives great hopes. I heard L^d^ Morley move the Address. His speech was dull and with some absurd words, but not so highly ludicrous as was wished and expected. "Your Lordships being *advertanced*" and "*H.M. having taken advertances,*" were phrases that ran through his speech. By my own impatience I missed hearing Brougham's speech, which all who heard it thought magnificent. He was to have moved an amendment recommending active measures for Spain, but seeing that such a warm part in favor of the Spaniards was taken by ministers, he instantly changed his plan and instead of a vituperative, made a very laudatory speech. I dined alone at the Travellers' Club after a bath there, and went to the Opera. No news, except universal praise of Brougham and some lurking fears of hollow professions from the ministers. Canning is never direct and open in his way of proceeding, and there is such a

[1] Sir Guy Campbell, first baronet, so created in 1815, a Major-General. His second wife, whom he married in 1820, was Pamela, daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and "Pamela," his wife. Sir Guy died in 1849.

[2] The crisis in Spain was the direct outcome of the Revolution of 1820. The new constitution, though nominally accepted by King Ferdinand, had left him a puppet in the hands of the contending political parties. The chief powers of Europe, through the Congress of Verona, set about to champion his cause, England being the only country which did not break off diplomatic relations. Early in 1823 the French invaded Spain, and meeting with little opposition from the Cortes, who retired to Cadiz, re-established the absolute monarchy. Ferdinand's return to power was the signal for stern measures against the Liberals; and the reign of terror then established lasted until his death in 1833.

variety of plots and counterplots that it is difficult to know his real drift.

Feb. 6. The D. of Bedford came to town to be blooded. I fear the account is not so good. Mary is delighted with Woburn, and all there doat on her. The scene of Walter Scott's new novel is to be laid in France at the time of Louis XI; this is a profound secret.

26 *Feb. Paris.*[1] Called on a variety of people. M^e^ de Bourke all full of mysteries and suspicions. Went to the Français to see *Œdipe*, and after to see Bigotini in *Nina*, both excellent. Then to M^e^ de Bourke's, where I found Talleyrand, Molé and a party of politicians, with Mrs H. Baring in the midst of them, rather déplacée. War seems still doubtful, and all parties except the priests wish vehemently against it.

28 *Feb.* Went to see Soult's pictures, which are quite magnificent. Found an assembly of English, Ladies Lake, Oxford, Rancliffe, &c., &c. L^y^ A. Harley is handsome but looks like a . . .; her mother amounts to being disgusting.[2] Dined at Sir C. Stuart's; met Belfasts, Hopes, L^d^ Thanet, F. Lamb, &c., &c. It was pleasant. Afterwards to M^de^ de Souza's, who is agreable, though her flattery is so gross it becomes merely offensive. Gallois was with her. Talleyrand says, "*Il n'y a personne pour faire la guerre et personne pour l'empêcher.*"

March 17. *Monday. Nice.*[3] Got our English letters; not much news. Poor Kemble is dead. The government in England mean to support L^d^ Wellesley, which I am sincerely glad of. Called on Fazakerley and his little wife, who is a pleasing woman and reminded me of Mrs Ord and Miss Stewart. Abercromby has carried a motion against the Orange Lodges, which is a great triumph and a blow on the knuckles to Peel. Wrote to England.

March 18. Rode out with the Fazs. to M. de Chateauneuf's, from which the view is very beautiful. The tyranny, suspicion and espionage of this government surpass all bounds; the

[1] Henry Fox left London for Paris with John Wortley on February 22.

[2] Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. James Scott, married Edward, fifth Earl of Oxford, in 1794. Her third daughter, Lady Anne Harley, married the Cavaliere San Giorgio in 1835.

[3] The travellers reached Nice on March 16.

revolution has made things worse.[1] This man has given himself up to the Austrian interest, and the whole country is in a shocking state. Called on Andreoni, who is a Milanese nobleman, formerly in good circumstances, but now wretchedly poor and quite a martyr to the gout. He has been in all parts of the world and knew Washington very well. He is an extraordinary man, and sometimes is very agreable I believe. We dined with Faz., in the house my mother describes as hers when she was here years ago. In the evening came Pahlen (a Russian), who is very agreable and seems to be very well informed. He talks English as well as I do. The Duc de Valombrosa, having been concerned in the revolution, has been living here in disgrace. He now has leave from his government to travel; with the exception of France, Spain and England he may go where he likes. Lady Morgan's book has done incalculable harm, especially to those she praises for having liberal opinions; and for that many have been banished, imprisoned or watched.[2]

Sunday, 23 March. Rode with the Grevilles and dined with the Blessingtons.[3] D'Orsay is established with them and, she says, is to marry L^d^ B.'s daughter, whom he has never seen and who is only 13. This, I suppose, is only a blind. She is not at all pleasant, very vulgar and very abusive; laughs at L^ds^ Grey and Thanet, especially at the former, for making love to her, which she says would be ridiculous to any woman but to her it

[1] Nice was still under the Sardinian Government established at Turin. King Victor Emmanuel (1759–1824) had preferred to abdicate after the military revolution of 1821, and Charles Felix (1765–1831), his brother, was ruler at this time, and, as is mentioned above, supported the Austrians.

[2] Her book on Italy, published in 1821, was proscribed by the King of Sardinia, the Emperor of Austria and the Pope.

[3] Charles John Gardiner, second Viscount Mountjoy (1782–1829), created Earl of Blessington in 1816. By his first wife, Mary Campbell, widow of Major William Brown, whom he married in 1812, he had one daughter, Harriet Anne Frances, who was married to Count Alfred d'Orsay in 1827. His wife having died in 1814, Lord Blessington married, secondly, in 1818, Marguerite, daughter of Edmund Power. Her first husband was Captain Maurice Farmer (*d.* 1817), from whom she had separated immediately. She died in 1849, at the age of sixty.

Count Alfred d'Orsay (1801–52) was son of Count Albert d'Orsay, one of Napoleon's generals by a morganatic daughter of the King of Wurtemberg (see *ante*, p. 72). His sister Ida married the Duc de Guiche, afterwards Duc de Gramont.

was *insolent.* She told him, "Are you vain enough to suppose that if I was inclined to play the fool with anybody, you would be the person I should choose?"

March 28. *Genoa. Good Friday.* To my great joy I found the Wm Russells[1] on their way to England. She gave a delightful account of Italy, is quite miserable at going home, and keeps no bounds about the Dss of B. We went to see St Lorenzo, which is the cathedral and is built of black and white marble. The service was very fine. Letters from England. Sydney got a living from the D. of D.[2]

March 29. We dined with Mr Hill,[3] and met Sir W. W. Wynn and Ly W. I called on Ld Byron in the morning, but he was out. He lives at Albaro. We saw also the Serra Palace, famous for one very magnificent room. Napoleon when here lodged in the palace of Andrea Doria. Nothing can be more hated than the Piedmontese are here. By the revolution they have gained nothing, and have only lost a mild, amiable, foolish sovereign and got in his stead a suspicious, clever man, who, rather than be exposed to any more popular convulsions, would call in the Austrians to assist him; which his brother would never have thought of, having a good Italian hatred for those barbarians. The old man is living near Turin and in very bad health. All the liberals and all the discontented join in their praises of him, and when he passed through here he was treated with great enthusiasm. The trade of this town is improving every day, but the nobility are going completely to ruin. Few of them, and none of the best, reside here.

Lady William sailed this morning for Nice. She leaves Italy with a heavy heart. She told me several very good Roman stories. The Dss of Devonshire[4] gave a very magnificent diamond ring to the physician who is supposed to have restored Cardinal

[1] See *ante*, p. 37.

[2] At Lord Carlisle's request, the Duke of Devonshire gave Sydney Smith the living of Londesborough. It was within a drive of Foston, and though he was obliged to keep a curate in residence there, the stipend was a welcome addition to his insufficient income.

[3] William Noel Hill (1773–1842), who succeeded his brother as third Lord Berwick in 1832. British envoy to the Court of Sardinia, 1807–24.

[4] Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire (1758–1824), who, after the death of her second husband, William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, in 1811, resided for many years in Rome.

Consalvi to life. Nobody knew what was his complaint. The D^ss had just returned from Naples, from whence she had written perpetual letters to him and had received as many from him. The wits said, " Qu'il était malade d'une correspondence rentrée." M^e d'Albany sent for a young German physician that had attended the last moments of her old friend, Mrs Windham,[1] who had made tea at her dull parties every evening for 22 years. It so happened the physician had never seen anybody die, and he was amazingly shocked at witnessing poor Mrs Windham expire. Of course he thought M^e d'Albany sent for him to know some melancholy particulars, and what were her last words, &c., &c. But what was his horror, when she said, " Vous l'avez vu mourir, et après sa mort même. Eh bien, dites-moi donc. Est-ce qu'elle portait une perruque ? "

March 30, *Sunday*. We dined again with Mr Hill and met Sir W. W. Wynne. Mr Hill is a great rattle, but rather amusing ; and it diverts one to watch him involving one parenthesis in another and yet always returning from whence he started. Ever since we have been here it has been des jours-de-fête, and nothing can be prettier than to see the streets so crowded. The costume of the Genoese women, who are generally very pretty, is amazingly becoming. They all have a white veil over their heads, which, contrasted with their beautiful black hair and the bright colours of the other parts of their dress, looks remarkably well. Most of them have a profusion of gold ornaments, which are generally very well worked and look extremely rich. I saw here several oldish women of the lower classes with their hair dressed and powdered in the fashion of the ladies of London and Paris sixty years ago. I received the kindest note from L^d Byron, appointing me at two tomorrow, and written in the kindest manner possible.

March 31. *Genoa*. Letters from England ; not much news. Better hopes of Spain. I went to L^d Byron's at two o'clock. He lives at a very pretty villa at Albaro, a little out of the town.[2]

[1] See *ante*, p. 111.

[2] The Casa Saluzzo, taken for Byron by Mrs Shelley ; while she and the Hunts lived close at hand in the Casa Negroto (*Works of Byron*, ed. Prothero, vi. 120). Byron's description of Henry Fox's visit, written to Moore two days later, can be read in the above (vi. 178).

To my great dismay the family of Blessington were forcing their way, and his Lordship had already gained admittance. I found L^d^ Byron very much annoyed at their impertinence and rather nervous. He received me most kindly, and indeed his good-nature to me has always been most marked and flattering. His figure is shorter than I recollected, probably owing to my having grown so much since. In face he is not altered. A few grey locks scattered among his beautiful black locks are all that announce the approach of that age that has made such an impression on his mind, and of which he talks so much. However, he is only thirty-five, and if he was fifty he could not consider himself older. D'Orsay was with them, and to my surprize I found that L^d^ Byron could not, or would not, talk French. While the B.'s staid, the conversation rather flagged. As soon as they were gone he talked most agreably and most openly on every subject. He thinks of going to England, and his desire to do so is rather roused by perceiving Douglas Kinnaird does not wish it. He was sorry not to converse with d'Orsay. Having lived so long out of the world it was rather an amusement to him to see what sort of an animal a dandy of the present day is. Rogers he talked of in terms of deep-rooted dislike. He has played him several very scurvy tricks, and if he does any more he will publish the most severe satire he has written, in which Rogers is not spared.[1] Rogers, when in Italy last, came and spent some time with him, *to observe on the nakedness of the land*. When he went away he said it was great hypocrisy in L^d^ Byron wearing such a profusion of crape on his hat for L^y^ Noel,[2] when the real fact was, he had sent the hatter the hat and the man had put the quantity that is usual in Italy. He talked a great deal about Lady Byron, and asked if I knew anything about her or the child. He said it was an odd fact, and perhaps one I should not believe, but that his recollection of her face is so imperfect that he is not sure he should know her again. The child he means to leave entirely under her guidance, for if it was to pass a month, a week or a day with him alone, whatever it might do wrong afterwards would be ascribed

[1] Compare Byron to J. Murray, Feb. 20, 1818 (*Works of Lord Byron*, iv. 202); and Sept. 28, 1820 (v. 80), where he calls Rogers "the double-faced fellow," and speaks of "that blackguard Brougham."

[2] His mother-in-law, who died in January, 1822.

to that unfortunate time. He alluded to the cause of their separation, and said he had no conception what it was for, but that the world would one day know he supposed. When he gave his MS. Memoirs to Moore he offered L^y^ Byron to read them and add whatever she chose in the shape of note or observation. She wrote back that she *declined to inspect them.* His letter and hers he sent copies of to be added to the Memoirs. With Brougham also he is very angry for some thing he has said about those Memoirs, and he means, I think, to have a slap at him. His quarrel with Murray seems to be well grounded. There are fifteen cantos of *Don Juan* now written and ten are in England, but either D. Kinnaird [1] or the booksellers are afraid to publish them. When he was at Coppet an old lady of seventy, who had written several English novels and who had been a friend of L^y^ Noel's, the moment she heard he was in the room fainted from horror. He wishes he had never published *Cain* ; it was written in great haste, and some of it he thinks very bad. Of my father and mother he spoke in terms of the warmest gratitude, and nothing could exceed his kindness to me. During the Queen's business he was very much pressed to come over, but he declined, because he said, " Vote for her he *could* not, vote against her he *would* not ; and indeed in cases of separation he did not think himself a fair judge." He says he now is taking to be fond of money, and he has saved £3,000. His projected journey to England is merely to conclude a lawsuit which requires his presence. *Don Juan* is what he is most actively employed about now, and he means to continue it till it bores him. At Pisa he got into a squabble with the police about a man that had insulted him, and that one of his servants cut at and wounded. The government took it up and vexed him by a thousand petty little tricks, and he therefore came here. During the revolution he was deeply implicated in the conspiracy, and had he been discovered he would have fared very ill. He was only suspected, and a hint was given him to leave the Papal States. The biographical accounts of him in the French dictionaries seem to be the most absurd things : in one, they say he drinks out of the polished

[1] Hon. Douglas James William Kinnaird (1788–1830), son of George, seventh Baron Kinnaird ; a banker and intimate friend of Byron and Hobhouse.

skull of one of his mistresses, and in another that he lived on an island like a savage for many years. The tones of his voice are as beautiful as ever, and I am not surprized at any woman falling in love with him. Lady C. Lamb, he says, has the power of imitating his hand to an alarming perfection and still possesses many of his letters which she may alter very easily.

Pisa. April 4. Pisa is a very pretty town but inferior to Florence, which from its Duomo, its quays, its bridges, it somewhat resembles. I had sent my card to Princesse Borghese,[1] and she sent me word she hoped to see me at half-past-seven. I of course went with great curiosity and punctuality. I found to my dismay and disappointment that she was about to give a great concert. Pucini,[2] the celebrated composer, lives in her house, and is a sort of master of the ceremonies. When I arrived the pianoforte was tuning, the candles lighting, the Princess dressing. Pisan after Pisan came in and seemed enchanted to see each other, but for a full hour and a half no Princess appeared. At last she came. Her manner and her reception could not have been more royal if Napoleon was still upon the throne he once made illustrious by possessing. She has been very ill. Her face is very beautiful but angular. The expression of her countenance is very vif and full of talent; her voice, oppressed as she was by a cold, is very harmonious, and I was far from being disappointed. Her manner is very royal, and that well-bred indifference, which persons in such exalted situations must assume and which makes them while engaged in one conversation say a civil word in another, prevents any suivi entretien. She was amazingly civil to me, and talked a good deal. Now and then her conversation bordered on what was leste. There was a great deal of music; Pucini's sister sang very well; she is quite a girl, very pretty, and destined for the stage. I was extremely shy, and nothing but the veneration I have for her wonderful brother and the pride I feel that my father and mother have acted such a distinguished and honorable part with regard to his infamous detention and treatment at St Helena could have given me courage to go. I was very glad however I did.

[1] Pauline Bonaparte was at this time living separated from her second husband, Prince Camillo Borghese.

[2] Perhaps Michele Puccini, father of Giacomo Puccini.

April 7. Florence. Of course our first attentions were paid to the Gallery and the Venus de Medicis. It is a field too vast to enter upon and too striking to be forgotten or require any memorandum. In the evening went to Me d'Albany's. She is a harsh, hard, clever, unfeeling woman, very shrewd, very illnatured, but rather entertaining. She has had two remarkable men for her husbands, one from situation, the other from talents.[1] She has lived in remarkable times and I hope she will leave some memoirs. They would be interesting.

April 8–15. We staid at Florence. We dined several times with the C. Cavendishs,[2] who are pleasant, unaffected people. We dined one day with Ld Burghersh [3] and met a very large party, D. of Leeds, Ld and Ly Dillon, Sir P. and Ly Gresley, Cavendishs, Ellices, and a lady who is one of Lucien Bonaparte's numerous daughters, Madame Possé. The house is handsome and the dinner was splendid. The hostess has a bad manner and seems a very disagreable woman. I sat between Ly C. Cavendish and Mrs Ellice [4]; the latter I like very much indeed. We talked on the most agreable subject—Bessy's perfections.

On the 14th we went to a most splendid party at Prince Borghese. Only half the house was opened, twenty-four rooms. Beautiful carpets, furniture, mirrors, and I never saw anything that approached it in magnificence. In one room there was a fountain beautifully managed with a lamp burning under it, and a profusion of flowers.

The Boboli gardens have been my favorite walk. The view of Florence is most magnificent. I leave these southern climes with deep regret. Few are the charms that England offers me. I am greatly wanting in that satisfied, tranquil, imperturbable conviction that England is far superior to the rest of the world.

[1] She lived for many years with Alfieri, but never married him. Whether, after his death, she married Fabre, the painter, is uncertain.

[2] Hon. Charles Compton Cavendish (1793–1863), fourth son of George Augustus Henry, first Earl of Burlington, was created Baron Chesham in 1858. He married, in 1814, Catherine Susan, daughter of George, ninth Marquess of Huntly.

[3] See *ante*, p. 134. His wife was Priscilla Anne, daughter of William Wellesley Pole, fourth Earl of Mornington.

[4] Edward Ellice (1781–1863), for many years Member of Parliament, married, in 1809, Lady Hannah Althea Grey, daughter of Charles, first Earl Grey, and widow of Captain Bettesworth.

The whole object of an Englishman when once ferried over Pas de Calais is to compare every thing he sees to the diminutive objects he has passed his existence with, and to make a sort of perpetual justification of his own superiority. Most of those calculating islanders that have burst like the Huns and Goths of old into these favored countries, only look at the sublime works of Nature and of Art that abound in this celebrated peninsula to discover their faults, and to distort facts for the sake of proving them either over-rated or far from desirable in the northern climes. Some, however, tower above their selfish criticism, in which case they are forced to envy what their bigotted and narrow-minded patriotism will not permit them to admire. We had letters from England. There are going to be theatricals at Chiswick, and L^d^ Normanby is to rant through Sir E. Mortimer. If he has lungs and his audience patience, it may be thought agreable. Sandford is going to be married to a Miss Channock. I am very glad of it. L^y^ C. Lamb has written a new novel assisted by W^m^ Bankes and Godwin.[1] L^d^ Keith has made a spiteful will. He was an old brute and no good could be expected from him. I should be delighted if it could be set aside; the triumph of the living over the conspiracies of the dead always please me. Nothing proves such a malignant bent as a cruel will. To be a tyrant in a winding sheet is impossible. Louis XIV himself could not arrive at it. The petty quibbles of the law or the open contempt of posterity will soon frustrate the intentions of the proudest aristocrat. The vulgar proverb says, "A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Thursday, May 1. *Geneva.*[2] English letters. Mary is regularly *out*, and Vernon Smith has obtained the consent of all parties to marry Mary Wilson. These events make me feel very old. To miss seeing her début in the world makes me rather unhappy, which even the glorious view of the Alps and all the beauties of Swiss and Italian scenery can hardly be sufficient substitutes. Her happiness I have more at heart than any event.

I went to call on the D. San Carlos and on Dumont. The former has married one of his pretty daughters lately; the latter talks of going to England. L^d^ Byron has written a flattering

[1] *Ada Reis.*

[2] Fox turned his steps homewards on April 18.

letter about me to Moore. My vanity is tickled. To be approved of by one I so enthusiastically (but not *blindly*) admire is very pleasant. Of his faults he has his share like his neighbours, and his greatest, in my opinion, is the vanity he has of pretending they are greater than they really are and making a display of what the rest of the world try to conceal. He describes too well the delicate and honorable feelings of the heart, to be so devoid of them as half Europe believes.

Monday, 19 *May*. *Paris*. On arriving at Paris we had to drive about in search of apartments. At last we found some good ones, though terribly noisy, in the Hotel Mirabeau. I found English letters ; no news. I waited a day or two without sending for a physician ; at last I grew so much worse that at the recommendation of Lady W^m^ Russell I consulted Dr Maclaughlin. He evidently thought seriously of my illness. I had a sharp bilious fever and was very ill. I never was in actual danger or delirious. I wrote word home of my illness. Several people came to see me, M^e^ de Souza, Bertrand, Sir C. Stuart, M^e^ de Bourke, the W^m^ Russells, Gallois, &c., &c. M^e^ de Bourke offered me a room in her house where I should be more comfortable than in an hotel garni. I met with great kindness from everybody. Wortley was as good as possible to me.

The accounts of my illness had alarmed my mother and aunt so much, that she sent my father and Allen first and arrived at Paris two days after them, on the 4th of June, to my infinite delight. I was then better, though too weak to walk. I slept for two nights at M^e^ de Bourke's, and then moved to the delightful apartments my parents had taken in the Rue Castiglione at the enormous price of 1,000 francs a week. During the nine days we staid I saw a quantity of people, and spent one or two agreable evenings. M^e^ de Coigny was delightful.

L^y^ E. Conyngham has consented to marry the idiot L^d^ Burford.[1] L^y^ L. Thynne is to wed Mr Lascelles. France seems altered since I was last here to stay ; the priests and Jesuits now govern the country. The K^g^ is a cypher. Monsieur and the Jesuits really govern ; and a bigotted, suspicious government

[1] Lord Burford, who succeeded his father, in 1825, as ninth Duke of St Albans married Harriet Mellon, widow of Thomas Coutts, in 1827 ; and Lady Elizabeth Conyngham married Lord Huntly in 1826.

it is. Just before we left Paris Me de Bourke, Ly Oxford and Mrs Hutchinson were ordered to leave Paris : a more cruel, arbitrary piece of tyranny could not have been hit upon ; to Me de B. it would be perfect ruin.

19 *June*. Arrived at H. House very early with my father. We found the Wm Russells already established there. Ly F. Leveson has got twins ; Ly Jane Peel a son. Ly E. Conyngham has broken off her marriage very wisely.[1] Miss Fox, Miss Vernon, the Wm Russells and *Mary* ! ! ! dined with us.

June 20–26. During this whole week, except going with my mother to the play on Monday, I did not go out at all in the evenings, and only rode once or twice in the park, where I met Henry Greville, who on seeing me drew his hat over his eyes ; so that our great friendship is probably come to an end—why and wherefore I have no distinct idea. Varieties of people dined with us. Vernon Smith was to have been married on the 24th, but a fall from his horse hurt his knee and chin so much that it was necessary to defer it. The Ladies Fitzpatrick are in such a hurry to return to the country that they want to hasten the ceremony without mercy to his sufferings. The Dowager Lady Cardigan died of an obstruction. She was Miss Vernon's early friend, and her death affected her very much.

27 *June*. Tankervilles, Morpeths, Granvilles, Miss Stewart, Caroline Howard, Mary, at dinner. After some slight attempt to detain me, I got to Lady Ravensworth's, which was a concert. It was my début in London society since my return. I was rather shocked to see so many faces that once were beautiful so much destroyed by the late hours and endless fatigue of a London life. The party was pleasant, though rather spoilt by Royalties, who made the whole party stand. I came home at two. Wm Russells staying.

28 *June*. I went with Lady Wm Russell and Mary to a breakfast at Chiswick,[2] which, though the weather was too rainy to allow any gaiety out of doors, yet succeeded admirably. I have got the better of a violent prejudice of mine and grew to endure

[1] " I suppose you know Ly Elizabeth Conyngham's marriage with Lord Burford is off. He became so unmannerly and cross that the lady sent him a letter of dismissal last Saturday " (*Creevey Papers*, ii. 73).

[2] The Duke of Devonshire's house.

Miss Maria Copley,[1] who certainly is pleasant but not pretty. Me la Grange, a handsome, fat French lady, sister of the little Prince Edmond de Beauveau, hurt her ankle very much in waltzing and caused great interest. Mary was well dressed and looked pretty, but had unprofitable partners. Lady Gower's first appearance since her marriage.

June 30. Dined tête-à-tête with Lady Jersey, whose wonderful garrulity does not bore me. I have such an affection for her and feel such perfect confidence in her sincerity that I like what many people cannot endure. Me de Lieven gave a ball and, to my amazement, asked me. After her insolence to me last year, my going would be *meanness*. I went with Lady Jersey to see Kean in *Richard III*; afterwards to the Ladies Fitzpatrick. Vernon makes too much love in public to be real.

July 1. Only Ly Wm, my mother and me at dinner. The former gave an agreable and lively account of her winter at Rome. She is totally unlike anybody else I know. Her expressions are very peculiar and well chosen; she is accused by many of coldness and want of heart, I believe unjustly. She is certainly fond of William and of her delightful child. William is in my opinion by far the most amiable of the Russells; there is a warmth of heart and tenderness of manner that is delightful, nor is he at all deficient in understanding. His admiration and love for her is as just and great as it ought to be.

3 *July*. Dined at Ld Grey's. Only the family and Lambton. Ly Bess is at Tunbridge, alas! Went in the evening to Lansdowne House where Me Renaudin sang in the gallery. It is odd that the parties at Lansdowne House are invariably so piteous dull. Powdered scientific men, who neither know or are known by five people, stand either in doleful silence in various parts of the room, or else fix themselves for the evening upon the unfortunate solitary friend they find there. It was very stupid.

4 *July*. Wms, Miss Fox, Miss Vernon. My Lord and I went early to the Spanish ball,[2] which surpassed in beauty any fête I ever saw. There were exactly enough people to make it

[1] Daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, of Sprotborough. She married Lord Howick (afterwards third Earl Grey) in 1832, and died in 1879.

[2] A fancy ball held on July 4 at Covent Garden in aid of the Spanish patriots.

pretty, but not enough to give much to the Spaniards. Wm Lascelles [1] began speaking *seriously* to Caroline Howard yesterday. Ld Morpeth and Lady G. left it entirely in her hands to decide. I think I saw the moment of acceptance. This marriage is very far from being a splendid one, but has quite as much chance of happiness as either of her sister's. I am glad that one, and that my favorite, of the girls should make a match not wholly and solely for the love of lucre. If she had chosen to wait she might have married Ld Dudley and Ward.

5 *July*. Dined at Ly Jersey's. A large party—Gwydyrs, Lds Thanet, J. Russell, &c., &c. Of course only the Spanish ball talked of. Went to the Opera. G. L–x bores me. I like Maria Copley very much indeed; she pretends to like me, perhaps it is noble-minded revenge for having disliked her.

Sunday, July 6. Henry Greville and I have had a correspondence. I asked him my offence, which he told me was something slighting of Ly Normanby, which I had repeated to her. This is a pretence and not the real cause. Whether we are friends or foes I don't know. At dinner:—Morleys, Lds G. Bentinck, Digby, J. Russell, Kensington, Valletort, Wortley and Mr Edwards, Mary. Ld K.[2] I never knew before. He has some fun of a coarse, vulgar sort, but says dry things. In the evening we had a pleasant little coterie at the end of the library quite apart from the court above. Lady Morley amused us very much. Ld Valletort is good-humoured; Wortley is pleasant in a quiet way but too matter-of-fact. Mr H. Lascelles [3] was married yesterday to Lady L. Thynne, and to-day Wm Lascelles' marriage is announced.

July 7. Dined at Lydia White's. Met a dull party. Mrs Tierney, Wm Spencer, Mr Harness, Mr and Mrs Mansfield. Mr Harness [4] I had the satisfaction of giving a set-down to,

[1] William Saunders Sebright Lascelles (1798–1851), third son of Henry, second Earl of Harewood. Lady Caroline died in 1881.

[2] William, second Lord Kensington (1777–1852), son of the former owner of Holland House, who sold it to Henry, Lord Holland.

[3] Henry Lascelles (1797–1857), who succeeded his father as third Earl of Harewood in 1841, his eldest brother, Edward, having died two years before.

[4] Rev. William Harness (1790–1869). He held several livings in London, and produced an edition of Shakespeare, besides other works. He was an early friend of Byron at Harrow, and after being estranged from him, became again reconciled. After Byron went abroad they appear to have continued to correspond (see *Works of Lord Byron*, i. 177).

when he was describing the long ringlets L^d^ Byron wears and which he depicted with as much accuracy as if he had seen them. He decries the poet, and tries by his conceited gabble to injure his fame. L^d^ Byron need not fear the presumptuous parson. Vernon wrote me a kind letter asking me to the wedding.

July 8. At dinner:—the Morpeths, Gowers, Wortley, Caroline Howard, W^m^ Lascelles, George, and several others. L^y^ Gower[1] is very singular; her head is nearly turned with the splendor and independence of her new situation. Her beauty I do not much admire, and her talents I believe to be over-rated, though certainly she is clever. Her sister's approaching marriage was much discussed. My Lady (who hates a love-match) tried to prove the lover guilty of the seven deadly sins. Without equal splendor, or indeed without affluence, I rather think Caroline's match is likely to be happier than either of the two worldly ones her sisters have made.

July 9. A large party:—Chabots, Maitland, his brother, S. Long, Leveson and others. I went to Almack's with my aunt and sister and found it pleasanter than ever, though G. L–x bores and pursues me direfully. I had a meeting with H. C., and except for the first moment there was no awkwardness. How odd! Maria Copley is very agreable and I liked her for coming openly to an explanation with me for the violent, intemperate letters I wrote H. Greville last year about her when I was angry, and which he, like a *true* friend, showed her in return. It was very odd that, having once conquered a prejudice, the object of it becomes more amiable and agreable than it otherwise would be considered. There is an innate principle of justice in all minds.

July 10. I rode all day. Dined at L^d^ Dudley and Ward's; met a very large party. My end of the table, which was the pleasantest, consisted of W^m^ Bankes, L^d^ Lansdowne, Sir J. Mackintosh. The conversation turned on dramatic poetry, which gave Ward and W^m^ Bankes an opportunity of expressing their heresy about Shakespeare. Ward abuses him with an asperity and violence which would induce a stranger to believe that he had suffered some actual wrong from him. W^m^ Bankes is unceasing; his voice is painfully unpleasant, but he is full of

[1] Lady Harriet Howard, daughter of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, had married Lord Gower in May.

knowledge and originality. I was glad to hear justice done to the beauties of Racine, whose praises were eloquently recited by Ward and Mackintosh. The prejudice or ignorance of most Englishmen will not allow them to admire beauties which stand *unrivalled*.

July 12. Breakfast at Chiswick. My mother went and staid all day. The talk of the day is Lord Fitzwilliam's [1] extraordinary marriage to old Lady Ponsonby; they are both about 75. At first it is impossible not to laugh, but on second thoughts it seems very rational. Two people long acquainted and strongly attached, one wanting society and the other fortune, have wisely determined to pass the remainder of their days together and brave the ridicule an envious and ill-natured world may try to throw upon their union. The breakfast was not very agreable either to me or Mary, and I was dreadfully bored long before half-past eleven, at which hour we retired.

July 15. Went early with my aunts to Vernon's wedding, which took place in S^{t} George's Church. Not many tears, except from the Ladies Fitz., who sobbed aloud. Vernon looked pale and in pain from his knee, poor fellow. The bride was too flushed. Mr Robinson read the service very unaffectedly and impressively; it is dreadfully solemn! The *wealthy* pair set off for Sunning Hill. We dined at the Ladies Fitzpatrick's and met all the family. I went to Carlton House, where there was a child's ball, with Lady Gwydyr. It was in the lower rooms and very hot. I left it for the Opera, where I spent my time with Maria Copley. I was amused how civil M^{e} de Lieven was to me when she saw me in a Royal Palace. I like L^{y} Augusta Hervey very much. The favorite was very gracious to me. L^{y} Grantham's second girl is transcendent.[2]

17 *July*. Rode till very late with Miss Villiers in the park. She is not only clever but *very* sensible and well-informed.

[1] William, fourth Earl Fitzwilliam (1748–1833). See *ante*, p. 146.

[2] Thomas Philip, Lord Grantham (1781–1859), who succeeded his maternal aunt in 1833 as second Earl de Grey, married, in 1805, Henrietta, daughter of William, first Earl of Enniskillen. They had two daughters, the youngest of whom, Mary Gertrude, married Henry Vyner in 1832, and died in 1892. The eldest, Anne Florence, became subsequently Baroness Lucas in her own right, and married George Augustus, Lord Fordwich, afterwards sixth Earl Cowper, in 1833.

Certainly she is the pleasantest girl in London. Maria Copley deals too much in repartee and punning. Miss Villiers can talk more calmly, and can resist twisting all that is said to her into puns, which is beyond Maria's fortitude. I was too late for my Lady's early dinner, but followed her to the Haymarket, where I saw *Sweethearts and Wives*. Liston and Terry act inimitably. Afterwards to the Masquerade Ball given by the dandies in the Argyll Rooms. On the whole it was pretty, and some characters well sustained. L^ds^ Alvanley, Glengall and Arthur Hill were three admirable old women and tormented poor little M. A. Taylor [1] delightfully. L^d^ Molyneux was a French postillion, and acted well till he got drunk. Mary was in her Spanish dress, under Mrs Lamb's chaperonship. Maria Copley was not there. Slept at L^y^ Affleck's. She came to-day.

July 18. L^d^ Cowper took Luttrell and me to Dulwich, where I was inflicted by a dinner of 32 people, chiefly artists. I sat between M. A. Taylor, who was more absurdly pompous than ever, and Mr Westall. The former made a violent and abusive attack on Mr Irving, the Scotch preacher, before Wilkie, his great friend. We dined in the gallery, and on the whole it was a pretty sight but deadly dull. Afterwards to a ball at Devonshire House, where I found my Lady in state acting the new and ill-suited part of chaperon. The newly arrived statue *Endymion* was exhibited, much to the real or affected horror of some ladies. It was Canova's last work, and he expressed his satisfaction on his death-bed that it was finished; for he justly estimated it one of his best works. Sitting by Lady C. Ashley and seeing a pretty, graceful figure standing before me, I asked who it was. "Don't you know? It is Mrs Pellew [2]: it is your sister." I never saw her before. She is very pretty and graceful. Her conduct has not been at all right towards my mother and she has shown narrow-minded interest; but I do wish she would come forward and behave properly. L^d^ John Thynne is supposed to have proposed to Miss Beresford to-night.

[1] Michael Angelo Taylor (1757–1834), M.P. for Durham.

[2] Harriet Webster, Lady Holland's daughter by her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, married, in 1816, Hon. Fleetwood Broughton Pellew, afterwards Rear-Admiral and K.C.B., son of Edward, Viscount Exmouth. She was born in 1794, and died in 1849. See *ante*, p. 10.

The world are curious but ignorant as to the answer. Tired and supperless I returned with my Lady to Hd House.

Sunday, July 20. Walked with Theresa Villiers in K. Gardens. She is one of those extraordinary persons who joins great quickness and drollery to a sound understanding. Her observations are just and very admirably expressed. I dined at L. Peel's, where I met the Bathursts, Wortley, George, and *of course* G. L–x. The party was pleasant; the house is rather good. Sir Robert Peel has bought it, and gives it to them. Nothing can exceed their felicity, and it is also likely to last, for he still thinks her lovely. The Duke of Bedford came to his villa adjoining H. H.

July 21. Dined with my aunts at Ly Warwick's, who is good-nature itself, and seems to live happily with her daughters and to be a very happy woman now her boring husband is no more.[1] Afterwards I went to Lady Gwydyr's, where there was a dull écarté party. Cards should be confined to clubs and gaming-houses; they are dreadful, and victorious foes to any agreable conversation. I went then to Lady Bathurst's, where I spent a most delightful hour with Miss Villiers, whose sprightly conversation delights me; she is so far superior to all the girls I know in London except Maria Copley, and I think she is brilliant with less effort even than her. With Maria Copley I also had a long conversation. She is amazingly clever, but wants the feminine softness Theresa so eminently possesses; there is harshness in her manner and sometimes malice in her words, and she talks too much never to allow what is foolish or imprudent to pass. Theresa boasts of being circumspect in what she says and does to a degree that I do not quite like, as it leads one to imagine that she is always acting a part and that rarely, if ever, you can get to the bottom of her true feelings. But her very boasting of it makes me doubt her prudence, as it must be the means of destroying the effects she intends to produce. The truly cautious and prudent person affects the most open, free-spoken manners, and seems to act from chance and not from intention. Poor Theresa has suffered deeply, and has never, I believe, had her natural spirits since F. Leveson's cruel treatment of her. The Copleys go tomorrow, which is a great loss to me

[1] Lord Warwick died in 1816.

L^d Sidmouth [1] is about to marry L^d Stowell's daughter—Mrs Townsend.

July 23. Dined at C. Ellis'. After to Almack's, which was thinnish but pleasant. I was on the point of going to speak to Mrs Pellew, who looked too beautiful, but her husband carried her off. I must know her ; she has such an amiable countenance, and yet I dread going to speak to her as I do not know how it might be taken. Home late.

July 30. L^d Morpeth, G. Anson, Wortley, W^m Russells, Mr Tierney, L^y Affleck. I went to Almack's, which was the last this year. Very thin and wretched. Copleys there, and Maria was pleasant. *Mrs* Canning and I are great friends. She is a clever, worldly-minded woman ; the daughter, I fear, is a coquette, rather piqued with my total indifference and treating her as I should the most indifferent acquaintance.

Aug. 1. D. of York, Morpeths, Caroline, W^m Russells, L^ds Alvanley, Foley, Col. Armstrong, A. Upton, W^m Lascelles Abercromby. H.R.H. is thinner and more abstemious, and thank Heaven he did not sit so very long after dinner, which is to me the curse of English society. However, I cannot help thinking it is dying away.

Aug. 2. Went with John Bentinck, Henry Greville, George Russell to Tunbridge. We found the Greys cheerful and in a comfortable house. I was delighted to see Lady Elizabeth again. She is reckoned out of spirits but I did not think so.

The Greys are a delightful family and when intimately known very agreable, but so many having lived so much with each other, they have grown so dreadfully afraid of the criticism of some one of the family that they are all shy of talking before each other, and all are afraid of L^d Grey thinking what they say silly. Lady Grey is better.

Aug. 4. Rode to Penshurst, once the property of Sir Philip Sydney. Very small part of the house remains, but the rooms are very handsome and there are some curious pictures. The present owners, who are descended from the Sydneys by a Mrs Perry, but who have got back the name of Sydney, are building up the house according to the old plan and in thirty years it

[1] Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth (1757–1844), First Lord of the Treasury, 1801–4. His first wife had died in 1811.

will be completely finished. It is deplorable to see an old house falling to decay; the pictures are allowed to moulder on the walls.

Aug. 5. Returned solo to London. Dined with Lady Affleck and met Miss Haggerstone and her niece, who is a pretty girl. Afterwards to the Opera. London is rather deserted. I have lost all my great friends; George and Wortley went to Yorkshire with W^m^ Lascelles, and the Morpeths went to-day. George is altered, but not improved. Of his great talents I never had much notion, but I thought that with his *wonderful* memory and his good education he might perhaps make a figure. I now doubt *that.* He is grown dreadfully cautious, and is so afraid of the world saying harm that he will never get them to say good. He carries his caution into the minute details of life to a degree that provokes one. Wortley has plain good sense, a correct taste, but a total want of imagination. His desire of knowledge and his industry in procuring it is very great: but when he has got it it produces nothing, for he is so straightforward that what is not matter of fact appears to him falsehood. He has an excellent heart and a clear understanding, but has a brusquerie and coldness of manner that will make him unpopular. I came home with Mary and my aunts. Theresa there.

Aug. 6. Vice-Chancellor,[1] Mr Ducane, Dr Woolridge,[2] John Russell, Luttrell. The Vice is about to make a foreign excursion and means to visit many royalties, of which honor he boasted amazingly. My mother gave him a severe set-down.

During the remainder of the month of August I have been too idle to continue this diary. Sydney Smith, the Cowpers and Luttrell staid a week or ten days with us and were extremely pleasant. Sydney more full of life and spirits than ever. Lord Cowper has a painfully correct memory and a dreadful voice. His stories are sometimes witty, but so heavily told that it is impossible to attend. I dined on the 14th with L^d^ Dudley, and met Granvilles, Miss Stewart, Cannings, Wilmot, G. Bentinck, &c., &c. It was a very agreable dinner. Miss Stewart was full of conversation and drollery. The following day I dined with Lady Affleck, and went with Lady Elphinstone to see *The Miller's*

[1] Sir John Leach.
[2] Probably Dr Woolryche, an eminent physician.

Maid at the Lyceum. Miss Kelly acts inimitably, and the man that supplies poor Emery's part is not bad. *Frankenstein* is a disgusting thing, but rather interesting. L^y^ E. knew a great deal about H. C. and me. It is odd how women enjoy making mischief and parting friends. What she told me about G. L–x was, I have no doubt, true, but not kind to repeat. Women are more narrow-minded certainly than men. I went one evening with Mary to a small party at Lady Granville's,[1] which was dull because Theresa *n'y était pas*. I dined one day with the Duchess of Bedford and met the Ebringtons.[2] I was glad to see her looking better; she is very agreable. L^d^ Lynedoch also dined there. He is just returned from Paris, where his old friends almost cut him because he subscribed to the Spaniards; and there was some consultation whether he should be sent away or not, but Monsieur saved him. I went to the Haymarket with the Ladies and the V. Smiths, where I saw for a third time *Sweethearts and Wives*. I settled there to go with H. Greville to Petre's, by which I shall pass some time in the house with Theresa.

On Monday the 25th I went down to S^t^ Anne's[3] for two nights, where I found only Miss Marston and Miss Willoughby. I rode over to Sunning Hill, where the Smiths have lodged themselves. On Wednesday, 27th, Leveson and I rode to H^d^ House, and found my parents just gone for two nights to Brighton. Leveson is grown calmer and pleasanter. He has good impulses and great vivacity and talent, but wants warm feelings, and has the Smith vulgar mind which pervades all the family. I found only L^y^ Affleck, Mary and Mr Allen at H. H^se^. On Friday, 29th, L^d^ and L^y^ Holland returned, delighted with their expedition and much struck with the gaiety and improvement of Brighton.

My last week at H^d^ House was dullish and tiresome from the

[1] Henrietta, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, married, in 1809, Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, youngest son of George Granville, first Marquess of Stafford. He was raised to the peerage in 1815 as Viscount Granville, and was given an Earldom in 1833. He was British Ambassador in Paris for many years.

[2] Hugh, Viscount Ebrington (1783–1861), who suceeded his father as second Earl Fortescue in 1841, married Susan, daughter of Dudley, first Earl of Harrowby, in 1817. She died in 1827.

[3] St Anne's Hill, Mrs Charles James Fox's house near Chertsey.

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LADY AFFLECK

perpetual battles with my Lady about my going. We lived down stairs, as the library is about to have a window opened on the S.E. and the windows in the dining-room are repairing. On the 6th of September Henry Greville and I set out for Yorkshire. We slept at Witham Common, which is a delightful inn, and on the following day we got to Stapleton, the newly purchased house of " Petre the cretur." The interior is very comfortable, but the whole appearance of the house is a modern ginger-bread sort of concern, like the prints in Mr Ackerman's catch-penny works. There was a large party in the house, of whom the chief people were :—Villiers', G. Vernons, Milbanks, Waddingtons, Lambton, Normanby, Wilton, W^m^ Ashley, Stanley, C. Villiers, Lady Petre and her two daughters, besides a variety of betting racing people. On the whole the week I spent there was agreable, though the gaiety of the races was dreadfully damped by the fatal fall of poor Trevor[1] while riding a race. He ran against a post and was pitched upon his head. He lingered about a week without the least appearance of returning sense. His father, L^d^ Dungannon, came down just in time to see him die, leaving his wife in a very alarming state of health. This dreadful blow will most probably destroy her.

Of Theresa I can say no more ; my laudatory epithets are all too weak. She is one of the *cleverest* and at the same time most *sensible* women I ever met with. I never saw so much of Charles Villiers before.[2] He is clever and agreable, very sarcastic, and not blessed with an even temper I should think ; but I like him very much. He is not overburdened by the prejudices of the world, and treats some subjects with the consideration they deserve. Mrs Lumley came over once or twice to the races. She still seemed following her favorite occupation, flirting. Henry Greville and I got on well when tête-à-tête, but before people he always takes the opportunity of saying the most painful and disagreable thing to me. In fact I am sorry to find the sad truth, that if a friendship like that I felt for him does meet with a check, it is a fatal one.

[1] Hon. Charles Henry Trevor (1801–23), second son of Arthur, second Viscount Dungannon (1763–1837), and Charlotte, daughter of Charles, first Lord Southampton. His mother died in 1828.

[2] Charles Pelham Villiers (1802–98), Miss Theresa Villiers' brother, M.P. for Wolverhampton, 1835–98.

Of created bores Lady Petre[1] is the Phœnix, with no understanding, an enquiring mind about trifles, an incessant tongue and a stentorian voice. What could be sent on earth as a greater scourge to the exquisites ! Her son is harmless and very good-natured, but quite a fool and very dirty. His house and station will, however, procure him a wife, when experience has taught him not to seek for one among those whose beauty or whose talents require a better bidder.

On Monday, the 15th, I went over to Doncaster to see the races. The S^{t} Leger was twice run for, as the first was declared a false start, to the ruin of many spectators. I went afterwards to Cantley, where I found Lambton, Milbankes, Powletts, Mr Ellice. In the evening to the ball, which was not very pleasant.

The races lasted three days. The whole of the time I passed at Cantley, which was rather dull. We went every day to the stand. On the second day Mrs Taylor and Lady Londonderry[2] had a scene, and were reconciled, which must have been very gratifying to both parties. The races are very pretty, and nothing can look more animated than the whole race-course covered with anxious spectators.

Mrs Taylor is a dull woman, and one cannot laugh laugh all day long at Michael. Lady C. Powlett[3] is pleasant, but so very conceited and occupied with what she thinks good looks that it provokes one. I went to two balls with Lady Augusta Milbank.[4] She is not overburdened with sense, but has an inexhaustible fund of good humour to make up for her other deficiencies. She is a horse and dog woman, and has barely an idea that is not connected with racing and hunting.

On Saturday, the 20th, I went to Sprotborough, where I found the Villiers, Pointzs, G. Bentinck, H. Greville, C. Villiers, Irby,

[1] See *ante*, p. 147.

[2] Frances Anne, second wife of Charles William, third Marquess of Londonderry (1778–1854), daughter and sole heiress of Sir Henry Vane-Tempest, whose only sister married Michael Angelo Taylor.

[3] Caroline, daughter of William, first Earl of Lonsdale, married, in 1815, William John Frederick Powlett (1792–1864), who succeeded his brother as third Duke of Cleveland a few months before his death. She died in 1883, aged 91.

[4] Augusta Henrietta, daughter of William Harry, third Earl of Darlington, subsequently created Duke of Cleveland, married Mark Milbank (1795–1881) in 1817. She died in 1874.

and my hosts.[1] The Pointz[2] family are dull but worthy, all of them devotionally mad and quite enthusiasts about religion. He is a most amiable man, and it is impossible not to respect and admire him for his benevolence and fortitude. Mrs Pointz is a good sort of a body, like a valuable housekeeper. One daughter is frightful, and the other brilliantly handsome; both, however, seem to be extremely dull, nor can I think the beauty so devoid of affectation as she is reckoned by her friends. Sir Joseph is very agreable; his sarcasms are biting, and he gives great effect to his jokes by never joining in the laugh. Maria Copley is one of the most remarkable girls I ever met with, full of talent, full of knowledge, and quite free from *pretension*. To me (but then I have ceased to be an impartial judge), she is not so pleasant as Theresa Villiers, because there is more effort, though on the whole I think she is certainly a more remarkable woman. Poor girl! I fear she will not live long. Her chest is very weak, and she never sleeps for more than two hours in the night. Miss Copley[3] is also clever and very well informed, but extremely lengthy and explanatory, and, what I mind still more in a woman, full of cant, slang words and phrases. The house is in the old French style, with gardens and terraces laid out in the most formal way. It is very handsome, and the drawing-room is one of the pleasantest rooms I ever saw in a country-house. On Sunday evening we played at crambo, as it was thought the only game godly enough for the Pointzs. I came to York with C. Villiers on Monday the 22d and lodged at Sydney Smith's, where I found all his family and a Mr Stanley,[4] brother to Sir John, who wrote a very clever account of the Manchester massacre and who seems an intelligent, agreable man.

For such a long time have I discontinued writing this diary, which after this would have been little more than detailing various hopes and fears, expectations and suspicions, that I

[1] Sir Joseph Copley, third Bart. (1769–1838), married Cecil, daughter of Hon. and Rev. George Hamilton, the divorced wife of John James, first Marquess of Abercorn. She died in 1819.

[2] See *ante*, p. 129.

[3] Elizabeth Mary, whom Creevey speaks of as "Coppy" (ii. 306). She died, unmarried, in 1887.

[4] Rev. Edward Stanley (1779–1849), afterwards Bishop of Norwich. Sir John Stanley was made Lord Stanley of Alderley in 1839.

despair of doing more than making a hasty retrospect. At York I remained till the 27th. Amusement was to be taken there in such vast quantities at a time, and the length both of the music in the Minster and the concert-room was so fatiguing, that I was hardly pleased with it at the time, though very glad to have seen such a splendid sight. Nothing could surpass the magnificence of the Minster, and the whole was admirably conducted. Brougham suddenly arrived during *The Messiah*, and Sydney said, " He appeared as counsel on the other side."

On the 27th I went with C. Villiers to Newby. Perhaps the time I spent there was the happiest of my existence, getting more and more acquainted and admiring more and more every instant I saw. The good-nature and kindness of Lady Grantham to me I can never forget ; and though I think her certainly a fool and now and then (but I believe unintentionally) a mischievous one, I shall never cease to be grateful for her goodness towards me as long as I live. She is the most imprudent of people in her conversation, and so proud of shewing she is worthy of her friends' confidence, that she cannot help betraying it. Her eldest daughter is a disagreable girl, and says many rude things for fear of being tempted to flirt. She is rather handsome—like F. Leveson and the picture by Bronzino in the Palazzo Pitti of Judith. The second girl is quite beautiful and of delightful, modest manners ; I seldom saw a face that captivated me more. L^d^ Grantham is good-nature itself, not at all agreable, but I believe might be if less silent. His occupations are chiefly mechanical. He has brought a little theatre of his to a wonderful state of perfection, and one evening we had the representation of a Harlequin farce.

The company at Newby were Villiers' (3), Agar Ellis', H. Greville, W. Ashley, G. Fortescue, Lascelles, and for the two last evenings, the Jerseys, from Scotland. I grew to know more and like better Charles Villiers. He is full of drollery, and has a very good understanding, though perhaps inclined to take too dark a view of the world, which the foolish attempt of some people to make it all couleur de rose does tempt one. All extremes are false, and to think mankind all bad is as silly as to suppose them all good ; which some people do, and others affect to do, in order to gain the character of philanthropists, when in reality

they deserve only that of *fools I grew to know better and like less.* W. Lascelles—he is a puppy, thinking of very little but his own superiority over all his neighbours. He is jealous already of her, but I should think with little cause; her face will be a good protection to her virtue had she no other.

On Sundays L^d^ G. used to assemble the servants and his guests and read to them an evening prayer. This cant is to me very disagreable, but what I thought more ludicrous was finding every bed-room provided with Bible and Prayer-book. Lady G. is very devout, and one of her ludicrous questions to me was concerning my religious tenets, upon which head she had some doubts that prevented her from divining my character *instantly*, in the way she usually does that of all her friends!!! George Fortescue I always liked since I first knew him; he has a good deal of affectation, but I do not mind that much if he is otherwise agreable. W^m^ Ashley[1] is a warm-hearted, good, affectionate person; his abilities are over-rated, I think, and it seems to me that he is very inferior to Ashley, but many people who know both think otherwise. Henry Greville and I get on better, and I believe that he does like me as much as Grevilles like anything that does not bring them some tangible advantage. Lady Jersey came very unwell indeed from Scotland; she is with child, but a miscarriage is expected as she strained herself. The Morpeths have given up going to Italy; George goes alone. H. Greville goes with the F. Levesons.

I arrived in London at the D. of Bedford's in S^t^ James' Square, where my parents were living on account of the repairs at H^d^ H^se^, on the evening of the 10th. George Howard, either owing to my increased fastidiousness or to (what I believe it to be) alteration in his manner, is become much less agreable to me. Indeed he seems to me to be much altered since I came back to England, grown duller, more cautious, and less *abandon* and nature about him, which after all was what made him pleasant. Ever since my absence my Lady's letters have been in a sort of perpetual reproachful, sneering tone, and on my return I was not surprized to find the same manner towards me. However I have never taken the least notice, and have allowed all her gibes and sarcasms

[1] Hon. William Ashley (1803–1877), second son of Cropley, sixth Earl of Shaftesbury.

upon subjects she must think painful to me to pass by quite *apparently* unheeded: and owing to that apparent indifference I attribute her subsequent silence.

John Wortley's conduct towards me and —— is droll. He certainly is very much *épris*, but for some reason, which he *calls* his youth, he will not take a decided step and "since 'tis hard to combat learns to fly." From Newby I wrote him a long letter urging him for both their sakes, partly for the purpose of seeing what were his intentions, and partly because I really believe for her happiness it would be best. His answer was strange, denying any notion of the sort, yet evidently wishing me to leave Newby and not to be with her. She, I think, would soon like him. His solid good qualities joined to his talents, which, though not brilliant and showy are very valuable, would weigh with her a great deal. Of me she has formed, I fear, too true an estimate. She thinks me possessed of good impulses and quick apprehension, but without principles to guide the one or perseverance to improve the other. If I ever was to become her husband, I should be a better and a wiser man—God knows a happier one!

It has seldom been my fate to pass twelve days more thoroughly uncomfortably than I did those in London. The F. Levesons and George went off to Italy, not at the same time, but almost. My chief amusement was going to the play, but as they were very bad, that was not a very great diversion. Mary for most part of the time was at Lady Affleck's, and I used to see a great deal of her. She improves daily in beauty and in understanding. No brother can love his sister more than I do her and feel more anxious as to her *sort* in the world.

The Granvilles went down to Saltram. The total destruction of Spanish liberty and the re-establishment of Ferdinand, with all his feelings of revengeful tyranny, has taken place, as one might have expected from the beginning.[1] Strange to say, the Duc d'Angoulême has behaved with moderation, and, what is still more surprizing, with *sense*, and tries his utmost to make Ferdinand revoke his bloody edicts.

[1] The French attack on the Spanish Constitutionalists commenced by the passage of the frontier in April by the Duc d'Angoulême, nephew of Louis XVIII. The Spaniards retired before him to Cadiz, taking King Ferdinand with them, but were obliged to set him at liberty on October 1.

I went down for two nights with my father to Wiltshire, as he wanted to see his property. The first night we slept at Swindon, the next at Wotton Bassett. Seeing farmers and live stock is, I have no doubt, interesting to those who understand anything about farming and the country, but to me, farther than the delightful society of my dear father, which always is one of the greatest pleasures I can have, it was extremely dull.

On the 23^{d} October we went to S^{t} Ann's and staid there two nights. Miss Fox and the Smiths with Mary came over to see us. Late as it was in the year, the place was still in beauty. There was nobody at S^{t} Ann's but Miss Marston and Miss Willoughby. The latter is but little removed from an idiot, and besides is jealous and suspicious.

On Saturday the 25th we went to Petworth. To this extraordinary place I have not been for several years, and it struck me as more remarkable this time than it ever did before. No order, no method, no improvement or alteration, has been established since it first belonged to L^{d} Egremont. The want of comforts, of regularity, and still more the total absence of cleanliness, made it, splendid and beautiful as it is, far from being agreable. Society too seems as little attended to as anything else. People of all descriptions, without any connection or acquaintance with each other, are gathered together and huddled up at the dinner table, which is the only point of *reunion* during the whole day. The inmates when we were there chiefly consisted of the various branches, legitimates and illegitimates, of his family: his three daughters and their three husbands, Lady Burrell, Mrs G. FitzClarence, Mrs King; two of his sons, G. Wyndham[1] and H. Wyndham, the former of whom has married a very pretty and pleasing woman, daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. The latter from compulsion has married a daughter of L^{d} Charles Somerset's, the greatest monster ever beheld—more like Swift's description of a female Yahoo than anything human. Lady Burrell is a charming woman, with very pretty

[1] George Wyndham (1787–1869), the eldest son of this illegitimate family of George O'Brien, third Earl of Egremont (1751–1837), was created Baron Leconfield in 1859. His wife, whom he married in 1815, was Mary Fanny, daughter of Rev. William Blunt, of Crabbet. His next brother, Henry (1790–1860), became K.C.B. and General.

unassuming manners, and with some drollery about her when her shyness wears off ; she is by far the best of the three. Mrs FC.[1] seems a poor, sickly, discontented, fault-finding woman, with the airs and graces of a beauty still remaining when the actual claims to such a character are gone by. Mrs King is only just married to a sickly, dullish man, a great deal older than herself, with whom she seems to be still in love. Besides these illegitimates, we had Captain Wyndham,[2] who will, at the death of his uncles and father, become L^d^ Egremont. He seems a coarse, vulgar, uneducated, stupid man, married to a good-looking woman who has no children, daughter of D^r^ Roberts, of Eton.[3] Petworth and most part of the estates are unsettled, and L^d^ E. may leave them to whoever he likes best. What heart-burnings and jealousies there must exist ! Nobody knows what is his intention, and he is such a restless, unsettled man that I should not be surprized if he changed his mind thirty times in the 24 hours.

The George Lambs, Westmacott and M. Vaudreuil,[4] who is one of Polignac's attachés and is a clever, agreable, lively little man, were also in the house. G. Lamb from intemperance laid himself up with the gout. Westmacott came down to see where a bas-relief of his should be placed, which he has just completed. He is a pompous, conceited little man, and very much occupied with his own fame. He gave himself great airs and offended L^d^ E., who, from his great deference for whatever is Greek, called him *Westmacotteles*. His bas-relief is taken from an ode in Horace, and some of it is well executed ; but on the whole I think it stiff and affected. The sleeping child is too like an infant Hercules ; the figure of Venus is a portrait, but he is bound to secrecy as to the original's name. It is the mistress of some man about in society.

George FitzClarence is so extremely goodhumoured, and seems

[1] George FitzClarence, her husband, was created Earl of Munster in 1831.

[2] George Francis Wyndham (1786–1845), only son of Hon. William Frederick Wyndham and Lady Holland's old friend, Mrs Wyndham (see *ante*, p. 111). He succeeded as fourth Earl in 1837, and on his death the Egremont peerage became extinct.

[3] Vice-Provost of Eton.

[4] Vicomte Alfred de Vaudreuil (1799–1834), a Secretary at the French Embassy.

in such perpetual good spirits that it is impossible to dislike him. He spoke of Charles with such warmth of affection, that had he no other recommendation I should have liked him for that. He has a sort of quickness about him that perhaps does not amount to cleverness, but is not far from it. He is writing a book upon military history and reads a great deal for the purpose; but it is such a vast field to enter upon and he writes in such a rambling manner, that there is great doubt if he will ever bring it to a conclusion. I rode with him and Vaudreuil to Cowdray. We met the Pointzs at their park gate and rode with them. The beauty was looking very well. They are a dull family, and their conversation consists only of a sort of praise of their Creator by extolling all his creatures far beyond their deserts, a sort of exaggerated optimism that alas! produces a very different effect upon their hearers. The park at Cowdray is very fine and full of splendid trees, especially Spanish chestnuts.

L^d^ Egremont himself is very agreable, but it is almost impossible to catch him for a moment, for he passes his life in eternal locomotion from one room to another without sitting for an instant. There are few people who might have made a greater figure in the world than he might, but like many others he has preferred a life of enjoyment to one of celebrity, and has done very little in politicks. His understanding is very good, and his turn for sarcasm and satire is unrivalled. If he cares much for the ridiculous pride of family and aristocracy, the state his family is now in must annoy him a good deal; but I should think he was above caring for those farcical distinctions, though one never can know. Like beauty, most people who possess rank and great family set a value upon it much higher than sometimes their understandings and opinions would lead one to suppose; and those who have it not envy and decry it, for in the *amiable* breast of *man divine* distinction seldom fails of producing vanity in its possessors and envy in its beholders.

We went over for two nights to L^d^ R. Spencer's,[1] Woolbeding, which is in the greatest contrast to Petworth in every way. Small, comfortable, and quite luxurious, from the perpetual attentions of its owners to the comfort and convenience of their

[1] Third son of Charles Spencer, third Duke of Marlborough. He died in 1831.

guests and of themselves. We found nobody there but Mr and Mrs G. Ponsonby and Luttrell. The latter was very agreable, and so exquisite was the eating and the whole façon de vivre that he was in perfect good humour, and during a long walk I took with him not one tart expression escaped him. The fault of the house is the excessive violence of their politicks. It is, I suppose, want of energy in my character, at least I am always told so, but to me such party violence and such bigoted opinions are quite incomprehensible. I hate seeing them entertained by those whom I am anxious to follow and with whom I agree on minor points. It always makes me distrust and doubt both their integrity and their understanding, and for a moment makes me suppose those that differ from them must be right. It always consoles me when I find bigotry and violence as great on the other side.

We went back to Petworth for two days, and arrived at Brighton on the first of November. For the first three nights we slept in that wretched place, the York Hotel, and dined almost every day with Lady Affleck, who brought Mary from S^{t} Ann's. Our life at Brighton was just what all lives must be in a watering-place. Some agreable people were there, and latterly when Charles and Henry Webster came it was more agreable :— Bedfords, Vernons, Cowpers, Ponsonbys, Duncannons, Hopes, Kings, Aberdeens. Our house was pleasantly situated immediately opposite the Chain Pier, which was twice the scene of gaieties. One night upon its' being publickly opened there were fireworks, and afterwards, in honor of King's arrival, illuminated. It is a delightful walk, and a great ornament and convenience to the place. Nothing very particular occurred in the world except that L^{d} Granville was appointed to The Hague as Ambassador, and that all London has been occupied with the murder of Mr Weare in Hertfordshire—one of the most barbarous ever known ; and the publicity of it and of all the proceedings has been so great that they thought it but fair to the prisoners to put off the trial, as they had been so much prejudged.

I grew better acquainted here with Mrs Hope,[1] who is

[1] Thomas Hope (1770 ?–1831), the collector of the Deepdene marbles and statuary, and author of several works, married, in 1806, Louisa, youngest daughter of William, Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam. Dubost, the French artist, caricatured them as Beauty and the Beast.

uncommonly pretty and very good natured, with some of the drollery and none of the vulgarity of her country. Her niece, Miss Sewell, was staying with her, a pretty good-natured girl, who made her début in London this year with her. Mr Hope has a foolish manner and a very disagreable voice, and says silly little nothings that make people almost disbelieve his having written *Anastasius*. He has a talent for drawing and has good[1] taste, but certainly nothing appears to make one think him at all equal to such a book as I believe that to be. The Duke of Bedford came very often, and seems to be no better or no worse than in the summer ; he rides even in cold and enjoys himself a good deal. She is unremitting in her attentions and incessant in her alarm. Why I cannot tell, but she and I do not suit. She never liked me from a child, and all her conversation is a sort of banter that bores and distances me. However, we are by way of being fond of each other, and are coldly affectionate and civilly intimate. She never said or did an unkind thing to me, and I reproach myself more than her with our want of cordiality, but there is something about her which freezes and dullifies me.

Brighton got much more agreable to me latterly when I got to be a great deal acquainted with Mrs Hope, at whose house I chiefly lived.

My father and I dined one day at the Pavilion. Nothing could be more civil than the King was to him, and the whole conversation after dinner was meant to be gracious to him, praising Holland House, General Fitzpatrick ; and even what he did not address to him was meant as implied civility. To L^{d} Aberdeen he was almost rude. L^{y} Aberdeen fainted from the heat and looked quite lovely. Nothing could surpass the excellence of the dinner and the splendour of the whole establishment. The King after dinner talked about *Junius*, which he believes to have been written by Sir Philip Francis, and gave some strong corroborations of that suspicion. The rooms are splendid, and when lighted up look like the palaces of Fairies or Genii. After dinner the King played at écarté with the favorite and L^{y} Cowper, and all the rest of the company remained in the

[1] A further acquaintance with him has made me scratch out the epithet ; its place may be supplied by the word " peculiar." H.E.F.

outer room. Afterwards there were several evening parties and a child's ball, to which I went. The music is so loud and the heat so overpowering, that they generally gave me a headache. Charles met L^y^ Errol for the first time one evening there. My father and mother went away on Xmas Day, but Charles and I staid on some time longer. Charles, however, got tired and left me.

One evening I was suddenly sent for to the Pavilion. My dismay was not small at finding myself ushered into a room where the K. and Rossini were alone. I found that I was the only person honored with an invitation to hear this great composer's performances. A more unworthy object than I am could not have been selected. H.M. was not much pleased with his manner, which was careless and indifferent to all the civilities shown him. The K. himself made a fool of himself by joining in the choruses and the Halelujah Anthem, stamping his foot and overpowering all with the loudness of his Royal voice.

CHAPTER V

1824–1826

On the first of January, 1824, after dining with Mrs Hope I went to the childs' ball, which was very pretty. The following day Moseley [1] and I went up to town together.

Little when I took leave of Mrs Hope that morning did we either of us expect the painful anxiety and suspense that awaited both of us. We had not driven from the door an hour, before her son was brought back having broken his thigh from a fall from his horse. He suffered most acutely. Soon after I got home Mary was taken ill, and for several days was in a state of great danger. I could bear many blows and many misfortunes in the world with tolerable fortitude, but that is the only one for which I could feel no consolation. She is so amiable, so sensible, so clever, with such an admirable understanding and such a perfect heart, that she is the pride and pleasure of my existence. About her happiness I am much, much more sollicitous than about my own, and she is the only thing on earth for whom I would make any sacrifice. Her illness was brought on by bile and the alarm was for her chest. Such a week I would not endure again for worlds. It shewed me one thing, however, which I have long suspected but which female perverseness has contrived to keep concealed, that her amiable disposition and noble character have made the impression they ought upon my mother's heart. She felt very deeply and was excessively agitated with apprehension. Her love for Mary is sincere and great as it ought to be : indeed, loving only as she does with the *head* and not the *heart* it could not fail to be so, for she is perfect.

On January 22[d] I went to Brighton and staid a month, till the 22[d] of February, dining almost every day with Mrs Hope,

[1] J. G. Moseley. He died in 1831.

sometimes with L^y^ Sandwich, L^y^ Barbara, Mrs Fitzherbert or Mrs Fox. Moseley joined me during the last week, and we lived in the same house. I like him amazingly. I returned to H^d^ H^se^ on the 22^d^ of Feb., a *very, very* happy month.

Six months have I discontinued keeping this diary, not for want of topicks, but because my indolence prevented me. It prevents my doing many better, many worthier, and more useful things, and will for ever prevent my doing any good in the world—or at least what the world call good, which merely is being the subject of the day, the admiration of a few, and the hate of many. Whatever may happen to me, thank God, I cannot be the victim of disappointed ambition, for I have not a spark thereof. In the course of the unrecorded six months so many events took place that I shall not attempt to write them down. Charles was married by Shuttleworth to Mary FitzClarence on the 19th of June, and on the following 28th, after staying one day more to see George Howard after his return, I set off for Paris.

Arrived at Paris on the 31st. To the Hotel de Castille, where I passed a month far from disagreably, feeling it a relief to escape the perpetual histories and remonstrances of which I became the unfortunate subject. At Paris I became acquainted more with Charles Wortley,[1] very unlike his brother (who, soit dit en passant, has not been heard of since he set off on his wild expedition to America). I like at Paris the perfect independence of the life and the total want of the petty malice which harasses one in London. I lived a great deal at the theatres, which however were not very good, as the best actors and actresses are absent, not did M^lle^ Mars act at all till the evening before I left Paris. I dined several times with M^e^ Rumford, the widow of Lavoisier and of Count Rumford, more remarkable for his chimneys than his honesty, and who behaved shamefully to her. Her house is pretty and in an agreable situation with a fine garden. She has a dinner every Monday and a party every Friday ; some of the most remarkable and agreable people in Paris form her society —Molé, D. Dalberg, D. Choiseul, Cuvier, Pasquier, Gallois, etc., etc.

Early during the time I was at Paris I went to see La Fayette,

[1] Charles James Stuart Wortley (1802–44), second son of James, first Lord Wharncliffe.

who was on the eve of his departure for America[1]; he was naturally nervous. It is rather exalted Quixotism, but shews his real love of liberty and that he thinks such a sacrifice as one of his remaining years worthy to that people who have successfully established and have maintained their freedom. His son goes with him, but he leaves a large family of children and grandchildren to whom he is warmly attached. I don't know whether to admire or blame the romance of his enterprize.

From Madame de Vaudreuil,[2] in consequence of her son's recommendation, I met with unabating civility. She is a little bustling woman, once a beauty and still with beauty tricks. She was an émigré and possesses all the feelings of one: she talks of England with affection and of France with hate. It makes me detest still more the whole of our Continental policy, when I see the wretched, rotten dynasties we have restored and the narrow-minded, violent people we have thrust back into the country that wisely expelled them.

At present politicks are not in a very interesting situation. The K[g] of F. cannot live long; his legs are in a state approaching putrescence, and he is shrivelled and decaying rapidly. He wears tin boots to prevent the issue from running over into the room; he stinks most horribly I hear. When he dies the Ultras will make another struggle, but just now Villèle[3] seems to have power over Monsieur as much as over any one. He himself has been most intemperate, and has been convicted in the Chambers of a wilful lie which he could not deny. The great object at present is to change the law of succession and get one passed to enable primogeniture; but I hear even if it was, the object would not be accomplished, for my informant assured me that in the whole range of his acquaintance he knew no instance of a father leaving the additional division to any of his children, but that

[1] In response to repeated invitations to revisit the country which he had not seen for forty years.

[2] Madame de Vaudreuil was mother of Alfred de Vaudreuil, and widow of Jean Louis, Vicomte de Vaudreuil.

[3] Jean Baptiste, Comte de Villèle (1773–1854) became President of the Council in 1821, and Finance Minister. Never popular, the reactionary measures of Charles X precipitated his downfall. He was Minister of the Interior in 1827, but being defeated in the elections, retired, and took no part in politics after 1830.

the feeling is always to leave them all alike, which, after all is rational, instead of that absurd pride which induces our English nobility always to sacrifice their younger children to the unjust, pompous notion of making a family. The Chamber of Peers is full of beggars. When a Minister wants a majority upon some question he creates 15 or 30 new ones ; this makes it almost a popular as well as a most populous assembly. The deputies are always in the power of the Minister of the day, and the elections are most unfairly managed in favour of government, and their authority is despised and ridiculed throughout all France.

One day at Paris I dined with the Duke Decazes, who has now sunk into total insignificance. I met there Sir Charles Stuart, Lally Tollendal, Daru, Picard, Villemain. It was quite a literary dinner. M. Villemain[1] is the dirtiest looking little animal I ever beheld, quite like a caricature of a starved author. Starve he will not, for he has taken the winning side. The dinner was numerous and costly, but not either agreable or good. She is painfully ugly, and seems always about to bite her own nose.

With Lady Smith and her daughters I got much acquainted, and went with them to Montmorency and Malmaison. The former is a beautiful wood, and was very pretty and gay the day we went, as a fête was going on at Enghien, which is close by. Rousseau lived in a small cottage which we were shewn. Malmaison is a melancholy sight. To see the rooms, in which ten years ago all that was powerful and remarkable dictated the fate of Europe, now deserted, and to think that those few years have swept away almost all its illustrious inhabitants, makes one reflect on the vanity of human greatness and how transitory is the splendor on this unaccountable ball. The house itself is not very splendid, but prettily furnished and very comfortable. The gardens are pretty and were once remarkable for the collection of plants Josephine had collected. Eugène's children are about to sell it ; and they say Rothschild will buy it. I am sorry they part with it ; but bad as Rothschild is, he is not a Bourbon, and there will still be one spot in France of Napoleon's grandeur unpolluted by fleurs-de-lis. The K. of Bavaria had Eugène's

[1] Abel François Villemain (1790–1870), author and politician. A member of the Académie and a Peer of France.

body taken up and examined, and evident marks of *vegetable* poison were found by all the physicians. His death caused transport in the Tuileries.

Since I left England no event has occurred except poor Lord Byron's funeral. Now there remains not one single man of *real genius* in Europe. Walter Scott has much observation and great powers of research and some eloquence of description, but nothing like the strength of original thought and of brilliant wit L^d^ Byron so pre-eminently possessed. I regret him both publickly and privately. In Greece he was doing good; and in England the lively poignancy of his wit and the daring boldness of his works served as a check, and certainly as an alarm, to that spirit of bigotry and priestcraft which makes Englishmen adopt that stiff, dull, puritanical hypocrisy which they deck with the name of Religion. Laws and Religion are necessary evils to keep society together, but any enthusiasm about either ends in oppression and bigotry and generally in the infringement of every social law.

One day I went with Mr Adair to Neuilly to see the D. of Orléans and his sister [1]; they walked us over the garden and house which are very pretty. M^lle^ d'Orleans is agreable, and unlike royalties in general puts one quite at ease. The Duc is like any body else, as he has lived so much as a private gentleman, and once kept a school in Switzerland to support himself, of which he is wisely not at all ashamed. Mr Shuttleworth, his wife,[2] her sister a Miss Welsh, and a friend, Miss Sitwell, arrived at Paris on their way to Switzerland, where I intend to join them, though I am rather dismayed at finding Madame is so pious. I hate piety. If I believe it insincere, it lowers, nay it destroys, my opinion of their hearts; if sincere, I can have no opinion of their heads. The gross absurdities, contradictions and difficulties, that must be swallowed to believe the Xtian faith, seem to me to stare one so in the face that it only requires one glance to see how ill put together it all is. But without piety, alias *cant*, nothing will succeed in England.

On July 31st Charles Villiers arrived from England. I dined

[1] Afterwards King Louis Philippe; his sister is best known as Madame Adélaïde.

[2] Dr Shuttleworth married, in 1823, Emma Martha, daughter of George Welch.

that day with General Bertrand and met Denon, Turenne, Capt. Usher, etc., etc. He lives in the house Napoleon inhabited before his greatness and where he married Josephine. Mᵉ Bertrand must have been handsome; her daughter is very beautiful, something like Lady Jersey.

August 5. At Chamouny we slept at the Hotel de Londres. Clean and comfortable. Mrs Shuttleworth is prim, precise and very dull, eclipsed in the latter, however, by her sister. Miss Sitwell verges upon old maidism, is very thin, very active, very observant, very impatient, but has life and spirit in her, which my country-women want so much. Mrs Shut., if she had a few inches added to her height, the least knowledge how to dress and hold herself, besides learning to walk as if there was no moral turpitude in putting one foot before the other, might then become a tolerably pretty woman. Her eyes are good and her bosom fine. Shut. seems very fond and very happy, and as she is his wife and not mine, it is all very well as it is. There is a provoking propriety about her that would drive me wild. He is one of those happy people who scarcely ever see, and if they see, are not affected by the minutiæ of manner and social intercourse. A refined delicacy and fastidiousness on those little indescribables is almost a positive misfortune, and I try (malgré moi) to overcome and destroy it; but then if I ever meet with anybody capable of entering and feeling those same *nothings*, it gives me so much pleasure that it almost rewards me for the frequent disappointments and jars I meet with. I can live with and be even attached to people of the most different opinions from my own or from each other, but I can really never feel real affection for a *bigotted or vulgar-minded* person.

Sunday, Aug. 15. My society at Interlaken consisted of Fazs., two Grahams and Mr Ainoldi, a good-natured, well-informed, *tranquil, phlegmatic*!!! Sicilian. Mrs F. I like prodigiously; she is lively, good-humoured, quick, observant and sensible. I am very glad Faz., who deserves all the good possible, has been so fortunate to find such an amiable, pleasing little woman. We live very happily and easily. Get up early, dine at 4, and go to bed after some écarté at half-past 9 or 10. Bad weather, however, greatly destroys our felicity, and a shower of rain produces positive winter without any means of

warming oneself. Nothing but stoves, and cold is preferable to suffocation.

Wednesday, Sept. 22. Lausanne.[1] Louis XVIII is dead!!! Went to see Dumont at his country-house, called "Les Philosophes," a little out of the town. The weather deplorable. Arrived at Lausanne about 9 o'clock quite wet and wretched. Went to Faz., where I found Lady Gordon[2] and Mrs Lewis. L^d Ellenborough is to marry a Miss Digby; L^y C. Ashley, Mr Lister. I shall be curious to see if the King's death makes any difference at Paris. I suppose not, as he has been morally dead for some time. He died with great fortitude and parade, which was well-judged. The French like all to be *selon les règles*.

At Lausanne I remained till the 29th, passing my time much as I did before, only the weather was so very bad that it was impossible to go out much. I had some letters from home. My mother has not been well, and increases her illness by refusing to submit to discipline and by her unauthorised alarms. My father writes to me about Parliament. I am sorry to see his heart so bent upon my entering into politicks, for which I have neither talents nor disposition. Everybody knows their own character and understanding best, and I feel sure I am not fitted either by nature or by education for a scene of contest and discussion. If, however, I felt any eagerness or strong opinion upon any subject I should not allow my vanity or fear of failure to overcome my opinions; but to be exposed to the reproach and contempt of half England for not supporting the fame of my name and family on a stage I am unwilling to appear on, and to which I have rather a repugnance, is still more hopeless. But with a wise and kind and affectionate father, I feel I should be wretched and unworthy of his tenderness if I were not to yield to whatever may be his wishes and try to fulfil his intentions, or at least allow him an opportunity of discovering his mistake by my own failure and disgrace: though, for my own part, I would much rather have people lament over what I might have done than deplore that I failed in my attempts. Omne ignotum pro

[1] Fox and the Fazakerleys arrived at Lausanne on September 3.

[2] Caroline, daughter of Sir George Cornewall, Bart., of Moccas Court, married, in 1810, Sir William Duff-Gordon, second Bart. (1772–1823). She died in 1875.

magnifico est, and it is only by not displaying the extent of my talents and understanding that I can get anybody to believe in their excellence. I only possess a little quickness, which enables me to disguise my ignorance and to make the most of the little I do know. I have no steadiness, perseverance or application; I seize results and have not patience for details. This succeeds well enough in conversation; but in Parliament more depth and solidity is required, which I could only acquire by application and industry—efforts I am not capable of making except for something that deeply interests me, which Mr Hume's Economy, L^d John Russell's Reform, or Mr Wortley's Game-laws, do not in the least. I can conceive questions arising in which I willingly and earnestly should engage—the liberty of some continental country, the justice or injustice of some future war; but in this piping time of peace I can not work myself up to the proper state of factious, peevish discontent, which I ought to cherish to become a worthy member of the Opposition benches.

Monday, Nov. 1. Arrived at Rome about 4. Found the Fazs. and Lady Davy. I staid about a week in the Hotel de l'Europe and then took a lodging. I dined alternately with Fazs., Lady Gordon and Lady Davy. I went one day to see Louis Bonaparte,[1] who is dull and ugly; and another to see Jerôme,[2] who is quick, empty, foolish and vain, but with some of his brother's features. He keeps up a foolish form, a royal state, and will not go out where he is not received as a king. As to keeping a regular journal of the sights, I feel it would be impossible, and therefore shall only write down what particularly strikes me.

Torwaldsen's [3] studio greatly disappointed me, except a group he is making to be placed within the pediment of a portico of a

[1] Louis Bonaparte (1778–1846), ex-King of Holland; husband of Hortense Beauharnais, from whom he soon separated. He was known after the Restoration as the Comte de St Leu, from the Duchy of that name which had been granted to his wife.

[2] Jerôme Bonaparte (1784–1860), Napoleon's youngest brother. He married when a sailor on the American station, in 1803, Miss Eliza Patterson; and four years later, as his brother insisted on annulling this marriage, Princess Catherine of Wurtemburg, having been created in the meanwhile King of Westphalia. In 1816, being banished from France, his father-in-law gave him the title of Comte de Montfort. He lived in Rome from 1822 till 1831, the year of his wife's death.

[3] Albert Bertel Thorwaldsen (1770–1844), the Danish sculptor.

church in Denmark. The subject is *S^t John preaching in the wilderness*. The listening figures are beautiful; his female figures want grace and length of leg. All has an unfinished appearance. There is *Mercury* and an *Amorino* that struck me as more graceful than the generality. His bust of Consalvi[1] is beautiful and full of expression. Consalvi's head was, I should think, well calculated for a bust or picture. Lawrence and Torwaldsen have both made him their chef d'œuvres. A statue of G^l Potocky struck me as very good. Canova's studio contains, besides casts from all his famous completed statues, a cast of a group of the *Pietà* which he intended for the church near Venice.

Nov. 19. Dined with Lady Davy; met, in addition to Percys[2] and Lady Gordon, the two Miss Monsons and Dr Jenks. Two old maids, who never speak and who only sit in a state of perpetual watchfulness for the mistakes, faults or absurdities of others, do not contribute much to society. Dr Jenks is a sensible, unassuming, agreable, well-informed man. The dinner was pleasant. L^d H.[3] and the Ladies Ryder in the evening. He had been to the Pope[4] in the morning with the Hanoverian Minister, who wrote him an absurd letter of directions what to do—to make a Spanish genuflexion, to take off his gloves at a certain distance, etc., etc. He was pleased with H. H.'s manner, which is gentle and sensible. The daughters are both quick. L^y Georgina sensible, hard-headed, severe, vain, and spoiled by the admiration of all the many that worship. L^y Mary is chattering, tiresome, bother-headed, but good-natured and treated too cavalierly by her family. I had a lesson of Santi in the morning.

Nov. 20. Went with Percy to Torwaldsen's studio. Percy is a coxcomb, made more so by frequenting, admiring and

[1] Cardinal Ercole Consalvi (1757–1824).

[2] Hon. Charles Percy (1794–1870), youngest son of Algernon, first Earl of Beverley. He married Anne Caroline Greatheed, heiress of Guyscliff, Warwick.

[3] Dudley, first Earl of Harrowby (1762–1847) married, in 1795, Susan, daughter of George Granville, first Marquess of Stafford, and had three sons and five daughters. He was Lord President of the Council, 1812–27. Lady Harrowby died in 1838. The two daughters with them in Rome were Lady Georgina Elizabeth, who married John Wortley; and Lady Mary, who married Admiral Edward Saurin.

[4] Pope Leo XII (1824–29).

imitating Agar Ellis and Sneyd and the set of pedantic fribbles. Whenever anything really his own does break out, it is more sensible and agreable and even sometimes clever than one could at all *attend* from his finnicky, affected manner and labored far-fetched language, which fatigues me terribly.

L^d^ Harrowby would be a more agreable man, if nature had benevolently given him a larger mouth. His knowledge is great, his quickness lively, and his opinions just and moderate. His articulation is too rapid and precise, and his temper is peevish.

Sunday, 21 *Nov.* Lady Davy came to breakfast with me and was agreable and lively. Told me proofs of Sir James Mackintosh's selfishness and cunning combined, which was not much to his credit.

Dined with Percy. Met Lady Davy, Faz., Lady Gordon. L^d^ H. and his daughters in the evening, which was agreable. L^y^ G. has sense and quickness, but wants softness—a great deficiency in a woman, if not *the very greatest.* L^d^ Harrowby very pleasant.

Nov. 22. A day's repose from sights. Walked about the town. English letters; no news. "Lady Caroline Lamb is busy with Hobhouse about publishing L^d^ Byron's letters; she is determined to shew the world how well he loved her. Hobhouse says, in justification of L^d^ B., he will, in that case publish hers, but advises very sensibly to burn the whole correspondence. It is pleasant for W^m^ Lamb to have the degree and extent of L^d^ Byron's love for his wife discussed by the public." Dined alone with the Fazs. Sandon[1] and Percys in the evening. The former agreable and always amiable. He gives me the notion of being a most excellent right-headed, right-hearted man; all I regret is his marriage, which makes him the slave of Lady Bute's unpardonable, unreasonable selfishness. He deserves a better fate.

Nov. 24. Horrid rainy day. Only went to see Madame Mère.[2] Her house is fine and well furnished. She looks clever: has sharp, small dark eyes, very like the face Canova has given

[1] Dudley, Viscount Sandon (1798–1882), who succeeded his father as second Earl of Harrowby in 1847. He had married, in September, Frances, daughter of John, first Marquess of Bute.

[2] Letizia Bonaparte (1750–1836), Napoleon's mother.

her in his statue of her. Her figure is small and shrivelled. She received me with civility and indeed cordiality: spoke of Napoleon with affection and emotion. Her French is bad, and she speaks it with considerable difficulty. Her health is very bad and they think her dying. Dined with Faz.

Nov. 26. Began Greek with Santi, who is an uncommonly clever, agreable little man and has the pleasantest way of teaching and imparting his knowledge. Took a short ride with Faz. Dined with L^{d} Kinnaird [1]; met L^{y} Davy, Lady Gordon, Madame Martinetti, M. Blanco and M. Kosoffkowsky. The latter is Madame Martinetti's cavaliere; he is clever, malin, an excellent mimick, and not very merciful to man or woman. She is handsome, good-humoured, gentle, blue, who has the good taste to conceal her blueism and knowledge and only to look pretty and good-humoured. M. Blanco is a Neapolitan exile, who has lived much at Paris, and has caught the manner of delivering out bon mots as if they were dicta and looking round the circle for applause, which indeed they deserve but do not obtain, from the insolence of his imperious and delighted solicitation. He quoted one of M^{e} de Stael's sayings that struck me as very happy and very just. Speaking of liberty and happiness in Italy, she said, "On y prend les souvenirs pour des esperances." It is the history of this country in a few words. The dinner went off agreably. The host was too ill even to be cross or snappish. I am sorry I cannot at all like him, as he is civil and even obliging to me, but he never is lively till on the verge of being bitter, savage and painfully ill-natured or rude. His curiosity is undaunted, and the only courage he possesses is that of attacking. I suspect him to be very deficient in all other, moral and physical.

I afterwards went to Lady Compton's.[2] She is a gigantic, well-informed, hard-headed, blue Scotchwoman. Mrs Dodwell and Mrs Bryant struck me as great beauties. I was presented to the former, whose manner is pretty and engaging. After I went to Mrs Percy, where I found the Ryders. Talked to Lady

[1] Charles, eighth Baron Kinnaird (1780–1826).

[2] Margaret, daughter of Major-General Douglas Clephane, of Torloisk. She married, in 1815, Spencer Joshua Alwyne, Earl Compton (1790–1851), who succeeded his father as second Marquess of Northampton in 1828. Lady Compton died in 1830.

G. about Theresa ; she knows intimately and of course admires her. Besides I think she gives her credit for all the real sound sense, right feeling and elevation of character she possesses under the gaiety and levity of her manner. God only knows if she ever will be mine. If loving can make me worthy of her, she ought.

Sunday, 28 *Nov.* I dined with Jerôme. Met Lady Davy, M. and Me Martinetti, M. Kahl (?) (Minister from Wurtemberg). The Princess is very agreable, very unaffected, and gives me the notion of being a sensible, judicious, truth-speaking person. Her conduct with regard to her husband's family has been perfect. She considers herself entirely one of them, espouses their cause, and talks with gratitude and affection of the Emperor. She told me some very interesting and I should think true traits of his good-nature to Marie Louise, and of the extreme ease and perfect familiarity in which they lived. She was not the least afraid or shy of him, and used to play little tricks and have little jokes that might almost weary and annoy from their perpetual repetition and childish nonsense. Once on a journey in the South of France, in which she used to travel in the carriage with them, her amusement was to unbutton the loops and destroy the shape of his hat, so that when called upon to bow to the people or deputations that frequently stopped his carriage, he appeared with a large shapeless piece of beaver. Not satisfied with doing it once or twice she amused herself so perpetually, quite enough to bore him. Since the first moment of his first abdication, she took her line immediately, and never wished or thought or inquired or cared the least for him. She is a heartless, indifferent, calculating, cunning, heavy woman, with more understanding than she is given credit for. The Pss told me how many vexations and annoyances they had all suffered while in Germany, and how difficultly they had obtained permission to come here.

Jerôme after dinner showed us the hilt Napoleon left him. Its story is interesting. The town of Florence presented it to Francis I (the work of it, which is very fine, being by Benvenuto Cellini). When he was taken by Charles V he gave it up, and that Emperor deposited it at Madrid, where it remained till another and a greater Emperor took Madrid, when instead of

keys they presented him with this sword. The blade he took off when obliged to conceal it, and now has left it to his brother. Jerôme is a coxcomb, empty, vain, and far from being agreable. I like her very much. Afterwards I went to L^d^ Kinnaird's, where I found a party.

Dec. 2. Dined with Lady Bute,[1] whom I have long had curiosity to see. Her voice is tiresome and heavy, her conversation, as far as I could judge, flat and coaxing, which when a woman is no longer pretty instantly becomes tedious. Her whole manner and habits of life are different from others. She cannot eat, go in a carriage, remain without exercise, or take it in the same way as other people ; and her whole conduct seems calculated more for the purpose of putting others to inconvenience than for that of affording herself amusement. Yet she has more influence over others than anybody, and repays all their real sacrifices and inconveniences by a few soothing words and insidious flattery. It is a happy art and more successful than any other, as people become most willing victims. Her daughter has most perfect regular beauty, but no grace or figure ; her mouth when open is hideous.

Dec. 3. Rode with Townshend[2] (L^d^ Sydney's son) to the Villa Madama. He is an amiable, good-natured youth, not likely to inflame either Thames or Tyber. Dined with Faz. ; L^d^ Harrowby agreable.

It is dull and useless to write up a journal after the events are passed. I have let it go for sixteen days, and shall not attempt to give any regular account of them. One day I went with L^d^ Harrowby and a large party to see the Vatican by torchlight, and was not much pleased. Some statues, especially those that are confused, gain a great deal. The *Laocoon*, the *Nile*, &c., &c., and the architecture, are seen to great advantage with a strong moving light. Another day I dined with the L^d^ President. Lady Davy shewed great cleverness and eloquence,

[1] Frances, daughter of Thomas Coutts, second wife of John, first Marquess of Bute. She married in 1800, and died in 1832, leaving a son, Lord Dudley Stuart (1803–54), and a daughter, Frances, who married Lord Sandon.

[2] Hon. John Robert Townshend (1803–90), afterwards third Viscount and first Earl Sydney, only son of John Thomas, second Viscount Sydney (1764–1831), by his second wife.

and made an unwilling conquest of the whole family, till then strongly prejudiced against her. Moseley arrived from Florence and shared my lodging. His affectation and insolent shyness in society irritates and provokes me, because I like him enough to be irritated and provoked. The following day we dined at L^y^ D.'s, and Kosoffkowsky was transcendently agreable. His talents consist in excellent mimicry and very great information.

Thursday, Dec. 30. Dined with Lady Davy to meet the Guiccioli,[1] Lord Byron's mistress. She is coarse, and far from being, to my taste, the least attractive. Her hair is nearly red, her figure squat, and her eyes have no expression but what with study and affectation she contrives to throw into them. Her manner of articulating English is agreable, and those who know her say she is no fool, although she looks so. The Martinetti, who was there also, is a fine contrast.

On the night of the 13th January, 1825, I set off with Townshend for Naples. We went without stopping. The weather was lovely, and I greatly enjoyed the sensible change of climate after Terracina. We arrived late on Friday night; found the Percys and Lady Duff, who had set off before us, only just come and vilely lodged in the Vittoria. We got into a wretched inn, the Crocelle; staid there a week, then to the Villa di Napoli, where I and Townshend took apartments for a month. I delight in him, so natural, unaffected, good-humoured and not at all deficient. We lived a great deal (indeed too much) with the Percys and Lady Duff.[2] Percy and I do not suit. High, refined, aristocratic, discontented, fastidious, he is devoid of any real character. Sometimes it is Clare, sometimes it is Sneyd, sometimes it is Ellis, he imitates, and if anything does break out that is his own, it is perhaps a little narrow-minded selfishness. She is good-nature itself, admires him, and adopts many of his opinions and expressions without feeling the one or understanding the other. During the first ten days I was at Naples I saw little else but Percys and Lady Gordon. We went together to Pompeii, where much has been discovered since I saw it in 1815.

[1] Teresa, daughter of Ruggiero Gamba, of Ravenna, born about 1800 and died in 1873, third wife of Count Guiccioli, whom she married in 1818. See *Works of Lord Byron* (ed. Prothero), iv. 289, etc.

[2] Lady Duff Gordon.

I soon got acquainted with Sir W. Drummond, Margravine of Anspach, Archbishop of Tarento, and dined with each. The old Archbishop[1] is a fine reverent figure, very agreable, *very liberal*, literary and connoisseur in arts. He dines at half-past three; his dinner is excellent, though I hate the Russian custom of nothing appearing but the dessert and being served from the side table. I met there Sir W. Gell, Marchese Monte Catena (?) (Chamberlain to the D. of Lucca), Cavaliere Tocco, and the young man that lives with the Archbishop and is a sort of *Papal nephew*. Sir W. Gell[2] is a martyr to the gout. He is caustic, droll, and full of valetudinarian spleen. His vagaries about diet and medicine are ludicrous.

My life at Naples is not so much to my taste as it was at Rome; besides I have minor inconveniences. I hate being without a servant, or rather using the servant of another, lest they should be inconvenienced by it and think me de trop. Townshend is so undisguised that I should in a moment know.

Neapolitan society is for the moment entirely stopped in consequence of the King's death[3] and the mourning. Many of the Neapolitan men I have seen, such as Prince Petralla, Juliano, Letitia and others, have an anglomanie about their horses, carriages and dress, and mean to be very idiomatic in talking the language by the frequent use of "*damme, damned*" and "*God dam.*" Politicks I know nothing of, Heaven be praised! This King seems inclined to be moderate and to recall the exiles; all his edicts are mild and paternal. He hates the Austrians, and is disposed to listen to English counsellors in preference to German. A new King is always popular, and therefore how justly he is so cannot be easily determined.

I am very glad to have seen the Margravine of Anspach.[4]

[1] Monsignor Caprecelatro.

[2] Sir William Gell (1777–1836), traveller and archæologist. He was at one time Chamberlain to Queen Caroline, and lived in Italy subsequent to 1820.

[3] Ferdinand IV (1751–1825), who in 1816, after Murat's deposition, assumed the title of Ferdinand I of the Two Sicilies. He was succeeded by his son, Francis I (1777–1830).

[4] Elizabeth (1750–1828), daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley. She married, first, William, sixth Lord Craven; and, secondly, in 1791, the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach.

She is one, comme il y en a peu, born thoroughly bad and corrupt. It is never agreable to me to hear profligacy and bestiality from the mouth of any woman. Even if young and pretty it repels instead of exciting me; but from an old, wild harridan, with her face painted white and red and eyebrows greasy with dye, it is revolting and painful. I think I never saw any woman so entirely corrupt, and with such a prurient imagination. The open shamelessness with which she talks of her own and her family's faux pas is rather droll, because it is so unusual. When a woman is completely depraved and when no longer alive to any shame, how much more disgusting and how much worse they are than men in the same situation. They are so proud of what they suppose proves the strength of their understanding that they trumpet about their own iniquities with great satisfaction.

The Blessingtons live at Villa Gallo, which is above the town and commands a splendid view. The whole family bore me to extinction. My Lady has taken to be learned, and collects relics of literary value—Voltaire's pin, L[d] Byron's watch-chain, and many more valuables of the same sort. She writes on life and manners. I wish she would acquire some of the latter before she criticises. Her whole notion of shewing her judgment is by violent and almost *Billingsgate* censure. She forces herself into the correspondence or acquaintance of all who have (unhappily for them) acquired any sort of fame. She has a little Irish quickness and fun, and a little more brogue; but that is all. The most tiresome thing is, that she never stops on any subject when once she begins, and tells one the same thing thirty times over which if only said once would be good enough. D'Orsay does not want for the quickness a Frenchman often has, and expresses himself well and with that grace peculiar to his countrymen; but he is a coxcomb, and the ridicules of the family to which he has attached himself are taking quick root and have already affected his exterior.

Sir W. Drummond[1] is agreable and very good-natured. His house is magnificently mounted and his dinners excellent. He

[1] Sir William Drummond (1770 ?–1828), a member of the Drummond family of Logie-Almond, he held diplomatic posts in Naples and elsewhere until 1809, when he retired into private life. He was responsible for several learned and scientific publications.

hates the Bible, but has more spite against the Old than the New Testament. His wife is the image of old Q^n Charlotte, and nearly an idiot. The Opera-house I do not admire so much as that of Milan; the ornaments are cumbrous, and silver does not light up well. None of the good singers are here, and the ballet is tedious.

On the 5th of March the King made his public entry. He was very coldly received and the procession itself was poor. The following day he went with all his family in state to the Opera. The whole house was illuminated, and the effect was very fine indeed. There was a ludicrous exhibition of the Royal Family at the end of a dull cantata d'occasion.

On the 15th of March the Fazakerleys arrived from Rome and took the Palazzo Esterhazy. The news from England only contains news of marriages—Emily Bathurst and Fred Ponsonby, H. Canning to Clanricarde, L. Lennox to W. Tighe, and his affected brother Dan to Miss Crofton. L^d Thanet is dead. Canning has made a brilliant display in P^t, and has gained well-earned laurels for his recognition of the S. American States. There were parties at Figuelmonts' (who were uncommonly civil to me), Stackelbergs', Lushingtons', Kellers', to which I went; and two pretty assemblies at the Accademia.

On the 24th I went with Fazs., L^y Duff, Townshend, and Sandon and D. Stuart[1] to Pompeii. The two latter are come for 48 hours only, and to negotiate for the steam-boat for L^y Bute. The latter told me of his succès with the G——, and his embarras about the other. His manner, his feelings, his disposition, delight me, and I feel quite an affection for him.

On Sunday, the 27th of March, at half-past 9 I embarked with Buckley and West and Frederick Spencer on board the *Sybille*. The day was rainy and the wind was high, which made me very sick, nor was it till the middle of the following day that I was well enough to enjoy the pleasure of sailing. We doubled Marittimo, a small island off the western point of Sicily. I sat on deck till night; the sea was calm and delicious and the moonlight lovely. The whole of the following day I sat on deck and enjoyed it very much. We were close to Gozo before sunset and

[1] Lord Dudley Stuart (1803–1854), only son of John, first Marquess of Bute, by his second wife, Frances Coutts.

might have reached Malta that night, but Pechell[1] preferred coming into port by daylight, so we waited till Wednesday morning. The day was delicious and truly southern; the port and town are beautiful and totally unlike anything I ever saw before. The buildings are in excellent taste and of a very pretty and soft stone, which is easily worked, and almost every house has a balustrade at the top and several small balconies. Charles[2] came in a boat, and I went with him to his pretty house a little out of the town.

I lived completely with Charles, and used to ride almost every day. Once we went to S[t] Antonio, which is the country house belonging to the Governor; it has a fine garden, and is pretty but ill-situated, being the lowest point in the whole island. I dined twice with Lord Hastings[3]; he is dreadfully silent but very good-natured. He received while I was at Malta the news of his failure in the India House, by which he appeared sadly broken and hurt. His family are extremely attached to him. Lady Hastings is reckoned cold and proud, but I saw nothing thereof. Lady Flora is very agreable and I believe well-informed.

I dined with Frere[4] and saw a good deal of him. He is very clever and droll, but grown sottish, dirty and indolent. Lady Errol is a nasty, coarse woman. There is a little red-headed, good-natured, flirting niece of hers, Miss Blake, who lives with them; also a Greek child, who saw its parents butchered before her eyes; and old Miss Frere. The whole establishment is comfortless and strange. One day I dined with the Admiral and Lady Neale,[5] a large party of 35 people. The dinner never ended,

[1] Sir Samuel John Brooke Pechell (1785–1849), third Baronet, Captain of the *Sybille*, afterwards a Lord of the Admiralty and Rear-Admiral.

[2] Charles Fox was aide-de-camp to the Governor, Lord Hastings.

[3] Francis, second Earl of Moira, and first Marquess of Hastings (1754–1826), the celebrated soldier and statesman. He was appointed Governor of Malta in 1824, and died at sea two years later. His wife, whom he married in 1804, was Flora, Countess of Loudoun in her own right. After the publication of his Indian papers by order of the General Court of Proprietors of the East India Company, a qualified censure was passed upon him.

[4] John Hookham Frere (1769–1846), well known as a diplomatist and an author, lived in Malta almost entirely after 1818. He married, in 1812, Elizabeth Jemima, Dowager Countess of Erroll, and daughter of Joseph Blake.

[5] Sir Harry Burrard Neale, second Baronet (1765–1840), Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, 1823–6.

and was like all those dinners dull and hot. The first time I dined with Lord Hastings I went with him and his family afterwards to a large state box in the centre of the small theatre to see *The Midnight Horn* and *X Y Z* very ill acted by officers of the 85th for some charity. Ld Hastings is going home immediately in a transport in order to get his character cleared. It is a cruel thing to see such an honorable, worthy man suffer under such an unmerited stain.

Sailed on Saturday the 9th for Corfu in the *Sybille*. Besides myself, Mr F. Ross and Mr Wilkinson were passengers.

On the 16th, we had a very grand view of Corfu and the Albanian coast. We came by the northern passage and landed on the evening of the 17th. Sir Frederick [1] was very civil to me and lodged me at the palace. I was taken up to Lady Adam's soirée immediately, and found the room full of her Greek friends and relations. She is handsome but sickly, and makes ugly faces; she has a vile temper and her countenance betrays it. She has a false look of Ly Mount Charles. I staid till the 24th, during which time I dined three times at the palace, twice with the 32d, and once with Lord Guildford.[2] The latter has established a University here, which I have no doubt will do good and improve the system of education but at present is only ridiculous, as the costume is absurd, and he himself a most ludicrous figure, with a velvet bandeau round his head and an embroidered owl in the centre. I heard some Greek music at his house that is very pretty and wild. He is collecting a library for the University, and has already some very valuable manuscripts, especially on Papal and Venetian politicks. He lives in a tumble-down room in the old tumble-down palace in the citadel, with no comforts or European luxuries. His manner is so peculiar and his conversation so agreable that I liked him extremely. I used to ride with Pechell and Granby Calcraft; the latter is not much improved since I knew him at Christ Church. The only people I made acquaintance with were

[1] General Sir Frederick Adam, K.C.B. (1781–1851), Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles. The islands had been placed under the protection of Great Britain by the Treaty of 1815.

[2] Frederick, fifth Earl of Guilford (1766–1827), third son of the Prime Minister, Lord North. He succeeded his brother in the titles in 1817, and never married.

Schomberg Kerr,[1] L[d] S. Osborne, and John Maitland. The former I like, as he reminds me of Ancram. I rode to Potamo and to the one gun battery. The night before I went there was a great ball, as it was S[t] George's day, at the palace, where there was not much display of beauty among the 600 present—one very beautiful woman in the Greek costume of S[t] Maura.

We sailed on the evening of the 24th, taking Col. (Charles) Napier [2] to his residency at Cephalonia. He is a very superior man, full of talent and great spirit of enterprize and originality. His conversation is amusing and his knowledge extensive. He has a good deal of twist about him and false notions of independence, but he is a fine character and is doing a vast deal of good in his island, not only by making showy roads and good buildings but by improving the husbandry, fertility and salubrity of the island. We sailed into the port of Argostoli at daybreak on the 27th. I took a long ride to the village L[d] Byron lived in while here, and which is prettily situated on the S.W. coast.[3] The road all round the port of Argostoli is barren and rocky, everywhere else it is better. On the 28th I set off with Pechell to make a tour in the island.

We anchored off the town of Patras on Tuesday evening, the 3[d] of May. The following morning we landed at the town of Patras, being upon honor not to communicate or contaminate ourselves by touching any infectious article. Patras is at present in the hands of the Turks, who are, however, besieged by the Greeks, but with very little energy.[4] The whole war seems predatory and straggling. We went up to the town through most miserably narrow streets, full of the most wretched-looking

[1] Lord Schomberg Robert Ker (1795–1825), Captain 3rd Regiment, second son of William, sixth Marquess of Lothian.

[2] Sir Charles James Napier (1782–1853), eldest son of Lady Sarah Napier, by her second husband, Hon. George Napier. Resident at Cephalonia, 1822–30. Served throughout the Peninsular War, and greatly distinguished himself in India, 1841–50.

[3] Metaxata. Byron arrived there in September, 1823 (see *Works of Lord Byron*, vi. 238).

[4] A revolt had broken out in Greece against the Turkish Empire in 1820, and dragged on year after year notwithstanding massacres and bloodshed on the part of the Sultan. The latter asked for the assistance of the Pasha of Egypt in 1825, who sent his own son Ibrahim to invade the Morea. His advance was only checked by the intervention of the Great Powers.

inhabitants, filthy and stinking, animals killed in the middle of the streets, and the blood and entrails running about the thresholds of the houses. We found one or two men who talked a little Italian, and one of them conducted us to the palace or rather hovel of Achmet Pasha. He kept us waiting a considerable time in rather a pretty room, open on three sides with windows, under which were low forms or seats covered with cushions. I had several views, when the door of his interior room opened, into the apartment where he was dressing, and I saw there two or three boys dressed out in gay colors. Our interpreter was called Hadji, having been to Mecca. The Pasha at length appeared. He is a very good-looking, clean, agreable, gentlemanlike sort of man, with a courteous manner and an agreable smile. His dress was splendid and clean, which was in the latter respect a great contrast to all those of his subjects. They were all annoyed at our coming so early, as very few of them were up, it being the season of Ramazan, during which moon they fast as long as the sun is up and revel at night.

We left the town and went in our boat to the Castle of Patras, which is opposite the Castle of Roumelia and commands the entrance of the gulf. Here we were taken by the French, English and Ionian consul, united in the person of a Frenchman, who seems a great rogue, to see Usoff Pasha. He is a greater man, having three instead of two tails, as our first friend only had. He received us with more parade and in a rather better place, being himself on a raised platform, with his son by his side and his court all round him, while we were in a low dip like the orchestra of a theatre. He is a gloomy, dull-looking man, with a countenance at once expressive of his national ferocity and indolence. He made Pechell and Churchill presents of a cow apiece, which is the first recorded instance of his generosity. We walked round the walls previous to embarking and saw some ill-pointed, ill-managed pieces of good artillery.

Wednesday, May 11. Anchored off Missolonghi, which the Turks are *actively*!!! besieging. *Weazel* joined us.

May 12. We were anchored at nearly six miles from Missolonghi, whither we went early in a boat; even for a boat the steerage is difficult, as the water is so very shallow. The stink, fog, vapour, and bad air arising from it render this place pesti-

lential. On landing the first thing I was shown was the house where L^d^ Byron lived and died. His loss is a terrible one for Greece and a sad one for the rest of Europe. A man of genius and wit that can and will withstand the tide of cant and hypocrisy that at present runs so high, especially in England, is the greatest loss possible and can never be sufficiently deplored. I admired and liked him publickly and privately. We had an interview with the Governor, who received us just as the Pashas had done, with all the Eastern honors and squatted also on low forms. Several foreigners are here. Two we got most acquainted with, one a Swiss surveyor, the other an American adventurer of the name of Miller; they both have assumed the Grecian costume, and have partly acquired the language. The Swiss is the editor of the paper. We walked round the walls with them and from our hats being seen by the Turks brought us some shots, one of which whizzed very near me, and a shell fell within 30 yards. I was amused in the midst of all this to see six or seven men dancing the wild Albanian dance to an old drum and bagpipe under the wall, while shots were flying over their heads. There are quantities of people in the town and no dearth of provisions. We saw shiploads of women and children going to Kalamos and others working at the ditch; they seem in very good spirits and not at all alarmed. We sailed that day and anchored at Zante at daybreak.

Early in the morning of Monday, 16 May, we found ourselves in the midst of the Egyptian fleet of 58 sail blockading Navarin. It blew a violent gale of wind, and I was wretched at Pechell's decision not to go into the harbour of Navarin, opposite to which we were lying.

17 *May*. In the evening Pechell decided to sail in and see the real state of the place. We found the Greeks had capitulated, but not evacuated the citadel, and were waiting for some Austrian and French vessels to carry them off. At night a Greek escaped and swam all the way to our ship, which was anchored nearly two miles off. Through his means we find ourselves in quarantine, which is very provoking. Opposite Navarin lies a long island anciently called Sphacteria, where the Spartans made a brave defence that ought to have excited emulation among their representatives.

18 *May*. We landed and went up to Ibrahim Pasha's[1] camp, which is on the heights above Navarin. We had a long interview with him. He received us in his tent, reclining on black velvet cushions and eating his dinner, previous and subsequent to which he washed his hands, mouth and beard. A French colonel, who was aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney but is now a renegade and in the Egyptian service, dined or rather picked out of the same greasy, uninviting dishes that were brought before them upon a little moveable table. Ibrahim is fat and short, marked with smallpox, large blue eyes, and a pleasant smile. The Egyptians are a tall, thin, bony, dark race of men, unlike the Turks, and with very ugly features extremely like their monsters and sphinxes. They are almost all dressed in tight dark red and armed with European arms, many with English muskets and bayonets. This is Ibrahim's first exploit. He means to conquer all the Morea and then, they say, appropriate it. He is son of the Egyptian Ali Pasha and inherits some of his ambition. He has several Italians and other Europeans about him. The Frenchman was our interpreter and seems high in favor.

I arrived at Naples early on June 16th. I staid there a week. Dined several times with the Blessingtons, and one day took a long and lovely ride with them ; once with the Margravine, and twice with L^{y} Mary Deerhurst,[2] whom I like. I met there S^{r} W^{m} Gell, who always diverts me with his sarcasm and philosophic determination to take the whole world as a lively comedy. He cares very little for anybody, and is never unhappy but from his frequent and severe twinges of gouty pains. On the 24th I dined with L^{y} Mary and, after going to take leave at Villa Gallo, set off for Rome where I arrived in 21 hours. It was not without a pang I left the gay and lovely Naples. It is unfortunate to love as I do countries in which I am by duty destined not to pass my life, but where I foresee I shall chiefly live. Nothing could be gayer or more distracting than the scene as I left Naples.

[1] (1789–1848), son of Mohammed Ali, the ruler of Egypt.

[2] Lady Mary Deerhurst, Fox's future mother-in-law. She was daughter of Aubrey, sixth Duke of St. Albans, and married, as his second wife, in 1811, George William, Viscount Deerhurst (1784–1843), who succeeded his father as eighth Earl of Coventry in 1831. Lady Coventry died in 1845.

It was the feast of S[t] John. The heat of the day was just over ; and the whole Toledo and Chiaia were completely full of carriages and pedestrians in the brightest attire and enjoying the blessing of their glorious sun and sky. Rome was a sad contrast. I felt gloomy on arriving, and sadly disappointed to find Dudley Stuart gone to Naples by sea. I found a curious letter from him, which both amused and annoyed me. Apsley,[1] of all human beings to find himself in the metropolis of antiquity, of classical recollections and fine arts, was my chief acquaintance besides C. Beauclerk ; the latter I like extremely. Apsley is good-humoured but dull, and more so just now because broken-hearted about Miss Forrester, who has shamefully jilted him. I dined once with Laval,[2] who made me unfortunately a prominent person at a large round table, in a foreign language to tell him my opinions on Grecian politicks. His questions were very confused and so were my answers. At the beginning of dinner he announced me as *un homme d'esprit* ; at the end of it I have no doubt he thought me a *bête*.

Letters, heat, and the horrors that await me in my native land, made me, after much hesitation, decide upon returning for the summer to Naples and giving up the hot and odious journey I had intended to pursue. I took little Santi with me. We set off on the evening of Wednesday, the 6th of July, and arrived on Thursday at the Gran Bretagna after 22 hours' journey. We had vile weather, and violent rain and thunder at Mola di Gaeta, which however cooled the air and made the journey pleasanter. I was delighted to find myself again in this lovely place, and I was greatly rewarded by finding my brother and Mary in two days afterwards anchored in the port on board the *Medina* from Malta. They were kept four days in quarantine, during which time I fixed my abode at Mergellina almost next door to Lady Bute, whose merits I begin to perceive and whom I could not help liking for Dudley's sake. I like him more and more every time I see him. Indeed my retrograde motions were greatly in consequence of the certainty of his society. I

[1] Henry George, Viscount Apsley (1790–1866), eldest son of Henry, third Earl Bathurst, whom he succeeded in 1834.

[2] Adrien, Prince de Laval Montmorency (1768–1837), French Ambassador in Rome.

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LADY MARY FOX

dined once with Lady Compton, who would be a more agreable if she was a less pedantic woman. Charles and Mary landed on the 13th ; we went to the Studii and drove over the town. The following day we went to Pompeii, and on our return were overtaken by a torrent that came suddenly down from Vesuvius upon Torre del Greco, where we were taking refuge during one of the most violent thunderstorms I ever remember seeing. Pompeii will, I trust, one day or other be completely discovered. Since I saw it in March they have found some very beautiful and curious things, especially one picture of *Iphigenia's Sacrifice*, where the figures are too long and thin but the design and coloring is very good indeed. Agamemnon is sitting as described in the famous picture of Timanthus (of which this may be a copy) with his face covered.

Tuesday, 19 *July*. Dined at Lady Mary's. Met only the little flippant D^r^ Quin.[1] L^y^ Mary is good-humoured and rather clever, and certainly very quick when the conversation borders on anything that will admit of a *double entendre*. Went in the boat with L^y^ Bute till 12 o'clock.

20 *July*. Dined with Mr Hill. Diplomatic dinner, Figuelmont. Mr Hill diverts me, but I have a low opinion of his understanding, which has got muddled and *legitimated* by his long sepulture in the Sardinian court, where by dint of hearing, he has at last adopted, opinions unworthy of an Englishman or indeed of any man of sense. Afterwards to L^y^ Mary. Letitia, Hogwitz,[2] Gell, Quin, &c. Her attack on the former was droll and successful, as he was afraid of her. She has little to recommend her beyond extreme good-nature ; her conversation is not clever, nor does she enjoy any conversation that does not border upon veiled indecency.

July 21. Went to see Dudley, who had been unwell. Dined with Lady Mary. Met only Letitia and Pépé, brother to the General of that name. In the Villa Reale afterwards met the Guiccioli fresh from Rome, full of sentiment and absurdity.

[1] Frederick Hervey Foster Quin (1799–1878), founder of the British Homœopathic Society. Having taken the M.D. degree at Edinburgh, he went out to Rome in 1820 as physician to the Duchess of Devonshire, and after 1821 set up in Naples. He returned to England in 1826.

[2] Christian Heinrich Karl Haugwitz (1752–1831), Prussian statesman. He lived in Italy after 1820.

Amused at her coming here; she is in search of an adventure, and wants to fix herself upon some *handsome* and illustrious man. I returned to L^y^ Mary. Found only the Baron and thought myself *du trop*; at least I am sure *he* was of my opinion.

Strange as it may seem after having written the above paragraph, I find myself now, on the 9th of August, when taking up my pen to continue this diary, to have to record that though neither *handsome* nor *illustrious* I am strange to say become the object of T. G.'s affection.

On the 21st of July, on the very day on which ceases the regular and dull diary I had intended to keep, my friend became a father at Rome.[1] I was for a long time more occupied with his thoughts and interests than my own. One night early in August we rode all round the heights of Vomero and Capo de Monte for more than seven hours. He had no disguise with me and told me his whole life. He is a most amiable, noble, fine-spirited character, and I quite love him. What I wish most in the world can *never* be; the obstacles are too numerous and insurmountable. He is deeply attached to Ch. and no wonder.

In the meanwhile my life passed agreably, delightfully even. I dined and flirted every day with L^y^ Mary, made the pompous Baron jealous, used to go on the water with L^y^ B. and Dudley, and take moonlight sentimental walks with T. G. I observed Teresa rather sought than shrunk from proffered civilities, but I was not prepared for the extreme facility of the conquest, which (such is the perverseness of one's nature) scarcely gave me pleasure. She is too gross and too carnal.

As L^d^ Byron says, there is nothing like the moon for mischief. It was on Sunday evening the 7th of August that she listened and consented at her balcony as we were gazing at chaste Dian's beams. Sentiment or caprice would not permit

[1] Lord Dudley Stuart had for some time been carrying on a liaison with Christine Alexandrine Egypte, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, by his first wife, Christine Boyer. Her marriage to Arved, Comte de Possé, a Swede, had been an obstacle to their union, but this, after much difficulty, was overcome, as we shall see in the course of the *Journal*, and she was able to marry Lord Dudley in 1826. The birth of this child, Paul Amadeus Francis Coutts Stuart, who died in 1889, was kept a complete secret at the time, being only known to Lady Bute, to Henry Fox, and to the lady's sister, Princess Gabrielli.

her to yield then, but appointed me the next night, and received me as those females receive one, who make such occupations not their pleasure but their trade. Her sentiment is ridiculous, especially to me, knowing as I do all her history within these few months. She tries and believes she is in love for a short time, but it is alarming when she talks and expects a constancy of five years. She has a pretty voice, pretty eyes, white skin, and strong, not to say *turbulent*, passions. She has no other attraction. Her manners are bad and her sentiment affected. She is an instance of those who live with clever people thinking it their duty to be clever too. Her letters, however, are well expressed and good. We had several agreable evenings together, especially one night we went to Nisida and landed in my little favorite bay. It was a beautiful night and the moon was splendid ; besides the heavens were brightly illuminated by summer lightnings. I grew to like her better as I knew more of her.

August passed delightfully. I dined almost every day with Lady Mary ; now and then with the Blessingtons or the Margravine, spent every evening with Teresa, and all that was disagreable was that I saw less of Dudley Stuart, Lady Bute having gone up to Villa Moralis (?) for the health of the baby. I dispatched Buccini [1] to meet my parents, who are, I am sorry to say, going to winter at Paris. My life had much sameness in it, but from the beauty of my view, the charm of the weather, and the delight I take in Dudley's society, I found it very agreable. Besides Teresa occupied and to a degree amused me, though I felt rather ashamed of affecting sentiment I did not feel and of professing unalterable attachment. On the 13th of Sept. she dispatched her brother to Aversa, and we set off for Sorrento where we passed several days rather agreably. The place is lovely, the Villa —— is quite heavenly. My stay there was on the whole agreable. Lady Bute and Dudley came back to Mergellina. I grow fonder and fonder of him every time I see him. They left Naples on Sunday the 25th Sept. for Ischia. Their loss was terrible to me, though I could not wish him to stay. I grew to know more and like infinitely better L^y^ Compton. She has a good deal of sound sense and a wonderful deal of information—full of Scotch

[1] Fox's servant.

superstitions and prejudices, for which I like her the better. With T. G. I had various quarrels and hysterics : she is jealous and exigeante and troublesome. Poor L^d Byron ! I do not wonder at his going to Greece. She has no delicacy, no hypocrisy even of modesty, which *faute* of the reality is at least better than the total absence of all such feeling, She is a woman of very strong passions, and imagines that she has very strong sentiment—but vast is the difference.

My life was much the same till the middle of October. I had many quarrels with Teresa, who is exigeante and suspicious, and who expected me entirely to give up society for her sake, which does not at all suit my character or inclinations, especially as she does not the least answer as a companion, having hardly any power of conversation. Society is necessary for me. I am sorry to own it, as I once thought and always wished otherwise. The best, indeed the only real very good point about her, is her sincerity. She is very true spoken, and though her sentiment is in reality assumed, she believes it to be real. After several quarrels and reconciliations she left Naples on Saturday, the 15th of October. I was to have followed in a few days. However, the next day, as I was riding up to Villa Gallo, my horse fell and bruised my ankle very seriously.

I was laid up at Villa Gallo. Nothing could surpass the good-nature I met with, and I got on terms of intimacy that never otherwise would have taken place. Of d'Orsay I grew very fond. He has a thousand merits, many talents and a very warm heart. He is very agreable, and very superior to the idea I first formed of him from his dandy exterior. The more I saw of him the better I liked him. He has great frankness, generosity and sincerity. The kindness of my hostess towards me and the extreme partiality she either feels or professes for me prevent my saying anything in disparagement of the beauty, talents and good qualities which far better judges than I am see and admire in her. Though perhaps I am either blind or stubborn, I cannot be ungrateful or ever forget her hospitality and attentions to me. For d'Orsay, however, I entertain warmer feelings, and fully return the affection he professes and which I am therefore persuaded he feels for me. It rather hurt me, as I felt myself acting with duplicity (although I never made any sort of profes-

sions), but it hurt me not to be able to like L^y Blessington as I should wish to like her ; but she has exactly the defects that suit least with my character and that cross all my prejudices and wound all my little peculiarities of opinion and disposition. I have already given my opinion of her and d'Orsay, and have sometimes thought that I ought to correct it in consequence of the subsequent kindness I have met with ; but I have determined not. It is a lesson not to judge too hastily or too severely. First impressions are sometimes wrong, and as it is my art always to see the worst first, I should have very often to cancel. The ridicules and defects I there point out struck me at the time. I saw but them, and did not wait to discover that under Alfred's dandy exterior there beat a warm and generous heart ; or could I foresee that I ever should have occasion to feel so much gratitude towards L^y B. as I at present do.

I staid till December the 4th, wholly and solely on d'Orsay's account ; my disenchanter to L^y Blessington increasing every day. On the 4th I went down to the town of Naples, and lodged next to the Gran Bretagna in a strange rambling apartment, where I remained a week, dining every day almost with L^y Mary and sight-seeing with Seymour Bathurst,[1] who came chemin faisant to Corfu. He is lively, good-natured, and though he has some family defects is very amiable.

Naples I leave with regret, but it is only the scenery and the recollections I have connected with it that I regret. I know very few people, and the few I do know are mere acquaintances ; but the summer I have passed here has been the happiest I ever have or most likely ever shall pass. My friendship for Dudley Stuart has consolidated itself into one that nothing can ever alter. I feel for him more and more affection and an interest that, were he my brother, would be extraordinary. With L^y Compton also I formed a friendship that is very agreable, and I hope will be very lasting. She has an excellent understanding, wonderful knowledge, and a kind, warm heart, but she has twists and fancies. I hope never to offend or wound any of these twists, as I really value her friendship even more highly than her society—agreable, lively and instructive as I think it, because

[1] Hon. Thomas Seymour Bathurst (1793–1834), third son of Henry, third Earl Bathurst ; a soldier by profession.

I am convinced she is sincere and affectionate—two great and rare qualities.

My friendship with Alfred is a warm one, but quite different from any I feel or ever have felt for anybody else. I admire some of his qualities and talents, and think he is by nature good-hearted and full of many estimable feelings and impulses; but vanity, vanity with a good deal of false exaggerated pride, have so disfigured his character that they have turned his merits almost into defects. Besides, the fatal liaison with such a woman as L^y^ Blessington is calculated to do him a terrible deal of harm, living as he does the solitary life of an idol incensed by flattery all day long.

The next day, Dec. 13, was damp and rainy, and I arrived at 2 o'clock at Rome. Found the inns full, and went to Boschello Gellio, which Sir W^m^ in the most friendly way has lent me. I found Rome rather triste at first, but soon got to like it as much as ever. I dined almost every day at first with the Comptons. I found M. and M^e^ S^t^ Aulaire,[1] the Dawsons, Mrs Herbert, L^y^ Vincent, L^y^ Paul, L^y^ Bute, established.

I shall in future resume my old habits and keep a regular journal, as I know recollections of this period of my life will be most agreable to me hereafter when in the gloom and misery of England. I found Dudley very happy, as indeed he ought to be, having broken through all that made him wretched. I went to see M^e^ la P^sse^ and Paul one morning. I like her extremely; she seems really to love him.

22 Dec. Drove out to Westmacott, who is doing Miss Bathurst's tomb.[2] Mrs B. wished to have her figure flying up to Heaven and Mr B. seated on a cloud to receive her. She added in a postscript that Mr B. resembled the *Antinous*. I dined at Torlonia's at 4 o'clock, met M. Kerbeyheller, formerly Austrian Minister here. He is said to be 92 and resembles Potier[3] in *Le ci-devant jeune homme*. From thence I went to

[1] (1778–1854), French Ambassador in Rome in 1831, and subsequently in Vienna and London, son of Count Joseph St Aulaire. See *ante*, p. 109.

[2] Phillida, daughter of Sir John Call, married Benjamin Bathurst, a diplomatist. Her husband completely disappeared in 1809, and her daughter Rosa was subsequently drowned in the Tiber.

[3] Charles Potier (1775–1838), French actor.

T. G., with whom I have had a most violent quarrel. Afterwards I went to Torlonia's assembly, which was crowded and dull.[1] The D^ss^ of Lucca[2] is really lovely; just what a P^ss^ should be. In the morning I had a letter from Charles which made me both laugh and feel angry, as he has the art of always saying everything in the most disagreable manner; and another ridiculous letter from Gell full of his nonsense, but to my surprize showing more courage than I thought he possessed in abusing that horrid old wretch the Abbé Campbell.

23 *Dec.* Horrid day. Drove to S^t^ Peter's, where all the preparations are making for the ceremony of closing the Holy Door tomorrow. I was much struck with the picturesque and even graceful appearance of some groups of pilgrims. The whole church was full. It is quite astonishing to see the hosts of them that arrive every day. There is certainly something very imposing and awful in the Catholick religion.[3] I was surprized to find myself kneeling at one of the altars to the mock representation of an enthusiast or an impostor that was crucified 1800 years ago; and though no one more heartily despises the mummeries and contradictions of the Xtian religion than myself, yet I feel its ceremonies and its churches inspire me with an idea of a Divine Presence and of an immediate connexion with the Benevolent and Omnipotent Being that has placed us here, which elevates my thoughts, makes me reflect on my own insignificance, on the transitory enjoyments of this world, and on the possibility (shall I say hope or fear?) of another existence. There is something cold

[1] Giovanni Torlonia, Duca de Bracciano, the well-known banker, who died in 1829.

[2] Maria Theresa, daughter of Victor Emmanuel I, King of Sardinia, married, in 1820, Prince Charles of Parma, who after his mother the Queen of Etruria's death in 1824, succeeded to the Duchy of Lucca.

[3] It may be interesting to compare Charles Greville's remarks on Allen's religious beliefs (*Journal of Queen Victoria's Reign*, ii. 153) with the succeeding paragraph of the *Journal*. "Though not, I think, feeling quite certain on the point, he was inclined to believe that the history of Jesus Christ was altogether fabulous or mythical, and that no such man had ever existed. He told me that he could not get over the total silence of Josephus as to the existence and history of Christ." Fox's doubts sprang from a different base; but the very fact that he hesitated to accept the fundamental principle of the Christian religion shows to what an extent Allen's scepticism had caught hold of his imagination.

and even ridiculous to me in the Protestant worship. I never felt but more strengthened against faith from every one of the few visits I have made to English churches. On the contrary I find the Catholic service involved in a mystery and solemnity that hides the want of solidity of its foundation and leaves the imagination at work.

I went all over the statue part of the Vatican, admired very much the *Philosopher* in the Braccio room, which is worthy of being a pendant to the *Aristides* at Naples. Went to see T. G.; found her still in bed but better. Dined with L^{y} Bute, only the family. Sandon is amiable and agreable. L^{y} Bute's manner is peculiar and at last wins one. I feel myself growing to like her better than I did before.

To keep a regular journal I have found quite impossible. My life has been too much occupied to allow even the time to write. I had a regular fit of the gout, which kept me some days in bed and prevented my enjoying society, but otherwise all the time of my séjour at Rome has been delightful. It is one of those epochs of my life, upon which I shall look back with so much pleasure as to be almost painful. I never can be so happy again.

Six months have elapsed since I have ceased keeping this diary, and I now take up my pen to give a rapid sketch of a time that has been productive of so many important events in my life. I remained at Rome till the 20th of February, living chiefly with the Comptons and Dawsons at dinner and in the evening, passing the day with Dudley, and the nights with T. G. I went much to P^{ce} Montfort's, and there saw M^{e} de Survilliers and her daughter.[1] The latter is clever and agreable, but dreadfully ugly and a little malicious. She took a fancy to me, and I received to my surprize a sort of formal proposal through the means of that foolish beauty, Mrs Bryant. My friendship for L^{y} Compton increased every day. She either believed, or pretended to believe, that I only liked her for her sister's sake, which was

[1] Joseph Bonaparte took the name of Comte de Survilliers after Waterloo. His wife was Marie Julie Clary (1777–1845), sister to Madame Bernadotte. They had two daughters, both of whom married Bonapartes (see p. 323).

quite an error. I like her much better than her sister, to whose merits I am quite blind.

The Carnival was gay, and I was much diverted at Torlonia's and Mrs Stanley's ball. Luttrell came on his way to Naples and was very agreable. Dawson too I like extremely; he is rather too scandalous, but otherwise I think him very agreable, and I am sure he has a good heart. All that damped my pleasure were the letters I got from home, or at least from Paris. I am doomed never to be happy with my family. As matters stand it is impossible. Those letters, and L^y^ Compton's error, and the advances of the little ugly P^ss^, and feeling bored with my liaison, determined me to quit Rome, which after much regret I did and have not had a happy day since. I feel I behaved rather ill to T. G., but I do not think she will suffer more than a little momentary vexation and mortification. I had strange scenes with —— (*sic*) in the Villa Albani and Quirinal Gardens. She is a strange woman, but I like her prodigiously. I think the strength of her imagination runs away with everything else. She knows a great deal, but does not know the world. She never will believe people to be made up of good and bad qualities; she deems every one an angel or a devil, and imputes motives bad or good to actions and words that are in themselves really only accidental or indifferent.

Just before I was making preparations for quitting Rome on the following day, I got a letter from my father desiring me, if I could, to see the P^ce^ of the Peace[1] before I went. Glad of any excuse to protract my stay and glad of an opportunity of so easily doing anything my father wished, and also not sorry to see a man who merely on account of his good looks had so long swayed the destinies of a great empire, I had an interview with him on the morning of the day I left Rome. He received me very civilly. He has lost all he ever had of good looks, and his appearance is now vulgar and mean. He talks French very ill and with great difficulty. His vanity seems exuberant. In the

[1] Manuel de Godoy, Duke of Alcudia (1767–1851), called "Prince of the Peace," from his hand in settling peace with France in 1795. Favourite of Charles IV and the Queen of Spain, whom he followed to Rome, where he remained from 1808 until their deaths. He then removed to Paris, quite ruined in circumstances.

short time I was with him he could not give it full vent, but however he told me that Napoleon had confessed to him that he was the only man he had ever *feared* or thought able to compete with him. Perhaps Napoleon did say so, but it required all the vanity of a Spaniard to believe he spoke sincerely.

I went one day with Sandon and Dudley to see Italinsky, the Russian Ambassador.[1] He was very agreable. He sits under a picture of my mother, with whom he was desperately smitten some years ago and to whom he continues so faithful that he has had the picture travel with him to all his various missions, Constantinople, &c., &c. He is very learned in Oriental languages and literature.

One, indeed the greatest, pleasure I had at Rome was living so much in the society of Dudley, and having it in my power to be useful to him in fifty little ways. It is impossible to say what I feel for him. I hardly know the sacrifice I would not make to contribute the least to his welfare. I am confident too that his affection for me is as lasting as it is strong. He is the only person I know to whom I can talk quite openly upon every subject. He understands me and shares in my joys or my sorrows. His attachment to Christine is likely to make the happiness of his life, and though I have sometimes doubted whether she is really worthy of such devotion, I begin to be convinced she is, and that she values him as he ought to be valued.

My life at Rome was extremely pleasant, and I never can look back to any other part of my existence with more, or indeed so much, satisfaction. There was quite enough society to make it agreable to me without its being a labour or fatigue, and there were many people with whom I was very intimate—Dudley, Comptons, Dawsons. The parties and balls at Laval's and Torlonia's were large, and frequent enough to make one live always in the same round of people, and, from the few English worth knowing, we

[1] Italinski, then Secretary of Legation at Naples, had been an ardent admirer of Lady Holland, when still the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster. He was born in 1740. The picture in question, painted for him by Robert Fagan, an amateur portrait painter and later British Consul-General for Sicily and the Ionian Isles, is now at Holland House. Henry Fox was able to buy it for his father in Rome in 1828, from Prince Gargarin, who succeeded Italinski as Russian envoy in 1827, to whom it had passed after the latter's death in that year.

saw more of the foreigners and natives than we otherwise should. Lady Compton was amazingly kind to me, and tried all she could to alleviate my sufferings, which both bodily and mental were very great. Those strange attacks at my heart are very likely of no consequence, but are so painful and so frightful that it is impossible not to feel great alarm at the time, and the uncertainty of all medical knowledge makes me distrust all the consolation doctors are so willing to give and of course are charitable enough to bestow, when they know if they told the truth no caution of the patient could save him from an impending death.

Just before I left Rome I wrote a letter to Mrs Villiers to put an end to all future correspondence, and to break off completely with her daughter, because, as I began to see a prospect of my return to England, I was willing to go there unshackled and free, that I might ascertain whether Theresa really cared for me or not, and that I might ascertain this from *herself* and not from her mother. I wrote this from Rome, in order that she should not imagine I did it in consequence of my family having exacted it on my arrival at Paris, and also I did it that I might have some opportunity of seeing how Mrs V. and her daughter would take such a step of mine. At last I left Rome. I felt I was going to annoyance and sorrow, and my presentiment was not wrong.

On Monday the 6th of March I arrived at Paris at 2 o'clock, and saw all my family, who were established in the Rue la Grange Batelière, No. 1, in a dark, dirty, dull house. I had not been ten minutes in the house before I was told that I was a member of the H^se^ of Commons—bongré, malgré.[1] I was surprized and annoyed. I seldom passed any time more disagreably than I did the first month at Paris, falling back into all my childish habits of subjection and dependence. The little intrigues and plots that always have and must go on in absolute government, and all the annoyance of being restored to these after nearly

[1] During the latter months of 1825 Holland had written to his son on more than one occasion urging him to enter some profession rather than to remain idle for ever. Henry agreed, but announced his decided preference for a diplomatic career, and showed no enthusiasm for the political one which his father hinted that he would like him to adopt. A seat, however, fell vacant at Horsham, a pocket borough belonging to the Duke of Norfolk. The latter offered it to Holland, who accepted it without waiting for his son's consent.

two years' freedom, besides hearing all the old prejudices and prevarications only strengthened by time and indulgence, made me very melancholy. My sister, too, in whose society I used to take so much pleasure, was not as I left her. Success and admiration had not turned her head, but had made her feel less the *besoin* of a friend, and her understanding has been narrowed and prejudiced by the perpetual repetition of the same assertions from those she ought and must respect. Her mind is not so improved as it bid fair to be, and I feel annoyed and hurt at the disappointment which I own I did not expect. However she still has a kind and affectionate heart and loves me tenderly, but she does not understand me as I thought she did, and takes the cruel line of supposing that when I feel differently from her and my family that I am insincere and affected. My situation with them was painful, and I felt no pleasure in the society of anyone else at Paris, L^{y} Grantham and Townshend not excepted. The former has no sense ; the latter not a grain of feeling. My aunts were my chief comforts. There are few people so kind as Miss Fox ; her heart is perfect, her understanding admirable, and her affections so strong that they become enthusiasms. Her judgment is sometimes defective, because she has more heart than head and tries to believe what she wishes, which makes her blind to the faults of those she loves and makes her attribute even their bad actions to good or mistaken motives. Though Miss Vernon is full of prejudice, her understanding is so good naturally that it breaks through those prejudices, and in spite of herself she cannot help seeing the truth.

My mother collected about her some of the most agreable people in Paris, and made her house (as she always does) agreable to herself ; but I thought it tiresome and formal. The restraint she imposes upon her own family by the caprice of her temper, and the fretfulness and contempt she shews at the slightest difference of opinion, drives me to silence in society when she is present ; and the exclusiveness of the topicks she allows to be discussed before her makes it altogether very dull and subject to eternal repetitions. My father soon fell ill with the gout, and so did I ; and I then was tormented with a boil on my neck and seldom endured more pain. What chiefly interested me were dear Dudley's and Lady Compton's letters. All I

liked at Paris were the theatres. Mlle Mars acted often and well. Talma in *Charles VI* was admirable, and the little theatres are always droll. I don't know why, but the selfishness, vanity and frivolity, mixed with falsehood and affectation, of refined society disgusted me more than I thought possible. It struck me more than ever, as I have so long lived out of it and with people so totally unlike any of its component parts. Dudley is simplicity and truth itself, and Ly Compton, whatever her defects may be, cannot be called either false or frivolous. I am getting sadly misanthropical, and I hope, when once I have carried the great object of my life, that I shall be able to retire from the world and live completely in the society of a few people whose minds are more elevated and whose hearts are less artificial than those of the generality of what is called the world, either in Paris or London.

The Bedfords, Granthams, Stanleys, Sneyd, Townshend and Granvilles, were the English of whom I saw most, besides those who happened to pass through Paris, as the Dawsons, Ld Normanby, and Pauls. Paris was beginning to break up, at least as to gaieties. I went to few French houses, except Me Juste de Noailles', Girardin's, Talleyrand's. My brother came without his wife for a month to Paris, and was very amiable and agreable, though for his own sake I regretted his coming, as he has no more prudence or foresight than a boy of 18. Sydney Smith came for a fortnight. He had never been before, and was delighted and surprized with the people and the place. He was very witty and amusing, and though not master enough of the language to give full vent to all his pleasantry, he talked it sufficiently to enjoy conversation and to be a prominent person.

I went with my mother one day to see Vincennes, where there is but little to see except the spot where the Duc d'Enghien was shot, and a frightful monument they have erected to his memory. Another day we went to Versailles, and walked through the apartments of gloomy magnificence in which there is nothing to see. It is melancholy to see the apartments of the late Queen, where she must have passed such dreadful hours of alarm and suspense. It is often called false philosophy, when one expresses more pity for a person who from an elevated situation has fallen into misfortune than for one who was not so high in rank and in station; yet it seems to me but fair and

natural, as their loss is greater and in general less probable. However thoughtless and full of vanity Marie Antoinette may have been, it is impossible not to feel the greatest pity for her subsequent misfortunes, though she certainly in some degree brought them on herself.

Politicks now are at a standstill almost. The priests and Jesuits are making rapid strides towards gaining all the power they had before the Revolution, and they are greatly aided by the passive superstition and bigotry of Charles X. It is extraordinary to hear how in all circles, even in those of the court and among those naturally disposed to be royalists, the King is talked of with contempt and indifference and as a complete cypher in the hands of the priests that surround him. The country is prosperous and rich, and both capable and anxious to undertake some war in order to try to recover some portion at least of their tarnished glory. I went on Sunday evening to Villèle's reception in the handsome establishment for the ministers in the Rue de Rivoli. It was a curious spectacle, and resembled the theatrical exhibitions of court baseness and intrigue. Villèle is a thin, melancholy, mean-looking man; he talks through his nose and in a plaintive tone. Perhaps he has talent, but he has no appearance of it in his exterior.

My father at last insisted upon my going to England, though both he and my mother were anxious not to let me go there; but the clamour his friends made about my absence from Parliament and the perfect indifference I shewed, made him very desirous that I should at least take my seat. On Tuesday, therefore, the 23^{d}, I set off. It is now nearly two years since I left England, and though I am far from professing a *Joseph-like* constancy to Theresa Villiers, my affections towards her are the same. I feel she is the person most calculated to make me happy. There are, however, great obstacles to our marriage. Her family, I own, I do not like as I should wish to love the family of my wife. Her mother is a woman of a good deal of talent, but she is not a person in whose sincerity I have much reliance, and during the whole of the time I have been abroad my correspondence with her has not contributed to make me feel more confidence in her than I did before. I never could quite ascertain her feelings towards me, whether she did or did not care about me.

I do not think she liked anyone else better, but I do not think she was personally fond of me, or if indeed she was more than indifferent she concealed it *too well.*

For the first two days I was in London I only saw her for an instant at the Opera-house. I determined not to call, as I wished to see *her* and not her mother. On the third day I was taken ill, and remained confined to Hertford Street, and then to my room at H^{d} H^{se}, for eighteen days, during which time Dudley and *his wife* ! ! ! arrived from Florence. His happiness gave me great pleasure but some anxiety. However I think he is so deeply attached that it is likely to last, though there are many dangers to incur.

On Friday, the 16th June, I went to a party at Lady Tankerville's, where notwithstanding the disapproving looks of my parents I had a little conversation with her. On the 21st I met her at Almack's, and the following day I went to a party at her mother's, where we came to an explanation. The next day I went to a ball at Mrs Ross's, which was delightful, but on my return I found a letter from my father, which I answered[1]; and then after a week of misery and annoyance, in which, however, I had some very happy hours with her, and in which dear Dudley proved himself a real and affectionate friend, it was all arranged for me to leave England a second time, which after much negotiation was settled.

I took leave of Theresa on the 3^{d} of July, and slept that night at Rochester. God knows how this business will end. I should have no doubt, if I were convinced she really loved me, but I have sad doubts ; and even her strong professions of loving me make me doubt still more. I passed one endless day with Charles at Dover, and did not get to Paris till the 7th. I staid there three weeks in the Hotel d'Artois, dining almost every day with the Granvilles,[2] where the Carlisles were staying, and going to some theatre or other. Clanwilliam was my greatest friend, and I grew to like him extremely, as I did Cradock[3]

[1] These letters do not appear in the correspondence between Lord Holland and his son, and may therefore have been destroyed.

[2] Lord Granville was British Ambassador in Paris, 1824–27.

[3] See *ante*, p. 80. He was on the Embassy staff in Paris at this time. Henry Fox, writing to his mother in the previous December, said of him : " Tell me of Cradock. Do you like him ? I am sure I should not, from

also, though I had determined not. He is so civil and so obliging that he wins even his foes. I staid at Paris to have my picture done and to receive hers from England, in both of which I was very fortunate. M^lle Sontag [1] and " the Monster " were the rage at Paris. For the first time in my life I indulged a latent passion I have for play, and which I have always hitherto restrained. But my lonely and melancholy situation at Paris drove me to it, and had I staid there I have no doubt I should have continued. But I left Paris on the 1st of August, and arrived at Lausanne after a broiling journey of three days and two nights on Friday the 4th at 10 o'clock.

I staid at Lausanne till the 28th of September, keeping house with Denison and Labouchere, and dining almost every day at Lady Bute's. I made several expeditions to Vevey to see L^y Westmorland,[2] and to Geneva. Nothing very remarkable occurred during the whole time. The correspondence I had with England was very disagreable in *every* way : but most of all her letters, which were far from driving away all the suspicions they had created. The mother wrote a letter just like herself, which strengthened my intention of going to *Venice* and Rome. I like Denison very much and Labouchere very well. I stopped two days at Milan, which I chiefly spent with Lady Westmorland, who was agitating her own mind and that of all the constituted authorities most unnecessarily about lascia passares (*sic*), which

all I hear of his extreme affectation and vanity about women. I have heard much praise and much abuse of him, and am curious to be acquainted with him. Tell me what you think. His satire against you gave me a bad impression of him ; it is violent, malicious and quite unmerited, as you never could have offended him. However, I believe he heartily repented, and was much annoyed and ashamed of Lord Dudley (J. W. Ward), who went about shewing and praising it as the best thing of the day, merely because Rogers writhed under it. I rather hope you are not fond of him or great friends with him, as L^d Dudley told him you would be. ' There is no passport so sure to L^y Holland's heart as having abused her,' said he."

[1] Fox wrote to Miss Fox on July 24 : " M^lle Sontag, the Berlin singer, is reckoned, and certainly is, very like Theresa Villiers, but she is a dull likeness of a lively face. She sings wonderfully, is only eighteen, and has the most graceful and ladylike manners I ever saw, quite without effort or acting."

[2] Jane, daughter of R. H. Saunders, M.D., and second wife of John, tenth Earl of Westmorland, whom she married in 1800. She died in 1857.

she demanded as a right, considering herself too great a personage to sanction with her example the usual bribes bestowed on all douaniers throughout the Continent.

L^y W.'s character would take pages to illustrate. I have seen much of her lately ; and her wonderful talents and brilliant conversation make it impossible for me not to have pleasure in her society, notwithstanding the very extraordinary absurdities of her conduct. She is perhaps not mad, but no body ever approached so near it with so much reason. She has fine and generous impulses, which are almost always either perverted or entirely overwhelmed by the exuberant vanity, violent temper, suspicious distrust, or ungovernable annoyance, that obscure the better feelings of her heart. It is the same with her head. Sometimes she has very just views of people's characters and actions, but when they in any way can be made to have the slightest reference to her, or when she is the least blinded by one of her vague suspicions, she instantly forgets all her former observations, and only sees them as her enemies or her friends' enemy, or her enemy's friend : for she divides the world into two classes—her friends and her enemies, which supply in her vocabulary the words, good and bad. Her way of life is most extraordinary and eccentric. She entirely forgets hours and time, nor has she any mercy on the time of others. The inconsistencies in her character are endless ; and one might draw it up in perpetual antithesis. She has the greatest kindness and is capable of the greatest sacrifice for those she at the time is interested about : yet she has no feeling or permanent affection for any one, not even her children. She has the nicest observation and sees the minutest trait of character, yet she mistakes most of the people she knows and imputes false notions to their actions.

CHAPTER VI

1827

At this point Fox's journal comes to an abrupt conclusion; and as no volume can be found dealing with the end of 1826 or the early part of 1827, we are forced to the conclusion that he did not resume his daily chronicle for over a year. It will be desirable, therefore, to fill in the gap by shortly narrating the incidents of that period.

The letter from his father, of which Fox speaks on p. 227, evidently raised strong objections to the young man's marriage to Miss Villiers; and it was decided, as we have seen, that he should again go abroad. This he did in a very despondent frame of mind. He still, it is true, retained a hope, as he wrote to his aunt, Miss Fox, to whom he was accustomed to pour out the secrets of his heart, that his parents' desire to see him established in politics might overcome their reluctance to the match. All hope was not lost, he said, till his father called for his retirement from Parliament. Nor was he mistaken. His refusal to return home without the Hollands' consent to his marriage, and their fears of the effect on his health of a prolonged stay in Italy, had their effect. By November they gave a most reluctant acquiescence, reiterating in plain language the innumerable difficulties which Henry would have to face if he persisted. What may have been the nature of his correspondence with the young lady at this time we do not know. That doubts existed in his mind as to the degree of warmth of her affection we have already seen. In any case, in December, he made up his mind to break off the match. He was then living in Rome, and at the New Year, without any previous communication on the subject to his father, he wrote to the Duke of Norfolk resigning his borough of Horsham, for which he had never taken his seat. Two months later the Hollands received a further surprise. A

letter arrived asking their consent to his engagement to a young Polish lady, M^lle Natalie Potocka, with whom he had been only acquainted a few weeks. The new object of his affections lived with her mother, M^e de Wonsovicz, who had divorced or been divorced from her first husband, Count Alexandre Potocki. M^lle Natalie was all that was charming and delightful and, as there was no objection on the score of high birth, the Hollands raised none. But the young lady fell ill, was long in making up her mind, and finally in August at Genoa definitely refused to accept Henry as her husband.

The Journal recommences on October 1, 1827, at Leghorn. Fox was passing through en route for Elba. He was accompanied by Edward Cheney (1803–84), second son of General Robert Cheney and Harriet, daughter of Ralph Carr, of Dunston Hill, co. Durham. The chance meeting of the two men in Genoa shortly before laid the foundations of a lifelong friendship. The Cheneys hailed from Shropshire, and Edward succeeded to the family property, Badger Hall, on the death of his elder brother Henry in 1866. Their father would appear to have been already dead, and the whole family were living in Italy at this time.

October 3, 1827. *Porto Ferraio, Elba.* Seeing this island makes me feel more convinced of Napoleon's admirable judgment in selecting a spot so well calculated for the fulfilment of his designs. But it seems extraordinary that men calling themselves statesmen should for an instant suppose that he would not profit by all the vast advantages the position of this island afforded him. Supposing, however, he had been both willing and permitted to remain, it is difficult to find a retirement more agreable and even luxurious than this island would soon have become, had he had time and money to realize the plans he had formed for its improvement. The sailors who brought us over were Elbans and warm Napoleonists. He seems while here to have courted popularity very assiduously. He gave public balls, and attended them himself with all his family. Perhaps he thought it a good apprenticeship for acting the republican sovereign he was hereafter to be in France.

Thursday, Oct. 4. We went out to see Napoleon's house and to walk about the town. The house is small and inconvenient. All the furniture which he used there is gone—hardly a vestige remains of anything that was there in his time. The apartments he occupied are on the ground-floor, small and low. Above stairs there is one handsome room, in which he used to receive his court and of which he made use on all occasions of representation. Rarely, I should think, would such occasions necessarily occur. The suite adjoining the great room was allotted to Pauline. In the garden he passed most part of his day, watching with the telescope for the arrival of every ship. The Stella fortress contains the house in which G[l] Drouot lived. The other fortress is only to be seen by means of a special permission from the G[t]. Near it is a building, which was once a church, till desecrated by the French and subsequently turned into a theatre by Napoleon during his reign in the island.

There is no inscription or memorial of Napoleon's romantic residence here throughout the island. The only one he erected was over the gate of La Stella, where he placed his bust with an inscription, but the ludicrous and ill-judged envy of the Tuscan G[t] on their return, instantly removed it—why I cannot conceive. His having been Emperor of this island is no way a stain upon them, further than his not being a legitimate sovereign and having acquired a crown by talent and military prowess instead of quietly obtaining it by descent. The house where Madame Mère lived is near Napoleon's ; it is small and low.

Sunday, Oct. 7. In the middle of the day I sallied forth on a tumble-down pony to see Napoleon's country house at San Martino. The road, as far as one can go upon the high road that leads to Rio, is tolerably good. After one turns off, it has been left to the mercy of the rains and never repaired. The country is not pretty, and the road generally either traverses or edges a salt marsh. My guide showed me a rock on the side of the road soon after leaving the Rio road, upon which for two days following the Emperor, when taking his daily ride to S. Martino, observed a beggar standing, who by his appearance he rightly judged to be a foreigner. Each time he gave him a five-franc piece. On the third day he ordered his instant arrestation. There were found two pistols concealed in his sleeves and

several long knives about him. He was accused and instantly owned his intention of assassinating Napoleon, and of having been sent from Corsica for that purpose. He was, it is supposed, shot at S. Martino, for he never was heard of or seen afterwards. Lorenzini (a clever surgeon who attends Edward) told me this story with exactly the same details, but with much greater caution, as he previously watched the little boy of the inn out of the room before he could venture to pronounce the awful name of Napoleon. Lorenzini is a skilful surgeon and a well-educated man. He was here at the time of Napoleon's G^{t} and attended M^{e} Bertrand in her confinement. He told me a story of her despair for the death of her infant, by an accidental mistake in administering laudanum instead of the intended medicine. My guide gave me an account of Napoleon's landing here from France. Crowds were on the beach. The Emperor himself in a small boat rowed about the harbour, in doubt where first to land to avoid the press of the crowd. At length he made to a place that seemed less peopled than any other. Some of the zealous brought from the church the canopy usually held over the priest when carrying the Host. Napoleon would not land till they had taken this back to the church, and when he had disembarked, he walked straight to the cathedral to offer up a prayer for his safe arrival—perhaps also one for his speedy departure.

There is nothing to see in the country house, which is miserably small and contains no one good room. Except for two marble chimney-pieces, some few fresco paintings in one room of Egyptian antiquities and scampering Mamelukes, and the busts of the P^{ss} of Piombino and her husband,[1] there does not remain a vestige of its former inhabitant. The view from it is pretty, and with a little care and much planting the immediate neighbourhood might be rendered cheerful.

Oct. 16. *Marciano.* We wished to go to the Hermitage on the side of the mountain, where Napoleon passed fifteen days with a lady and child, who landed mysteriously at Marciano to see him and whom the people here believed to be the Empress,

[1] Maria Anna Eliza Bonaparte (1777–1820), Napoleon's eldest sister, who married Felix Pascal Baciocchi, an infantry Captain. Napoleon gave her the principality of Piombino and Lucca, and in 1809 made her Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

unacquainted as they were with the perfect indifference and heartless neglect she took every occasion to display towards him the moment he was approached by calamity.

Monday, October 22. Florence. We lodged at the Pelicoro, all other inns being full. I found a heap of letters, but no news. After dinner I went to see the Normanbys but found them out: and then to the Blessingtons, who have passed the summer here. Their house is prettily situated on the banks of the Arno next to Sneedreff's. The hostess was as usual very Irish and very censorious, vulgar beyond measure, and speaking the vilest French with her native intrepidity. Valdès, a South American Spaniard, who has been sent away by the police of Paris for dabbling in politicks and writing in the papers, was there. He is very handsome.

October 23. We lounged about the town, which is full of the annual flight of English that renders the place odious. I dined with the Blessingtons. L^{d} B. got quite drunk, and said rude things to me about H^{d} H^{se}, which I did not answer, because the correction of a drunkard in his own house seems to me impossible for one of his guests to undertake; and when not drunk he is below contempt.

Oct. 24. I made several morning calls. One on M^{e} Survilliers (wife of Joseph Bonaparte), whose house I had great difficulty in finding, but at last was directed to the house adjoining a well-known louer de chevaux. What a fall for the Majesty of Naples and of Spain to be only discovered by her neighbourhood to a saddler! I was sorry not to find her at home. She is one of the most refined and ladylike of that dynasty. She shews no absurd love for maintaining the forms of a station she once held, now that the real advantages are lost. I dined with the Normanbys. He is only just arrived from England in 13 days. He seems to know but little of the state of parties there, but brought me a long, detailed letter from my father that puts me *au fait*. I met there the Lambtons on their way to Paris. He gave me a droll account of Lady Westmorland asking her maid, in order to ascertain who had called in her absence, whether the visitor was like a fine Murillo. "When the maid said he was, I felt sure it only could be Lambton that had called upon me." L^{d} Dudley is making love to Lady Lyndhurst, a proof they say

he wishes to put a Ward in Chancery. L^y^ Normanby told me this across the dinner-table.

The house the Normanbys have is the Palazzo San Clemente. It is very delightful, with a summer and a winter suite. They are now living in the latter, in the same rooms the Chevalier S^t^ George occupied. The gossip of Florence is the death of Hayter the painter's mistress, whom however he always called Mrs Hayter and had presented as his wife. She had lived with him twelve years and was much attached. His conduct to her was very cruel, and he latterly had threatened to send her to England by steam from Leghorn. She took an ounce of arsenic, but ten minutes after repented and thought by swallowing castor-oil to counteract its effects, but that only confirmed the inevitable necessity of her death. Lambton was in good humour, and seems satisfied with his English prospects. He talked very bigly about the extreme importance of his return to London, as if upon that depended the stability of the present G^t^. In the morning Edward and I went to see the Annunziata, where in the cloister over a door-way is the famous Andrea del Sarto. It is much injured since last year. We went also to Bartolini's studio and met there the Blessingtons. We looked over his busts, some of which are like, and then went to a shed in the garden of the Swedish Minister, near the Porta S^ta^ Croce, where is the statue of Napoleon which was intended for the square at Leghorn. It is by Bartolini also, and is nearly as ill-conceived as it is badly executed, if that is possible. Sometimes the casts he makes are like, but his execution in marble is ever vile—stiff and wooden. Nothing can be more deplorable than his attempts at statues.

Oct. 25. Lambton came to see me in the morning to fish out the contents of my father's letter. Politicians' mysteries seem to me so absurd that I gratified his curiosity, only skipping those parts I was particularly desired not to repeat. We dined at L^d^ Blessington's. Met L^d^ Caledon and M. de la Martine (?) The former looks and seems very heavy. The latter is a poet, a dandy and a diplomat, in about the 3^d^ or 4^th^ classes of each department. I sat next to him at dinner. He abused M^e^ de Cottin's *Matilde* and M^e^ de Staël's *Delphine*. The dinner was dull. The hostess, d'Orsay, and even that besotted idiot L^d^ B., recounted as usual the universal flattery and admiration with which they

were hourly dosed, and scrupled not to assure us how well they deserved what they did receive and more to boot.

Oct. 29. *Pelago.* Before setting off I received a letter from my mother in which she betrays the real state of the Gov^{t},[1] by saying *that the Whigs are not in power,* are looked upon with suspicion, and have little or no patronage. F. Lamb[2] is returned from Spain, hating one half of the world and wishing the other half dead. When a culprit was the other day reprieved, Alvanley said in a whisper, "How shall we break it to Frederick?" Before leaving Florence I met poor Lady L. Lambton in the streets. She is very much annoyed at the state of her husband's health, and fears it will be necessary to return to Naples, much as she wishes and as he thinks it important that he should be in England. He thinks completely upon politicks; it is the subject that entirely engrosses him. He told me the other day a story of the King that shows his desire, not only to exercise all the power he has, but to encroach where he has not. The D. of Devonshire, among the very small pieces of patronage to which the Chamberlainship entitles him, has the right of disposing of apartments at Hampton Court. Soon after his appointment the best there became vacant, and before he could offer them to Mrs Lamb H.M. had given them to Mrs Boehm, on condition she would renounce the £200 a year he gave her some years before. Lambton when last in England was invited from Ascot Races to the Cottage. There he saw L^{d} Dudley, who spoke slightingly of the great office he holds and professed his willingness and even anxiety to give it up.[3] The King was very angry at some scheme of his own for alterations at Windsor being thwarted by L^{d} Carlisle in his capacity of Ranger of the Woods and Forests, but not daring before Canning to shew his ill-humour or the cause of it, he vented in a most childish way his whole Royal indignation against the leader of the band and Sir Andrew Borrard (?) Canning, however, by a little well-timed pleasantry soon contrived to

[1] The Goderich Administration, formed in September.

[2] Hon. Sir Frederick James Lamb (1782–1853), son of first Viscount Melbourne, a distinguished diplomatist. He had been Ambassador in Madrid, 1825–7. He was created Viscount Beauvale 1839, and succeeded as third and last Viscount Melbourne in 1848.

[3] Lord Dudley was Foreign Secretary in the Canning and Goderich Governments.

restore him to good-humour, and seemed to be a perfect master of the art of governing and the still harder art with monarchs of pleasing and amusing him.

March 5. We[1] arrived in Rome about 4. I got a sad little hole in the Europa—new rooms with wet walls and smoky chimneys. Edward went to his mother's, Palazzo Sciarra, where I dined. I received several letters, one from Me Wonsowicz, which seemed an enigma and perhaps was intended for one. After dinner I went to Lady Mary[2]; found only Count Putbus, a Prussian admirer of hers, whose sole merit is being gentlemanlike and unobtrusive. Also little red-faced Roshkelli, who is an empty little dandy. From thence I went to Lady Westmorland. She I found in a pink bonnet, fur cloak, and numberless costly shawls, haranguing her servant at the foot of the steps of her palace (Rospigliosi). She was glad to see me and kind to me as she almost always is. I was amused, however, at the conversation beginning as if I had only left her an hour before, about the respective merits of Dr Jenks and Dr Peebles and the truth or falsehood of the Masque de fer. Her conversation was, as it ever is, brilliant—full of clever and sometimes even sensible observations and illustrations, but without method or consistency. Politicks is the subject on which she is now engrossed; her speculations are wild and fantastic, but her illustrations of character and individuals are amusing. Talking of the hideous Miss Ingram's (?) marriage to Mr Colyar[3] and his love for her, it put her in mind of what Qn Caroline once said to her, "Ah! my dear Madam, when vonce you can fix a crooked pin into your dress it is sure never to tomble out, and when vonce an ogli voman get a lover, she is sure she will never to lose him."

Nov. 7. In the morning I drove out with Edward Cheney; we made some visits, and among the rest one to Hortense, Dsse de St Leu.[4] She received us in the little boudoir at the lodge of

[1] Fox and Edward Cheney.

[2] Lady Mary Deerhurst.

[3] A Roman Catholic gentleman, who resided for many years in Rome.

[4] Hortense de Beauharnais (1783–1837), daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband. She was married to Louis Bonaparte in 1802, but was seldom on good terms with him. They became King and Queen of Holland in 1806, and after her husband's abdication in 1810, she lived in France at St Leu. At the Restoration Louis XVIII gave her the

Villa Paulina where she lived last year. She is looking thinner but well. Her manners are easy and almost familiar; she assumes no royalty airs and is very prévenante to visitors. Her manner reminds me always of M^lle^ Mars, but not in her pleasantest moments. Her articulation is rapid, and her conversation usually frivolous and upon frivolous subjects. She talks of her plays, her romances, her drawings, and dilates much on the charms of her own house, her own society, and her various talents. I was surprized at a little vulgar, parvenue pride about her in enumerating the number of German princes that had been to see her, as I thought she had lived too much and too sadly in the midst of real splendour to care for the false glitter of a few royal names.

Nov. 8. *Thursday.* I moved to my new house, 119 Corso. Received a short letter from Charles from Farming Woods. Drove to S^t^ Peter's alone. Walked about in the church, which I found full of gaping English. One declared to his neighbour that *after all* Guerchino was the only colorist among the Italian painters: and another thought or followed Vasi in being disappointed at the size of the building. From thence I drove with Edward Cheney on the old road to La Storta, and then dined with Mrs Cheney, where I met only M. Griffi, a red-faced, dull Italian. In the evening Edward and I went to see first the Blessingtons and then Lady Mary Deerhurst. The former are discontented with their house, and are very proud of having taken two floors in the Palazzo Negroni, which act of magnificence they think likely to strike the hearers dumb with awe. Lady Mary's was dull, though the conversation was noisy and somewhat *leste.*

Nov. 9. After dinner Edward and I called on Mrs Clephane and her daughter, who are awaiting Lady Compton's arrival in her house. Mrs Clephane is simple, hearty and sincere in her manner. Her pronunciation is a little Scotch, but her language is well chosen and her observations just. She told me one or two stories à propos of Walter Scott with spirit and humour. The story of *Ravenswood* happened in the Dalrymple family.

Duchy of that name and an allowance, but for receiving Napoleon at her house after his second abdication she was turned out of France. She then took up her quarters at Arenenburg in Switzerland, but often passed her time in Bavaria and Italy. Her eldest son died at the age of four, and her third, born in 1808, became the Emperor Napoleon III.

The lover's name was Rutherford. On the wedding night screams were heard from the bed-room. The bridegroom was found nearly strangled, with his shirt torn and weltering on the ground in blood. The bride was sitting up in bed raving mad and died in a few hours. The bridegroom recovered, but never would reveal what happened. It is supposed Rutherford was the aggressor, as he had vowed vengeance on being refused, and the window of the bedroom was open. Scott's mother was a Rutherford, and he got the other version of the story.

Another tale she told of a man riding off from his wife in the middle of the day, saying he should return at night. Return, however, he did not that night, nor next day, nor for days, months, years. His wife put herself in weeds, and all his children mourned for him. Twenty-five years afterwards, when all the family were established at night round the fire on Xmas eve, the widow started on hearing a knock at the outer gate, and exclaimed, "That is my husband's knock!" They all rushed to the door, and there they found him extended on the ground, weltering in his blood; and in a few minutes he expired without speaking. His horse (the same on which he rode away twenty-five years before) was standing by his side, but any further explanation of his mysterious absence was never heard.

Mrs Clephane talked very rationally about Lady Byron, giving her credit for her judicious silence ever since attacks have been levelled at her. Blameable as her silence with regard to her husband's conduct was at first, since malignant attacks have been made upon her, the silence she has preserved is feminine and dignified. I am no admirer of her's, and I believe her to be a very ordinary woman, full of bigoted stiffness and a great mixture of intolerable pride and blue-stocking pretension, but yet I admire the silence she has preserved and the strict retirement in which she has lived.

Nov. 11, *Sunday*. Lady West. cannot bear my liking the Cheneys, and wrote me a note of four pages to upbraid me for leaving last night. I answered her civilly and shortly.

Nov. 12. Lady Westmorland, not content with her letter of yesterday morning, sent me one of fourteen pages, ill reasoned but with clever passages. I answered it drily, severely, and perhaps even rather harshly, as she had taken the opportunity

of abusing most violently all the people for whom I have the greatest affection—Dudley, L^y Compton, E. C., etc., etc. I drove out with E. C. in the cabriolet; we went to the Villa Borghese, the Ponte Molle and the Pincio. On the latter I met Jerôme, and he spoke to me for an instant; he is looking younger than last year. Lady Westmorland called for me exactly at 5 to go to Sir W^m Drummond's invalid dinner. She preserved a strict silence about our correspondence, and talked cheerfully and good-humouredly on indifferent subjects. The idiot Lady Drummond she tried to alarm about Sir W^m's health.

Sir W^m is wonderfully recovered, though his illness has reduced his already thin face and entirely removed his color. He is grown like Voltaire—a likeness that flatters him a good deal. We dined in a small room in the entresol at the Europa. Our party consisted of Dodwell,[1] Mills,[2] D^r Watson, L^y West., and Sir W^m and L^y D. The two first are always particularly odious, but yet the conversation was lively owing to L^y West., who kept it for ever alive. Greece was talked about, and I was amused to hear Dodwell, who, as long as the Greeks were unsuccessful, was uniform in abusing them, now that they have gained an important victory,[3] sings forth their praise and transfers his censure to the conquered Turks. During dinner I insidiously mentioned *Vathek*, in order to give Sir W^m an opportunity of remarking that it was a mistake to suppose that Beckford could write French—an accomplishment he thinks no foreigner but himself has ever been able to attain.

After dinner I talked with him, or rather made him talk, on the origin of languages. He does not believe much in the extreme antiquity of Indian languages or buildings. Sanscrit, he thinks, was never a spoken language, but a sort of conventional cypher. I was struck very much by one thing he said, and perhaps even more to hear it from him, that in all the researches into the remote antiquity of nations there always was a period where tradition stopped; that that period was generally about the same in all countries, and that he cannot doubt some great

[1] Edward Dodwell (1762–1832), archæologist, and collector of Greek vases and statuary. He lived in Italy after 1806.

[2] Sir Charles Mills, of the well-known Villa Mills, on the Palatine Hill.

[3] The battle of Navarino on October 20.

revolution of nature was the cause—why not a *flood*? When Sir W^m^ went to bed, which he does at 8, I went with Lady West. to the Valle, where *Mosè* was acted. I visited Hortense and the D^sse^ Torlonia.

Nov. 13. I dined with Lady Mary and met M. Visconti,[1] Putbus and M. ——, attached to the Austrian Legation. The former is a young antiquarian, who wishes to be thought witty and sprightly. His manners are forward; he is dully flippant, and at his ease before it is well-bred to be so. He told us about Campo Morto, a pestilential place between the sea and Velletri, which is permitted as a refuge for those culprits that prefer dying there of the fever to perishing under the more speedy justice of the executioner. This institution is less wise than the ancient one at the Lago di Nemi, where the priest of a temple (I believe to Hecate) was obliged to be a homicide, and could only be installed subsequent to the murder of his predecessor. Thus without interfering, murderers and ruffians were made to destroy each other. I went in the evening to Mrs Clephane, who was agreable; her view of people's characters is quick and just. She described some very admirably.

Nov. 16. I dined with Mrs Cheney, and met some of her family that are just arrived—humdrum sort of people. After dinner I went to the Blessingtons, who are now established at the Palazzo Negroni, where I found a whist-party. D'Orsay took me aside to ask me to be a witness to his marriage,[2] which is to be hurried up immediately. I was much distressed and could not refuse, much as I lament and disapprove of the proceeding, which seems to me one of the most disgraceful and unfeeling things ever committed. I own I always hoped that something would occur to prevent it. I made an evasive answer to d'Orsay's request, determined either openly to refuse or quietly to avoid compliance.

Nov. 17. In the morning I was annoyed with Alfred's request, and at last I thought the most manly and proper manner was frankly to speak the truth, and to tell him I considered his

[1] Born in Rome early in the century, Visconti became Chief Commissioner of antiquities there in 1856.

[2] To Lady Harriet Gardiner, Lord Blessington's daughter by his first wife.

marriage as ill-calculated to advance his happiness or his credit, and that I begged to decline being present. I put it entirely upon my regard for him, as I did not choose to say the real truth or how abominably I thought he was sacrificing the happiness of a poor child to his own convenience, or rather to the indulgence of his passion for L^y B.

I went out with Edward Cheney. We drove to the Porte Molle by the Porta Angelica. Previous to going out I went to his room, and sat with him and his brother.[1] The latter I do not like; he has a bad temper, a bad constitution, and a great desire to be fine and fastidious, with much natural vulgarity. I suppose he is clever, but his attempts at being refined and fastidious make him more ridiculous than agreable, as he is totally unauthorized by face, figure, fashion or fortune, to give himself airs that are scarcely supportable to those that have some of those claims to be affected. I dined at 5 with Sir W^m Drummond. There was nobody but his wife, his nephew George Stewart, and D^r Watson. Sir W^m was amusing. He talked of Fox and Pitt. The former he scarcely knew; the latter he knew well. In conversation he was, Sir W^m says, rarely brilliant. In latter days, when Canning lived much with him, he attempted to imitate Canning's puns and wit, but he mistook his line and the jokes he made were usually abominably bad. Once Sir W^m heard him turn upon C. Yorke with great vehemence and entirely crush him in a little oration of 20 minutes, in which he so trampled upon him and held him up to such ridicule, that W^m Dundas, one of the most servile of the many servile hangers-on, whispered to Sir W^m, "Well, this really is too much in his own house!"

From Sir W^m's dinner I went to Lady Westmorland's party with E. Cheney. We arrived centuries before the time. People at last came, and I found it woefully dull. Lady W. tried to make people waltz, but could not succeed, she said, in consequence of France having got a Constitution and liberal opinions occupying the minds of the youth instead of dancing employing their feet. On my return I found a very kind note from Alfred, not the least angry with me; but his attempts at reasoning on the subject are quite childish, and he only makes bad worse by professing his connection with Lady B., his indifference to the hapless bride,

[1] His elder brother, Henry Cheney.

and the many advantages of fortune, &c., &c., he hopes to acquire.

Nov. 18. *Sunday.* E. Cheney came to breakfast with me. The day was most delicious, and we drove almost to Frascati; but I was obliged to hasten to dine with the Braccianos[1] at 4. It was a great dinner:—Orsinis, Piombino, L^y^ Drummond, and Sir F. and Lady Hankey. S^r^ F. is going to England from Malta, where he is second-in-command. He is clever; but noisy, vulgar, narrow-minded and hard-hearted. He lamented the victory at Navarino and rejoiced in L^d^ Guilford's death. Nothing could better portray his character. He was ever the creature of Sir T. Maitland,[2] and has worthily followed his footsteps. His wife is a Greek. She is dreadfully fat, and being now with child looks fatter, but she is lovely; her eyes, her teeth, her complexion, are the finest I ever saw almost. The latter I never saw rivalled but by my mother many years ago. I then went to Lady Compton's, who is just returned from England. She is looking very well and is happy, which gives me the greatest pleasure. The savages at Paris have made a great impression there; they were taken to be shown to the *Enfans de France.* The children had previously been informed that they were in the habit of eating little children; and at their sight Mademoiselle screamed, but the D. de Bordeaux was more scientific, and calmly turning round to a courtier, said, "Donnez lui Louis," (meaning one of his playmates), "voyons s'il le mangera." This is the best proof I have heard of his very doubtful legitimacy.

Nov. 19. Edward came to see me, and we walked about the streets till about 4. I then went to Lady C., where I passed two agreable hours talking over our correspondence, etc., etc. I dined with the Blessingtons. Met only Mills. L^y^ B. thought it distinguished to confess aloud, or rather to profess without provocation, her total unbelief in Christianity, to which Mills gave his simpering acquiescence. I am sorry to see that they have made poor Lady Harriet (who was before well educated) listen with childish pleasure to the heartless doctrines and selfish ribaldry of her worthless mother-in-law. I staid till late, as

[1] Giovanni Torlonia (see *ante*, p. 219).

[2] High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles and Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean from 1815 until the date of his death in 1824.

d'Orsay was gone to Fascalda's ball, and L^y^ B. did not like being left alone. At length I got away, and went to pass an hour with Lady C.

Nov. 20. I went to E. Cheney, and we read *Gibbon* together. Afterwards we drove out for a short time, as I dined early at Sir W. Drummond's. When I came there Sir W. was waiting for L^y^ Westmorland with an impatience unbecoming a philosopher, and on her not arriving and his impetuously walking and making his guests follow to the dining-room, his indignation was greatly heightened by finding no dinner ready. We sat down to dinner before L^y^ W. arrived, as she was detained by having to fetch the little learned Santi. L^d^ Seymour,[1] son of the D. of Somerset, was one of the guests. He seems a simple, unaffected, sensible young man; I was rather prepossessed by his manners. He seemed too to have a desire of improving his knowledge, and listened with interest to the learned conversation Lady W. insisted upon starting very *malgré* both the learned men. She wished to prove that Hebrew now spoken in the different nations among the dispersed Jews was still the same as the ancient Hebrew, and that all Jews would understand each other. Sir W. called both her and me ignorant and only asking ignorant questions (we both professed to do so), and insisted that the written Hebrew and the spoken Hebrew were distinct languages. "No, no," said L^y^ W., "that I can not believe. No language can exist without utterance and pronunciation; it is like the affected enthusiasts for music that say reading new music conveys to them the same pleasure as hearing it performed. That little goose, Severn,[2] the painter, says some man painted a picture to the sound of music." "A man might as well say," replied Dodwell, "that he could dance to the taste of a beefsteak." Happy was Sir W^m^ and happy was Santi to have an end put to the learned conversation, in which they both feared to commit themselves, by this piece of happy nonsense. Sir W^m^ Drum-

[1] Edward Adolphus, Lord Seymour (1804–85), eldest son of Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset, whom he succeeded in the titles in 1855.

[2] Joseph Severn (1793–1879). He accompanied Keats to Italy, and remained working there for many years after his companion's death. He returned to England in 1841, but twenty years later became British Consul in Rome (1860–72), and died there.

mond's knowledge, I suspect, consists in discanting on the ignorance of others. He says everybody is mistaken and wrong, but he never supplies the facts he tries to destroy by any theories of his own, and his science seems only to be founded on the mistakes and ignorance of others.

After dinner came in the Duc de Melfort,[1] who is the head of the house of Drummond and a Monsignore. He looks respectable and venerable. Sir W^m^, I thought, dwelt with greater pleasure on the antiquity of his family than on the extent of his learning, when talking to the profound scholar but obscurely-born Santi. This little man is very wonderful for his prodigious instruction; he is quite self-taught, and has the extraordinary merit of having at the age of —— made himself one of the best scholars in his country, checked as he has been by obscurity, poverty and, what perhaps is a still more dangerous foe in this country, prejudice. He is now Hebrew professor, but is also well versed in Latin, Greek, Arabic and Syrian. He has studied the antiquities with attention, and he joins two characters that so rarely are found together, that of the antiquary and the man of genius. I went for half an hour to Laval's with L^d^ Seymour, and then to Lady Compton's.

November 22. Received letters from Mrs Fazakerley, Townshend and my aunt. I dined at Sir W^m^ Drummond's, and met L^y^ Westmorland, Duc de Laval, Lord Seymour, Lord Stormont, Gen^l^ Ramsay. L^y^ W. did all she could to make a general conversation. She first tried politicks; Sir W^m^ said three or four very gauche things to Laval upon the inferiority of the French to the English navy and the wonder of seeing our fleets united. She then tried genealogies, and offended Laval by blaming French or English striving for the honor of foreign titles, à propos of the D. of Hamilton anxious to assert his right to the Dukedom of Chatelherault, but quite forgetting that Laval himself is a Spanish Grandee. She then tried etymology, but she offended Sir W^m^ by her contempt for his remote and uncertain etymologies, and perhaps displeased him by mentioning her own clever one of " brown study " from S^t^ Bruno, the founder of

[1] Charles Edward Drummond, fifth Duc de Melfort and Comte de Lussan, who died in 1840, domestic prelate to the Pope. He claimed the Earldom of Perth, but failed to establish his title.

the meditative Carthusians. Lady W. first sparred with Laval and then with Sir W^m^. The former she is angry with for telling her a story she chose to think improper, of some men bathing in a river seeing on the high road a lady thrown from her horse. One of the gentlemen rushed from the water to extricate her from danger, and when she was recovered, the first thing he said to her was, " Pardonnez-moi, Madame, de n'avoir pas des gants." I went with Lady W. for an hour to her house, and then went to Lady Compton's.

Nov. 24. I dined at Mrs Cheney's; met L^d^ Seymour, L^y^ Westmorland, Mr Hope and the family. It was rather dull, though L^y^ W. talked a good deal and sometimes well. From thence I went to make my first visit to the Prince and Princesse de Montfort since my return. I found them more gracious than I had any right to expect. I asked their opinion of *De Bausset's Mémoires.*[1] They both believe all he says, and praise him very much. All they doubt is the story of Marie Louise at Blois still thinking of joining Napoleon at Fontainebleau. Perhaps, however, it is true; and only they are blinded by the subsequent misconduct and heartlessness of the Empress. A woman so weak as she seems to be may have been guilty of frequent vacillations, and de Bausset may have seen her during one of them in favour of her duty. Jerôme told me he *knew* beyond any doubt the details of M. Neipperg's first success with Marie Louise; that it is totally false she had ever seen him before her marriage; that he was introduced by Schwarzenberg to her at Paris; that they hardly saw each other; and that it was only at the Congress of Vienna that her mother-in-law by the assistance of her *confessor*!!! contrived to ease her conscience and forced her to yield to Neipperg, which she did at first unwillingly, by actually being shut up in the room with him.

Nov. 26. From England I received two long letters from my father, very amiable, but about politicks—rather rigmaroles. Though actually *snowing*, I went to E. Cheney and read *Gibbon*. I wrote to my father. M^e^ Wonsowicz also has written me a humbugging sort of letter, which I shall answer, but not tell of. I much repent of having talked so openly to those more imprudent and less interested than myself. I dined with Lady W. tête-à-tête,

[1] *Mémoires de l'Interieur du Palais Impérial*, 1805–14.

G. F. Watts pinxit

JERÔME BONAPARTE, PRINCE DE MONTFORT

and went to Torlonia's ball—full of English and very dull.

Nov. 28. With Mauri I began *Ariosto*. E. Cheney came to me. Alfred d'Orsay and L^d^ Seymour visited me. I drove for half an hour with Lady Compton, and dined at L^y^ Mary's, where I met Petre, Ward, Dodwell and Putbus. Yesterday the thermometer was at 4 below zero. Dodwell remembers snow lying for eight days in the streets of Rome during the severe winter of the famous Russian campaign. To-night there is a great ball at the Doria Palace for the bride, the D^sse^ d'Arsoli, who is a sort of demi-royalty of the house of Carignan.[1] I did not feel well enough to encounter the bitter cold of the passages and staircases.

Thursday, Nov. 29. I called on Howick, who is ill. He thinks the Ministry will go out on account of the victory—a strange reason to fall, but a glorious one. His wish was father to the thought. The elder Cheney took me to dinner at the Comptons. Milord disputatious about trifles beyond precedent; rather dull. Then to Lady Westmorland's. I found to my surprize a great party for the bride; Miss d'Este and L^y^ C. Powlett. The former is handsome, the latter clever; and both have the pretension of having pretty feet. L^y^ W., to give full scope to the pretension, forced people rather unwillingly to dance; broke up all conversation and spoilt her party, which otherwise might have been pleasant. I wrote in the morning a cold, indifferent letter to M^e^ Wonsowicz.

Sunday, Dec. 2. After being annoyed by some notes, I went to E. C., where instead of reading with him, I sat for some hours for my picture to his mother. We then drove together to S^t^ Peter's by the Porta Angelica. He told me that when the present Pope was Cardinal Vicario, being very anxious to break the liaison between the P^ss^ D . . . and Cardinal B . . ., he took occasion, when about to administer the wafer at one of the fashionable churches in the Corso, to make a most solemn invitation, concluding by a sort of prayer, that should any of those about to take be leading an unholy or immoral life he hoped their hearts might be smitten or his ignorance enlightened. He then proceeded in the ceremony, but at the moment when he came to place the wafer in P^ss^ D . . .'s mouth she was seized with a shudder and allowed the holy bread to fall upon the ground.

[1] Eldest son of Prince Massimo (see p. 291).

She was seized with convulsions, shed torrents of tears, and was obliged to be carried out of the church. I walked till late in S^{t} Peter's, where I met Lady Compton and her sister, with whom I went home. I dined with Lady Mary; met only Ward, E. Cheney, and passed the evening at Lady C., where was only H. Cheney and his brother.

Thursday, Dec. 6. I dined tête-à-tête with Lady Compton, L^{d} C. being gone to G^{l} Ramsay's to dine. From thence I went to Torlonia's, where I met Lady Westmorland. She was looking ill, but there is something so ladylike in her manner and so winning in her voice and in the appearance of kindness she shows, that steeled as I was against her from a variety of ill-natured things she said about me, I could not feel animosity against one so winning and so clever. Her tongue is most censorious even against those she pretends to love, and there is nothing she will not say and do to provoke those she likes, if they displease her in the slightest thing. Miss d'Este looked handsome; she is lively and amiable. I staid till every one was gone with Lady West. and Miss d'Este.[1] It had been full of the very ugliest, most vulgar country-town set of English I ever saw.

Saturday, Dec. 8. With the Cheneys I went to see Torwaldsen, in his own house. He has some tolerable modern pictures—a beautiful sketch of Cardinal Consalvi by Lawrence, and some spirited drawings in water-colour by a German of the name of Koch, who died early. They are taken from Dante, and are full of imagination and genius. Torwaldsen himself has a fine face and a good expression; he is heavy in conversation, but not petulant and sarcastic like most of the fraternity of artists. He has made a small collection of Etruscan vases, some of them very beautiful.

I drove about with E. Cheney to the Borghese. It was a cold, sunless day, and we returned home early. I wrote to my aunt, and went to dine with Lady Westmorland. The company very numerous, but very ill sorted. Lady M. Deerhurst, Mrs Dennis, Jenks, Miss Daniel, Colyar, Capt. Roberts[2] (the proprietor of a

[1] Augusta Emma, daughter of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray. She married Thomas, first Lord Truro in 1845.

[2] Captain Daniel Roberts, R.N., who bought the wreck of the *Ariel*, from which Shelley was drowned, and re-rigged her. (*Works of Lord Byron*, vi. 120.)

yacht, who has been much in the Mediterranean and with L^d Byron), Severn, Eastlake, Gibson, and several others even of lesser note or likelihood. The dinner was very long. Conversation did not thrive, though L^y W. tried to make it general, but it would not do. I escaped early to L^y Compton, and from thence went with her to Hortense; there was a dance. Hortense gracious with her very lively manner, and very agreable. She has the art, which is almost always confined to those of her nation, of making those she speaks to pleased with what they themselves have said. She told me about Maréchale Ney,[1] whom she regards as a sort of sister. She made her marriage, and has ever kept up habits of the greatest friendship with them all. Her son is about to marry Lafitte's daughter, the greatest heiress in France. What he looks forward to is being one day or other created a peer, but it must be dreadful for him, if ever he does sit in that Chamber, to reflect that the whole House unanimously condemned his father to death. It was with the sister of M^e Ney that Hortense had been educated by M^e Campan (their aunt), and it was she who fell before Hortense's eyes into an eddy at some baths in Savoy. She was instantly dashed to pieces, and only some broken bones and blood came up to the surface for a moment. Hortense spoke of it with great agitation and with tears in her eyes. I was astonished to find she could feel so much, for she gives me the notion of a very frivolous person, who regards sentiment and affection merely as far as they suit a romance or a play. Perhaps it is unjust to blame her for being happy, but it always appears to me the effect of her frivolity and indifference and not of philosophy. Philosophy would teach her to be calm and resigned, but could not render her joyous.

I received a letter from Wortley. He says very cleverly, "that the present Ministry in England resemble a ring of toad-stools that often mark where the great oak fell." Their condition in P^t to be, "that in the Upper House they have plenty of leaders but lack votes, in the Lower they have votes enough but lack leaders." The whole of his letter is much better expressed and fuller of clever thoughts than his letters used to be. Perhaps his marriage,[2] which I have always hitherto lamented, has served

[1] Mlle Aiguié.

[2] He had married Lady Georgina Ryder (see *ante*, p. 197) in December, 1825.

to nerve and excite him, for that is all he wants. He has very fair abilities but great indolence and constitutional indifference.

Sunday, Dec. 9. I drove with Lady Westmorland, first, to visit L^d^ F. Bentinck[1] who is, poor man, dying; and then on the road out of the Porta Pia. She harangued on D^r^ Peebles and D^r^ Jenks, and showed me a very violent, foolish letter she has written to Lady F. Bentinck, which is almost a challenge. She is wild and tiresome upon the subject, especially as it is one that does not give scope to her strange wit and quick perception of character. I dined at Lady Compton's, and met only Mrs Clephane. She told a story of Lord Ferrers, he that deservedly ended at the gallows, maltreating his wife so dreadfully, that in despair she wrote to her brother, Sir W^m^ Meredith, to come and protect her, which he did. He was introduced into the room, where he found L^d^ Ferrers, who instantly said to him, "I will go and try to persuade L^y^ F. to come and see you." He went upstairs with a pistol and a brandy bottle, and lest he should use the former, which he threatened, she was obliged to swallow the contents of the latter. Allowing the potion some time to operate, he returned to Sir W^m^ and said he had found her in a state unfit to appear at dinner, but that he was determined she should come down. When at dinner he sent three or four messages and at last insisted, apparently to please Sir W^m^, upon her being conducted into the dining-room. She was brought down half-dressed and completely intoxicated. "There is your sister, Sir W^m^; she is always thus." The disgusted brother left the house that night, resolved never to meddle in her favor another time.

From Lady Compton's I went to the Blessingtons. They are just returned from Naples, where they have triumphantly effected the nefarious marriage of poor Lady H. Gardiner. They are proud of what they have done and expected me to congratulate and approve. I behaved as civilly as I could, feeling as I do the strongest detestation and contempt for Lady B., and great sorrow at d'Orsay's weakness and folly in being humbugged and blinded by the machinations of that b . . . I like him notwithstanding all his ridicules, and I must ever lament his

[1] Major-General Lord Frederick Bentinck (1781–1828), who died in the following February. He married, in 1820, Mary, daughter of William, first Earl of Lonsdale, and left an only son.

infatuation for her having made him guilty of one of the most disgraceful and odious proceedings I ever heard of.

Tuesday, Dec. 11. After writing to my father, Sr Wm Gell, Sir G. Talbot and Mr Barry, and receiving a strange unmeaning letter from Me W. from Warsaw in answer to my Florentine epistle, I went to E. Cheney, and read *Gibbon* with him. I drove with him to see Severn's studio. He has painted a new picture of a supposed scene in the Villa d'Este, with some very pretty figures, and has not spoilt the lovely scenery of that charming place. He showed it to us himself, which is always painful, as it forbids criticism, at least sincere criticism. He has made a sketch of Lady Westmorland's idea of a picture representing David Rizzio's murder. There is some talent, but many dreadful faults. The Dss of Argyll, who sees Darnley when the Queen does not, is an ungraceful, awkward, ill-conceived figure.

We drove on the Pincio, met no one, and returned early to dine with Hortense. She had only Edward and myself as guests. Her son and her new lady-in-waiting completed the quintette. She never ceased talking from the moment we arrived till we left the house. First, she gave us a detailed account of her different houses: she spoke of Holland and of Amsterdam with almost horror. It was there she lost her child, and her own health was so bad that she was quite green. The people who flocked round her carriage to see their new Queen on her road to Amsterdam, she used frequently to hear saying, "*Elle est mourante, elle ne vivra par deux jours.*" In this melancholy state she arrived at Amsterdam, and was lodged in the Hotel-de-Ville, in which, though there is one fine room, all the others are detestable. The apartments allotted to her were those of Justice, and round the cornice were ornaments of skulls and cross-bones in marble. She seems to regard every recollection of the place with more than dislike—positive horror.

At dinner we talked of Me de Staël. She never saw her but once, when she came to intercede with her to get the sentence of exile rescinded. She thinks the character of M. de Vernon is a faithful portrait of Talleyrand, whom she does not think born wicked, but who has become so by the wickedness of the world and the times in which he has lived. With ambition, indolence and a total want of principle, he has only taken advantage of the

storms that have arisen, but has not been the schemer or director of them. Me de Staël, when in Switzerland, asked Hortense's eldest son, then a boy of ten years old, if it was true that Napoleon every day made him repeat the fable of, " La raison du plus fort est la meilleure." It was true he repeated all in rotation, but not that in particular, every morning to his uncle. Napoleon is said to have asked Me de Staël, " Depuis quand, Madame, est-ce-que les femmes se mêlent de la politique ? " " Depuis qu'on leur coupe les têtes, Sire." After dinner she showed us her bed and dressing-room filled with her itinerant imperial finery, which she contrives to keep clean and smart. She and her lady read a proverb which I thought dull, but which had some merit though too long. Afterwards she talked on history more sensibly and profoundly than I thought her capable of doing. She then gave me an account of the E. of Russia's civility to her and her mother on the first taking of Paris ; how he obtained for her the Duché de St Leu, which was accorded by Louis XVIII ; and also she told us of her visit to the King to thank him. I cannot help thinking that it would have been better taste to have only written her thanks, and not personally to have paid her court to the enemy of her family. She remained at Paris during the whole time of the first Restoration. The Kg was very gracious. She staid an hour with him, and he seems to have flattered and to have received flattery. I went to Laval's dull party. Came home early, cross and with a cold.

Dec. 12. With Mauri I began reading Macchiavelli's *Principe*, with which I was delighted. Mauri tells me the title of " Magnifico," which formerly was one of the noblest appellations, is at present only given to the Jews to avoid bestowing upon them the word " Signore." Not only is it used in conversation, but in all law papers and official transactions.

Thursday, Dec. 13. Edward Cheney came to read with me. We read a little, but he was seized by a slight return of fever, and was far from well. I took him home, and then drove to Ly Compton's, where I staid till 6 o'clock. At that hour I went to dine tête-à-tête with Ly Westmorland. We dined upstairs in the small rooms. Pss Lancelloti with her mammoth husband paid Ly W. a visit. She is daughter to Pce Massimo, clever, well-informed, but ugly and rather *tart*. I went to E. Cheney,

where I passed the evening. He was rather better. Mr Hoppner, the consul at Venice, son to the painter and himself an artist, hung his room with some sea-pieces of his own painting. An Englishman, looking at them, asked by whom they were done. "By me, Sir." "By you, indeed! See what a poor judge of painting I am, I thought them very good."

Dec. 14. Read with Mauri. Sat with E. Cheney for an hour, and then to Lady Compton's, who consulted me about a dinner for Lady Mary. Dined at the Blessingtons, met Valdès and Dodwell. Now that they have accomplished the infamous marriage, they turn the poor child into ridicule for supposed stupidity. The wickedness of the whole proceeding disgusts me more and more, and makes me rejoice that my name cannot be coupled with it in any way. Went for an hour to E. Cheney, who was alone and not well. Then to Lady Compton's party, where she not only made her guests dance but gave them food, which they liked amazingly.

Saturday, Dec. 15. I went early to see poor Edward C., whom I found suffering under a sharp attack of fever. I staid some time with him and his family, and then went to Lady Compton, with whom I drove out—a dowager drive to S^{t} Peter's. I dined with her. Her sister Anna Jane the only guest. She is, I believe, learned, and clever at poetry; her conversation is not remarkable nor are her manners good.

Dec. 19. Mauri came to me; with him I read *Macchiavelli* and *Ariosto*. He told me of the favoritism of a builder, Famonati, with the present Pope, formed when the latter, being Cardinal, was ordered to the baths of Acqua Santa, where the former had built some houses, in one of which he lodged the Cardinal and paid him great court, judging from his bad state of health that he would most likely be elected Pope. The Cardinal borrowed money of the builder, and though the latter was imprudent enough to sue him in the Roman courts for payment, their friendship still continued, and he now governs the Pope completely and obliges the Pope to give him lucrative employments. The acts and laws passed by His Holiness are most trivial, and offensive to the people. He has ordered all priests and all those employed under G^{t} to wear Roman manufactured cloth, which is very coarse and very bad. He has tried to establish

game laws, and is most active and severe in discovering and punishing any illicit connexions between men and women. On the discovery of an intrigue between a painter's wife and one of his guardia nobile, he corrected the decision of the court condemning the woman to seven years confinement in a nunnery and the man to two months in a convent, and converted his officer's punishment into seven years confinement in the castle of St Angelo, thus abusing the privilege of sovereigns to aggravate and not to soften the severity of their courts.

Dec. 21. I drove out at 2 with Lady Mary Deerhurst, notwithstanding the bitter cold, to see some Dresden china with her, for which the proprietor asked too much for either of us to give. I was too poor and she too stingy. We then went to the Palazzo Giraud, in Trastevere, the former palace of the English embassy. Its last tenant in that capacity was Cardinal Wolsey; it is now bought by Torlonia, and in its splendid suite he keeps a sort of magazine of china, pictures and valuables which he means to sell. I dined at Mrs Cheney's, and there I spent the evening with E. Cheney, who is better and who has been out to-day.

Dec. 22. No letters. I wrote to Charles, Wortley and L^{y} H. Cold day. Sat with E. Cheney all morning. Dined at 5 at Sir W^{m} Drummond's. Met Mills, two Dallas's, and the inmates. L^{y} Drummond was more than usually tiresome in her eternal comparisons between Rome and Naples, ever to the disadvantage of the former. Sir W^{m} lost his temper and silenced her; making a solemn sort of appeal to beg her to be silent, which she treated with contempt and giggled on the same follies for half an hour more. Sir W^{m} was not agreable or well; and the evening was dull. I went from thence to P^{ce} de Montfort's, where I only found the P^{ss}. We had a very long conversation about the injustice done to them with regard to their country house at Fermo, to which they are not allowed to return, since the K^{g} of Naples has made a representation to the Pope that he cannot with safety allow a Bonaparte so near his frontier. All the acts necessary to the purchase passed through the Papal G^{t}. She is not as near the frontier at Fermo as at Albano, and now they wish to sell property they are not permitted to enjoy, of course they find no purchasers, and neither the K^{g} of Naples or the Pope will buy

of them what they force them to sell. She talked of Maria Louisa, whose conduct she thinks even worse towards her husband, as she says she is far from being the weak, foolish woman she is usually called, but is cold, unfeeling, selfish and full of low cunning. Emperor Alexander she praised very much. She tried to exculpate him of falsehood towards Napoleon, and she says, though he changed his opinion in less than ten days, that she believes he really thought the restoration of the Bourbons was for the happiness of France. To her he talked at Laybach with pretended affection for Napoleon, said he had made applications to England for his return to Europe, and added, "Ah! mon Dieu, si on pourrait le tirer de ces griffes-là"! Alexander was, I believe, the falsest of his false countrymen, and always made it a rule to talk the language most agreable to his hearers without the slightest regard to truth. She told me at length of Napoleon's refusal by the Dss of Oldenburg. Alexander had had conversations with Napoleon on the subject at Erfurt, and told him the difficulties lay with his mother, the Empress, but that he would do every thing he could to promote Napoleon's views. The Grand Dss, immediately on the arrival of the proposal, at the instigation of the Empress, engaged herself to the D. of O., for whom she had no affection; but only did so as the easiest way of answering Napoleon's offer. The day the refusal came Napoleon began negotiating with Vienna, and never forgave the Russian court the insult to which he had been exposed by the treachery of Alexander, who had on his return to Russia entirely concurred with his mother's conduct, forgetful of his Erfurt promises. I passed the evening with E. Cheney till 12.

Sunday, Dec. 23. With E. Cheney and Lady Compton I took a drive towards Albano. I dined at Torlonia's, where I went with Lady M. Deerhurst. The dinner was tedious; our guests were, Cardinal Vidoni,[1] Laval, Gargarin, Chabots, Ly M. Ross,[2] Orsinis, Piombino, Psse Sta Croce. When we sat down to

[1] Cardinal Pietro Vidoni (1759–1830). "A fat, very noisy, disgustingly voracious Prince of the Church. . . . He resembles an exaggerated, colossal Roger Wilbraham, but the force of his voice I never heard rivalled, much less equalled." (H. Fox to Hon. Caroline Fox.)

[2] Lady Mary Ross and Lady Isabella de Rohan Chabot were daughters of William Robert, second Duke of Leinster, and sisters of the third Duke.

dinner, Lady Mary Deerhurst, in the most vulgar housemaid manner, began talking across five or six people to me to abuse L^y^ Isabella Chabot's looks and manner. I was quite distressed, but happily Vidoni's voice soon drowned everything else, and though he eat more and slower than all the rest of the company, his overpowering voice was not quiet for an instant. He and Laval had a contest of what they meant for wit across the table about the ceremonies tomorrow and the fasting of the Pope.[1] Vidoni, who cannot speak tolerable French, said, " Il faut que il Pape *soit jeune* pour sept heures demain."

I passed the evening with E. Cheney, after going for half an hour to Lady Compton. Lady Stewart, Sir W^m^ Drummond's sister, writes word to Mrs Clephane that, as she feels the time approach for her to be removed from this world, and as her memory is rather failing, she is employed in making out a list of all the friends she has survived, that when in heaven she may remember to notice them. A visiting list for heaven is a charming idea, and might reconcile Almack's patronesses to the certainty of death.

Wednesday, Dec. 26. After reading some *Macchiavelli* and the 3^d^ canto of *Ariosto* with Mauri, I went to E. Cheney, and drove out with him and Lady Compton to Cecilia Metella's tomb. There was too much wind to allow time to walk. Lady C. told a story of two young cavalry officers being both ill of the ague, but the younger one who was nearer convalescence and more full of military ardor, diverted himself with practising the sword exercise, which he expected his brother, who was sitting shivering by the fire, to admire. " Is it not right ? Have I not done it well, brother ? " " Yes, by those two first strokes you cut off his ears, and by the last his head," grumbled the invalid. " Whose

Lady Isabella had married Louis William de Rohan-Chabot, Viscomte de Chabot in 1809, and died in 1868. Henry Fox wrote to Miss Fox on Christmas Day :—" You are right, dear little Aunty. Lady Isabella is a nasty, sarcastic, find-faulty, niggling, illnatured little thing, very unlike Lady Kinnaird in amiability or Lady Foley in beauty. I thought at Paris it was rather an unjust prejudice of yours, but since she came here I have discovered things that quite justify your strong dislike."

[1] " Laval, notwithstanding being more than half-blind, a little deaf, and quite inarticulate from stuttering, wishes to pass for a wit, and, what is even more extraordinary, does sometimes contrive to stammer out a sentence that will bear being repeated." (*Ibid.*)

ears? Whose head? The enemy's?" "No, no, my dear brother, your horse, your horse."

27 Dec. I went to Edward C. for a minute, and then followed Lady Compton's carriage, in which he drove with her to the Coliseum and afterwards to the Villa Borghese. In the latter we found a spot sheltered from the cold tramontanas and exposed to the full power of a baking sun. I walked with them for about an hour, and then came home so famished that I eat voraciously off a scraggy bone and drank some strong ale. I was therefore half tipsy when I went to Lady Compton's great dinner, and I completed my misfortunes there by eating nothing and drinking every wine I was offered. I sat between Lady M. Deerhurst and Miss Cheney. The dinner was for the former to get acquainted with Lady Mary Ross, which was effected, notwithstanding all the squabbles on Sunday at Torlonia's dinner. I was tipsy all the evening, and went early to bed, after going to see both the Cheneys, who are ill. I wrote to Dundas and Mary, both short, dullish letters: I received none.

28 Dec. In the morning I was unwell and did not leave the house, though the day was bright and fine. Lady Compton and Edward Cheney came to see me. The latter was not well or in spirits. I dined at Lady Mary's, a dull, vulgar, noisy party. Gortchakoff [1] is very impertinent and meddling, and affects an Anglomania. Mortier [2] is the only one of the many attachés whose conversation is at all gentlemanlike and sensible. I escaped early, and passed the evening with Cheney.

Saturday, 29 Dec. I dined at the Cheneys'. I thought Hy Cheney more than usually egoistical and disagreable; so unlike his brother. I went to Lady Westmorland's ball, which was very splendid and well arranged. I was presented to my lovely cousin, Mrs Napier,[3] who struck me as one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. Lady Mary Deerhurst commissioned me

[1] Prince Alexander Gortchakoff (1798–1883), diplomat. Secretary of Legation in London, 1824–30. He was Chargé d'Affaires in Florence in 1830.

[2] Probably Charles Henri Edouard Mortier (1797–1864), nephew of Marshal Mortier, Duc de Trévise. He was a diplomat and later in life Chamberlain to Jerôme.

[3] Caroline Bennett, who married Henry Edward Napier, youngest son of Lady Sarah Napier. She died of English cholera in Florence in 1836.

to carry an amicable message to M. Chabot, to whom she has behaved with foolish violence of temper, and who is naturally very much surprized and incensed at spiteful language addressed to him before strangers.

Dec. 30. With E. Cheney I spent the early part of the morning, till L^y^ Compton came to take me out driving. I dined at Mrs Cheney's. Met only Lady Compton, who told a pretty story of a lamp which is every night at eight o'clock lighted at a small window adjoining to the Chiesa di San Marco at Venice. It is lighted at the expense of the descendants of a judge in the 14th century, who discovered, by the confession of the real culprit many years afterwards, that he had wrongfully condemned a baker to death for the murder of a nobleman; his body being found under the spot where burns the light with a dagger sticking in his heart, which corresponded to an ornamental silver sheath sold by the baker the following day. The judge left a portion of his fortune to found this light and to pay for a daily mass for the soul of the innocent who was condemned, and for those who unjustly condemn unwittingly. I staid till late with Edward, who was unwell.

Dec. 31. From home I received some agreable letters. They all seem well and in spirits. I passed the morning with Edward C., and dined there. No guest but myself. Late in the evening I went to Mrs Clephane's, where I went to begin the year. She was very hearty and hospitable. She told a story of Hume, which struck me as curious. Lady Hardwicke[1] (who is here) was a child of about three or four years old when he was visiting at her mother's, and had conceived a sort of childish horror for a man her nursery maids had told her was wicked and an atheist. She never would go near or play with him. One day, however, being alone in the room with him, after resisting his attempts to play with her and to make her sit on his knee, she frankly told him he was a wicked man and an atheist and that she would not approach one she hated. "Oh! my little girl, you ought not to be so violent or to *hate* me. You ought to pray for me." Upon which the little girl fell upon her knees and clasping her hands, said, "*Oh God! Oh God!*

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, married, in 1782, Philip, third Earl of Hardwicke (1757–1834).

Convince him that thou art." The simplicity of the child and of the prayer struck Hume very forcibly.

After staying till past 12 at Mrs Clephane's, I drove with Lady C. to look at St Peter's by moonlight, which was lovely.

CHAPTER VII

1828

January 3, 1828. *Rome. Thursday.* I received a letter from my aunt from London, which is in a state of ferment at L^d^ Goderich's retirement. All parties are intriguing for place, and bidding high for it by giving the K^g^ more and more power and patronage. I drove with Lady Westmorland to the Villa Borghese, where we walked together; she was very brilliant upon religion and some details of the state of society here just now. Lady Howard has offended her, because when she talked enthusiastically in favor of the Catholic religion, she leant across two people to say, "So I see the Pope has made a conquest of you." Vulgar, foolish woman! How can anyone suppose that without respecting the root, the branch can ever flourish! Does not the Lutheran, the Calvinist and all the sects, spring from the Catholic? What reliance can I have in the truth of Xtianity if the main source is impure?

I dined at Mrs Cheney's; met a large, dull dinner of English mixed with Italians. M^me^ Moranda was a famous beauty in her day, and still has the remains of having been so. She is a Genoese by birth and aunt to M^e^ Durazzo. I sat between Mr Gaskell and Mr Petre. The latter was rather agreable, as he is full of information, though cursed with a bad manner and a total incapacity of talking upon trifles and indifferent subjects. He told me a good deal about the Popes of former and of latter days. He seems to have studied their history with diligence and research. I went down to Edward as soon as dinner was over, and found sitting with him Lady Compton, proud of having come up the back staircase, which gives to her action an appearance of her much-loved mystery. She staid a short time, and then went to Mrs Colyar's.

January 14, *Monday.* After receiving a long, disagreable letter from my mother about my residence in Italy, I went to the Villa Borghese to walk with T. G. She was amiable and agreable. I then went to Edward for a few minutes, and then to Lady Westmorland, whom I found in all the paraphernalia of her toilette for the Austrian Embassadress's reception tonight, which is not put off as was expected on account of poor Me de Celle's death yesterday. She long has been in a hopeless state, but such is the self-deception of those pulmonic maladies, that when the day before yesterday it was found necessary to prepare her for the ceremonies required by the Catholic Church at the death-beds of the pious, she was quite surprized and agitated. Ly West. was brilliant and agreable, though she has a thousand faults and though she occasionally betrays the vulgarity of her feelings, I never saw a manner so ladylike or a power of conversation so invariably brilliant and agreable. I cannot dislike her as much as my reason tells me I ought to do, or as the harsh, bitter things she not only says *to*, but *of* me, would warrant. I dined at Lady Compton's. Then, after five minutes with E. C., I passed the evening with T. G.

January 15. With Lady C. I started at ten for Frascati, where we went to choose a house for her family for the summer. The Villa Piccolomini seemed to suit the best. Going home I met Funchal with two running footmen, a custom a hundred years ago universal, but which I never saw practised but here.

January 17. I went early to E. C. I received a letter from my father, telling me he had accepted an unpaid attachéship to The Hague for me.[1] His letter talks of the Government as tottering.

January 21. My drawing-master came for the second time. I got letters from home accepting Petersburg. They may accept what they choose for me, but I will only go to Naples or Florence,

[1] Lord Holland, it seems, had suggested St Petersburg as an alternative to The Hague ; and in this the Foreign Secretary, Lord Dudley, acquiesced. Henry disliked, however, the idea of a Northern post, and before anything was settled, the fall of the Government put a stop to any immediate question of employment. As Wellington was now in office, Lord Holland was no longer anxious to ask favours, even though Lord Dudley remained on at the Foreign Office for some months, and was succeeded by Lord Aberdeen, another personal friend of the family.

unless I am paid to do so by some very great favor. I went to Hortense to sit for my picture. She was very amusing: told me stories of her own life, and said that if my father came into office she would try to make England and Russia demand of France the ratification of the separate treaty made in her favor at the first return of Louis XVIII, for the sake of her children, who have now no existence. She says the riches of the B. family are exaggerated. That Madame Mère has only £3,000 a year, and saves, because she spends but half of it; but that all the others are very, very poor, and live by selling jewels and bits of old finery they have saved in the wreck, but which cannot last long. She wants to secure something for her sons, and that, she says, is all that embitters her life; otherwise she is happier than she ever was before. "Ce ne sont pas des couronnes que je regrette. On ne sait pas le malheur des grandeurs pour ceux qui n'ont pas d'ambition et qui cherchent seulement le bonheur." Jerôme and his wife came in during my sitting and talked politicks till I feared they would quarrel. He abused and she defended Villèle, who is just turned out. I dined at L^y^ C.'s with H. Cheney, and found it dull. She was cross. The evening I spent with E. C.

January 22, *Tuesday*. I went to Hortense to sit for my portrait, which she is doing very ill. She told me of the jealousy of all the Bonapartes against every one of the name of Beauharnais. She told me she had written her Memoirs from the hour of her earliest recollection, that she told everything just as it happened and as it struck her; therefore it could not appear for many years. She wrote it all in Switzerland after the bouleversement, and having written it was a relief to her mind, which was before oppressed with recollections so painful. Sometimes she used to write for eight hours a day. I walked a little with E. C., and dined at Torlonia's at 5. I found a dull party. The D^ss^ ill and unable to appear; the D^ke^ scolded all the servants; the dinner was bad and very salt. Torwaldsen and Putbus, besides the family. I went for an instant to T. G., who was dressing for the Austrian ball. Then I went to the Cheneys, whom I found also going there. I staid with E. C. till late. I wrote to my father and Charles.

January 23. In the morning I went with Mrs Cheney,

Edward and Gibson,[1] first to the latter's studio, and then to the Vatican. At the former I saw the casts of his best statues. The *Paris* struck me as very beautiful, but neither the *Mars* nor the *Nymph carried away by the Zephyrs* pleased me very much. He is extremely simple, and does not betray in his conversation any of the petty jealousies and ridiculous vanity so usual among those of his profession. We went over the Vatican rather rapidly, as Edward was not well enough to loiter. I dined at L^y^ Compton's, where I met no one. I went to Laval's ball, which was brilliant. The D^sse^ d'Istrie (Bessière's daughter-in-law) is a great beauty and just arrived.

January 24. I sat to Hortense for my picture. She began reading to me her Memoirs, which are simply and agreably written; but evidently she has fallen into the mistake of most memoir writers, that the readers are more interested about the merits of the author than in the mere narration of the events they have witnessed. The reader ought to guess the character of the writer and not be told it. The moment the author tries to describe himself, it is impossible not to distrust him or to seek for contradictions to his assertions. She excused herself with warmth for my insinuation that she was in her heart attached to the Ancien Régime, and that education, birth and early impressions had influenced her whole conduct even when carried away by the most opposite interests. She combated all I said, but I am still convinced I was not wrong. The execution of her father, the education under M^e^ Campan, and the disgusting atrocities of those who assumed the mask of liberty to commit every outrage, was sufficient to impress on the mind of a young person feelings diametrically opposite to those her future destiny obliged her to profess. Napoleon she talks of with admiration, but with nothing that approaches love or even regard. Whether she does this from system, to silence the scandalous reports afloat against her, or from resentment for his conduct to her mother and subsequently to her in the Hundred Days, or whether really from never having felt for him more than respect and terror, I cannot judge; but she is one of the very few people who have

[1] John Gibson (1790–1866). He lived for a number of years in Rome, receiving instruction from Canova and Thorwaldsen. He became R.A. in 1838.

seen much of him that I have heard talk of him without owning that, besides an admiration for his talents, it was impossible to leave him untouched by the extreme fascination of his manners and conversation. Many stories were propagated of Hortense's love for the Ancien Régime, even during Napoleon's splendor. The émigrés rentrés were anxious to prove it, as many eagerly solicited her hand and wished for some excuse to colour such meanness. One story, quite false, however, was told and much believed, of Napoleon (when Emperor) having asked her if he was handsome and what dress would become him best. She was reported to have answered, "*Le bâton de Connétable vous ira à merveille.*" Napoleon, she says, was not a man to bear such a joke even if she had been disposed to make it; but that she never should have dared to say so, and that in her conversations with him they never spoke on anything that approached a political discussion.

I dined at Mr Hallam's. Met Mr and Mrs Gaskell, Sir Shaw Stewart, L[d] Seymour and Mr Hope. Stories are current of the D. of W. having the formation of a ministry. It does not seem improbable. I had a letter from Lady Grey and one from my aunt. I wrote to nobody. I went for ten minutes to Torlonia's; then passed the evening with E. C. Home late and tired.

January 25. I sat to Hortense, who read me some more of her Memoirs, which are very amusing. The manner in which Napoleon first became acquainted with Josephine is interesting and curious. Eugène Beauharnais, then a boy, went to Bonaparte to refuse compliance with the general order that no arms should be kept in private houses, and declared that he would willingly resign his life sooner than his father's sword. Napoleon was pleased, and, struck by his courage and determination, granted his request and visited his mother. Some of the conversations described between Napoleon and Josephine well describe the private life of the Emperor.

January 29. I sat to Hortense for my portrait. She did not read the Memoirs to me, but was very agreable. She told me of Napoleon's having encouraged the idea that her eldest son was by him, as meaning to make him his heir; he thought it would make it popular with the army. She says Napoleon always doubted his own powers of begetting a child, and that

he confided his fear to his sister Caroline, who (obliging lady) procured for him a *jeune personne*, who soon became with child, but as Napoleon discovered Murat had visited her he would not believe the child was his. When, in 1809, in Poland, he had an intrigue with a lady who was really in love with him. She came to him afterwards to Vienna and lived quite secluded. It was her grossesse that satisfied him of his own power, and made him resolve to divorce Josephine and marry for the sake of forming a dynasty.[1]

I drove about the town alone. At half-past 5, when it was quite dark, I went with L^y^ C. to St Peter's. We were alone in the church, to which we gained admittance with some difficulty. It was very imposing and grand. The only lights were the glimmering tapers round the shrine; and this vast pile looked gloomy and awful, which, as the light streams in unobscured by painted glass from so many windows, it never does by daylight. I dined at Mrs Cheney's, and went to Laval's costume-ball, where I staid till nearly 2. The Blessingtons there gorgeously dressed as Turks; L^y^ B., however, looked like one of her profession.

Jan. 30, *Wednesday*. I sat to Hortense for my portrait. She read to me a good deal of her Memoirs, which were very interesting as they were about her marriage. She is anxious not to censure her husband's conduct, which arose, she says, from the unhappy natural disposition he has to doubt everybody and everything, and from his suspicious mistrust even of those he likes. She gives him credit for some very essential good qualities, and says his turn of mind makes him more miserable than it is possible to conceive and entirely prevents his knowing what love or friendship mean. I drove out alone. D'Orsay joined me in the Villa Borghese and rode by the side of my gig. It was a charming day. I afterwards went to a sale of books in the Corso, where I bought some books that I did not want but which seemed cheap. I dined at the Blessingtons' and passed the evening with E^d^ Cheney.

Jan. 31. Wrote to Charles and Mary. I sat to Hortense, who read to me some more of her Memoirs. She read to me the account I was anxious to hear of the birth of her first child.

[1] The reference is to the birth of Alexandre Florian, Count Walewski, French Ambassador in England, 1851–4.

According to the narration she knew nothing of the scandalous reports against her till long afterwards. Napoleon encouraged them, she says, from vanity and from political reasons.

Saturday, February 2. In the morning I walked out alone. I called on Miss Monson, whom I found at home owing to illness. She was agreable and ladylike. Her gossipings and old-maidisms have always given me a prejudice against her, but I was rather won by the softness of her manner. I then drove and walked with Lady Westmorland in the Villa Borghese. She is in a great state of indignation at Laval's receiving Lady Blessington. Her language on the subject is more vehement than proper, and Laval is the object of her actual contempt. She is very proud of an answer of her's to him, when he said (speaking of Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, who invites all the great people in the town to dinner without any previous acquaintance), " Elle nous traite comme la Providence ; elle nous donne à manger sans nous connaître." " Pardonnez moi, Monseigneur," she replied, " ce que vous dites n'est pas juste. Peutêtre vous ne connaissez pas la Providence, mais la Providence vous connait." I dressed at E. Cheney's and dined at Lady Compton's, where after dinner I was seized with most violent convulsions and sicknesses. I slept on the sofa in her drawing-room, and was not quiet till 4 o'clock.

Feb. 3. Edward Cheney, who was present during all my illness yesterday, insisted also upon staying and passed the night on another sofa. His affection and friendship for me is daily, and indeed hourly, dearer and dearer to me, and I have in that one of the greatest comforts of my existence. My day was, like that of all invalids, passed in a state of languid cheerfulness, which is most fatiguing when every one is striving to be kind and agreable and one feels neither strength nor inclination to appear amused. I always feel so guilty of ingratitude and also fear so much of either awakening unnecessary alarms or falling under the imputation of affectation, if I protect myself from being amused under the pretence of illness, that I always yield with as much patience as I can.

Thursday, Feb. 7. I dined alone and went in the evening with Edward to Lady C.'s, where I found Mrs Colyar. L^{y} West. is very busy in making war upon Laval for receiving L^{y} Blessing-

ton. She wants the English ladies to refuse going to his house in a body. I afterwards went to Lʸ Blessington's, where I found Mrs Dodwell, Mortier, Capᵗ d'Este, Esterhazy, Valdès. The conversation was frivolous and vulgar. Lʸ B. had the good taste to tell with indignation the story of a Mrs Fletcher at Florence forcing her way into society, in the same manner she is doing here—quite a counterpart to her own adventures. The politeness of her guests could hardly prevent them from laughter.

Feb. 8. I called on the Miss Monsons and then drove with Lʸ West. to the Arco Scuro, where she lectured me upon the impropriety of going to the Casa Blessington. Laval, she says, has invited Lʸ B. to his parties to degrade the English nobility and bring about a revolution in England, in order that a similar misfortune may not occur in France. It seems a strange way to prevent it. She quite raved, and talked frantic nonsense.

Feb. 9. Today is the first day of the Carnival. I dined at Lʸ C.'s and went to a ball at the Prince de Montfort's. His house is certainly the best mounted and most princely looking establishment at Rome. His manners are agreable, and his wife does the honors with great good-humour and dignity. Hortense was there, bedizened with tinsel flowers and jewels, dancing with grace but too much gaiety and childishness for a fallen Queen, already somewhat passée, and with much to make her graver and more sober in her amusements. Home at 12.

Feb. 10. Lᵈ F. Bentinck died this morning, after lingering for a week subsequent to an attack so violent that for some time he was thought actually dead. I dined at Mrs Cheney's, where I met Gaetani, D. of Caserta and Mr Scott. The former is clever but sarcastic and malicious, which always makes me hesitate to believe in talent, since a reputation for wit is in the power of every fool who chooses to be spiteful.

Monday, Feb. 11. In the morning I went masked with T. G. in the Corso and pelted sugar-plums.

Friday, Feb. 15. Edward dined with me tête-à-tête and we went to Lʸ C.'s masquerade dressed as children, and then in dominos. First I, then Edward, attacked Lʸ Sandwich in Lʸ Westmorland's voice and puzzled her extremely. Lʸ W. was there herself fresh from Palo, where she has been in solitude for a week. She stayed till 2 in the morning talking and eating,

both of which she did in excess, having lived for a week in silence and 24 hours without food. Home late. Hortense was there in domino.

Feb. 16. I went dressed as an old woman to Hortense's ball, which was very pretty. L^{y} Blessington uninvited, though Hortense had foolishly granted permission for two unknown masks to come, had the effrontery to force herself upon the society. I hate harshness to a woman for such venial misdemeanours, but if ever there was an occasion to be harsh, it is upon a woman of L^{y} Blessington's trade, who, having persuaded a drivelling drunkard to marry her, dishonours him and makes the future misery of his young daughter by sacrificing her at 15 years old to a worthless adventurer, whom, as the husband of this poor child, she may contrive to keep in the house on the score of relationship. It is one of the basest and most barbarous transactions I ever knew.

Sunday, Feb. 17. I got up very late as I was tired to death, and drove with L^{y} C. to Cecilia Metella. She was not in an agreable vein, but was acting a part all the way. I hate insincerity and affectation, and am always provoked when I find it in the actions of those I esteem and value. I dined with T. G. She was agreable and looked very well. She has many defects, and every minute betrays the defect of a decent education, but she has many merits. Her frankness and sincerity are unparalleled among all the women I have ever known, and her affectation (for affected she is, and perhaps the only Italian that is so) arises from trying in society to assume manners that sit well on others, but to obtain which she has never had opportunities, or during her connection with L^{d} B. the least desire. She is clever, and has read more than I could have believed. I was surprized at her knowing so much of *Hamlet* by heart. I went for an instant to L^{y} Mary's supper, but escaped with Edward when the company sat down. To bed at 12.

Feb. 18. Letters in the morning from my mother and aunt. The former still pretends to suppose that I shall avail myself of the offer for S^{t} Petersburg, though she well knows how unlikely I am to think of doing so. I went masked with E^{d} Cheney to Mrs Dalton's ; she is a handsome, dashing Catholic widow looking out for a husband. I had some fun there with Del Cirque (?),

Miss Dixon, and Moncenigo, who is just arrived from Naples. With Lʸ C. and Edward I went to Hortense's to see the horses run. She was, as she always is, very good-natured, but sadly annoyed at Lʸ Blessington's impertinence the day before yesterday. We dined at Lʸ C.'s. I dressed there as a cat for Mrs Stanley's ball. It was hot and dull, and too full. I never succeeded in seeing the tableaux, which, being regulated by Lʸ W., succeeded admirably they say. I went to Lʸ C. to change my dress and returned to the ball in a domino. I came home at 1. Edward imitated Lʸ Blessington in a domino like that she wore on Saturday, and teazed Lʸ Sandwich. This succeeded to admiration and deceived the bystanders. He much provoked Lʸ S., though she was rather pleased by Lʸ B. singling her out as the object of attack.

Feb. 19. The Comptons, Clephanes, Lady M. Deerhurst, Mrs Jenks, Miss Daniel, Colyars, Petre, Garlies, Seymour, Hope, John Gale and Cheneys, spent the whole day with me to see the pelting and the moccoletti. The latter is the most beautiful illumination in the world, formed by every one holding a light in their hands through the whole Corso. The effect is beautiful. My visitors went, after having eat a dinner that called itself a breakfast, and I went to bed at 9 o'clock dead tired. Carnival over.

Saturday, 23 Feb. I went to Edward, to whom I gave a *Bacchus* which struck me as good at Vescovali's, since I discovered it to be his birthday. I dined at Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart's and met a large party. Laval was very proud of saying that Mr Brougham spoke for seven hours in the Hᵍᵉ of Commons for the same reason Pascal gave for a long discourse—that he had not had time to shorten it. Politicks in England seem in great confusion, and it is perfectly impossible to know what side anybody even pretends to support. Gortchakoff told me that he was at Troppau when the news of my father's violent philippic reached Alexander's ears,[1] and that he thought a message con-

[1] Lord Holland's attack on the Czar in a speech in July, 1821, caused Princess Lieven, the Russian Ambassadress, to discontinue her visits to Holland House. (See *ante*, p. 94.) Holland declined to modify his words at the suggestion of Lord William Russell, who wrote a fortnight later that he was looked upon on the Continent, "as a leveller, sanguinary, monarch-dethroning savage."

veyed to him from George IV was clever. The K^g lamented that any subject of his should have censured H.I.M. so strongly, and the more so did he regret that it was an individual who had been particularly honoured by civilities from H.M., while he was in England. The Regent never forgave Alexander's popularity while in London, or the attentions he paid to the Liberal party, whose opinions he pretended at that time to hold. Gortchakoff is clever, but is a puppy and spoiled by fashionable fine ladies in London, whose jargon he talks. I went in the evening to Lady C. and slept there.

Feb. 24. A most violent storm of hail and thunder during the night, which made the bright sunshine in the morning doubly refreshing. I went down to Montignori and bargained for his villa, which at last I obtained for 80 scudi for 3 months, beginning from tomorrow.[1] I drove with Edward and his brother to look at it. The day was delicious and very mild. I dined at Lady Sandwich's. Miss d'Este, next to whom I sat, talked with feeling of Lady C. Stopford. She seemed to feel deeply her dreadful state, and yet to make no parade or ostentatious display of affectionate anxiety. I was surprized that such a hackneyed rouged London miss should feel at all, and still more surprized that she did not make all the company aware of the softness of her heart or the tenderness of her disposition. To L^y C.'s afterwards. Dull evening. Edward came. L^y C. theatrical.

Feb. 26. In the morning I called upon Hortense, who would not receive me, as she was in bed with a *crise nerveuse* owing to 300 consecutive sneezes in the course of the night. I passed the morning with E^d Cheney; dressed at my house and dined at Mrs Cheney's, where I met Lady Compton, Sir W^m Gell, Gaetani, Garlies, Mr and Mrs Colyar. The dinner was agreable. After dinner I went with Edward for a few minutes to the Blessingtons, where I found a Dr Moon (?), who is just come from Egypt, and was dressed up in a rich Bedouin Arab costume, but which went very ill with his coarse northern features. Lady B. told me (she said for my consolation) that he had attended the last moments of Mr Salt, the Consul, who had suffered from attacks similar to mine, which had baffled the skill of all doctors; but that after his death an examination took place, and it was

[1] It was situated between the Porta Pia and the Porta San Lorenzo.

discovered that his spleen had diminished to an incredibly small size. We returned to Mrs Cheney's and found the same party there.

Saturday, March 1. Received a less cross letter from my mother, and another agreable one from my aunt, full of politicks. It still seems doubtful if the D. of Wellington will be able to keep the G^{t} together as it is now. I went to Hortense, whom I found recovered. She talked a little sentiment to me previous to resuming the lecture of her Memoirs, which was rather necessary, since they left off at the critical moment where she announced to the reader her having to combat with the passion of love, of which contest she means to give a faithful recital. Effectively there is a detailed account of her affection for M. de ——, which I conclude of course is Flahault; their first interviews; Caroline's jealousy of her and her determination to carry him off, in which for a time she appears to have partly succeeded. There is also a detailed account of Napoleon's love for M^{e} de Neuchâtel, and of Josephine's distress. When Hortense reproached the Emperor for his conduct to her mother, he was at first angry, but at last convinced, and said, " Eh bien, je vois que quoique je suis bien grand dans les grandes choses, je suis bien petit dans les petites." Nothing could be truer of his character; and there never existed a character more marked by transcendent qualities and petty meannesses. When the Pope came to Paris the enthusiasm for him was so great, that it was almost impossible to believe that in the same town so short a time before all religion had been abolished by law. Crowds flocked to him when he was lodged in the Pavillion de Flore in the Thuilleries. No one refused to prostrate themselves as he passed, except one young man; upon seeing which the Pope stopped, and said to him, " Croyez-moi, jeune homme, la bénédiction d'un vieillard ne peut jamais nuire." The young man was ashamed of his resistance, and sank upon his knees to solicit what three minutes before he despised. Her second son was christened by the Pope—a favor not accorded to any others of the family, which of course produced much jealousy and division between her and the others. Louis' conduct towards her was that of a man whose understanding is not quite right. His jealousy was enough to inspire a woman with the wish to deserve it, and whether she deserved it or not, his behaviour

was not likely either to win her affection or intimidate her from seeking for tenderness from some other man as he showed her none.

Monday, March 3. Mr Calcott,[1] who is just come from Naples, called upon me; he gave a melancholy account of the weather and gaiety there during the Carnival. Mr Uwins [2] during the Carnival drove out with his family. A little girl who was in the carriage threw a nosegay into the royal carriage; they were immediately arrested and taken to prison. It required a great deal of interest and difficulty to obtain permission for their liberation. However the name of Acton still retains enough interest at court to carry through such a mighty regulation successfully.

4 *March.* With Edward I took a delicious drive. He sat with me a little, and then I sallied out again to enjoy this heavenly day on the Monte Pincio, where I was joined by Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart [3] and my Lady. They both have a little sort of Birmingham talent, but are striving to be fashionable and give themselves airs. I dined at Mrs Cheney's. Met a large party of English, Comptons, Monkhouses, Lady Orkney and her niece, Miss Hoare. It was dull and very long, as all great dinners must ever be. I went for a few minutes to Laval's, which was not full or gay. Me de Meron is returned and wears the same juvenile attire. I slept for the first time at my villa; it is extremely pretty and not, as I feared, cold.

Thursday, 6 *March.* No letters, thank God! I passed the morning with Edward, and dressed and dined there. I met the Comptons, Mr Eastlake and Mr and Mrs Calcott; the latter I was curious to hear talk, but unfortunately she was ill and too oppressed to display. She is the Mrs Graham who has published books on India and America. Her works I have not read; but I believe they are unfeminine and abusive. I went after dinner

[1] Augustus Wall Callcott (1779–1844), painter, and R.A. in 1810. He married, in 1828, Maria Dundas (1785–1842). She was previously married to Captain Thomas Graham, R.N., and was the author of various books of travel and history.

[2] Thomas Uwins (1782–1857), the painter; later Royal Academician and Keeper of the National Gallery.

[3] Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, sixth Baronet (1788–1836), married Eliza Mary, daughter of Robert Farquhar, in 1819.

to Lady Westmorland's, where I was obliged to act in one of the tableaux. The subject was the *S^ta Cecilia* of Rafael, at Bologna. Miss Daniel was the Saint, and looked beautiful in her dress. Being a performer myself I was quite unable to judge of the effect, but I should think it was on the whole good. The scene behind the scenes was dreadfully tedious, and a sad exhibition of vanity and ill-humour. I was greatly tired, but went to make a painful visit at 12 o'clock, which did not on the whole answer very well. Hail and snow fell at night.

March 7. Today is my birthday ; I am 26. I was delighted in the morning by presents and a most affectionate note from dear Edward. His friendship for me and his manner of showing it on great and small occasions are among the few treasures that make me forget the other annoyances and distresses I have retrospectively and prospectively to struggle with. Lady Compton sent me also a nosegay and a Madonna. She insisted upon my going with her to a church, so we went together to S^t Peter's. It was during vespers ; we did not enter the chapel, but heard the music from a distance. The effect is very good. The church was full. It is the proof, I fear, of a little mind to have the feeling of religion more exalted by witnessing the magnificent results of human devotion, instead of adoring the Almighty at the sight of his own works only ; but I own I feel the influence of solemnity and pomp so strongly, that I cannot conceive any abstract religion, from whence all external demonstrations are expunged, being sincere or lively. I dined at L^y Compton's with Edward. In the evening we went to Hortense. She talked, as she always does before strangers, of her Swiss villa and was tiresome about it, the G^de D^sse de Baden and the Lake of Constance.

March 8. I drove out to the Borghese garden where I met T. G., and with her I went to S^t Peter's. She disgusts me with her total want of delicacy of manner or feeling, but her heart is good, and her talents very superior to what I first supposed them to be. The last two years she has passed in the world have done her good and rendered her more like other people. I received a letter in the morning from my aunt and one from my mother. The latter tells me that the D. of W^n is said to have excused himself for allowing Huskisson to remain in the Cabinet, when

reproached for doing so by some rank Tory, "Oh! he is a very good bridge for rats to run over." I cannot help thinking this has been said for him; for it seems to me too witty for His Grace. I dined with the Cheneys, and in the evening went for a very short time to Funchal's assembly, which was not full enough to warm the rooms. A bitter cold, windy day—tramontana.

Sunday, March 9. Several visitors came to see my villa, Comptons, Clephanes, Cheneys, Calcotts, Mrs Dalton, Miss Swinburne, Lady Westmorland. Though it was a cold day and very windy, it went off better than I expected. I drove afterwards with L^y^ W. to a villa on the road to Civita Vecchia, which she thinks of taking. She talked much on the Catholic religion, to which she is daily becoming more and more converted. However she says, "God must manifest himself more plainly. I cannot fight his battle any more. There must be another Incarnation. I have said, 'God manifest yourself.' I have done all I can do for the cause of virtue; God must complete the work." We talked about confession. She told me of an event here three months ago, of which I had never heard the least report, and which is, I believe, very carefully concealed. The Confessor of the old Queen of Spain [1] was seized with all his papers in the middle of the night, sent down guarded to Civita Vecchia, and there shipped into a Spanish vessel that had been waiting for that express purpose above a month. It is supposed he is accused of having revealed some of her Majesty's confessions, and that Ferdinand has demanded of the Pope the punishment of such an enormous crime instead of leaving him to the tardy justice of the Roman ecclesiastical court, which the Pope has been weak enough to permit.

I dined at Funchal's, where I arrived after the numerous company had sat down to dinner. I got a place between a little, black, pert, giggling Italian and a very pretty English woman, Mrs Lockhart. The former giggled and chattered with underbred freedom about the company and their merits and defects, nor was it till the middle of dinner I found him out to be Funchal's body violin-player, without whom he cannot make the smallest

[1] Queen Maria Luisa Theresa, wife of Charles IV. She died in 1819.

journey; for he says the harmony this man alone can produce upon the fiddle is the only means he has of soothing a weak digestion. Mrs Lockhart is pretty, but too thin; her profile is something like that of the Dss of Hamilton.

March 10. From dinner I went with Mrs Colyar to be presented to Lady Elinor Butler.[1] She has no remains of beauty, and talks with a strong Irish brogue; her melancholy position has obliged her to read a great deal, and she seems well informed and is lively.

Tuesday, March 11. I dined with Edward at Lady Mary's. We met Petre, Dodwell, Putbus, Mills and Mr Hobhouse. The conversation was filthy at dinner, enough to be disgusting. Lady Mary's mind has been rendered sadly gross by the horrid company in which she has been ever accustomed to live; and the want of either ladylike manners or ladylike feelings prevents her from checking this sort of language. Edward and I went for a short time to Lady Compton's, but hearing Lady W. was coming we escaped.

March 12. I walked down to the Corso with Lady C., passing thro' the Colonna gardens and by the P. di Spagna. I went to Hortense, who read to me some of her Memoirs. There is a curious account of Napoleon sending for Louis and her to demand their eldest child for the kingdom of Italy, which Louis positively refused, declaring he never would permit his child to be made greater than he was himself. Napoleon flew into a violent rage: vowed that his family did everything to counteract and impede his and their own aggrandizement, that he conquered Europe with more facility than he could surmount their domestic feuds, and that if the whole fabric he was trying to construct fell to pieces, it would be more owing to their childish etiquettes, which prevented a general system of union, than to the efforts of their enemies. He dismissed them both, without, however, having extorted from Louis the consent he desired; and Eugène was made King of Italy instead. There was also much about the attachment for M. de ——, and his generous conduct in avoiding everything to compromise or distress her. Her visit to

[1] Youngest daughter of John, seventeenth Earl of Ormonde. She married, in 1808, Viscount Lismore, a marriage which was dissolved in 1826. She died at Sorrento in 1859.

Boulogne during the time the flotilla was preparing against England is very well described, and she says she could not look at that ocean, "*qui pourra bientôt engloutir l'élite des deux plus grandes nations de l'Europe sans émotion.*" I dined with T. G. tête-à-tête. She was by way of being playful and infantine. The evening I passed with E. Cheney, who seemed suffering very much.

March 13. I received letters from home that distressed me. I cannot bear the idea of returning to England, but I cannot divest myself of all reproach in remaining so long away from those I do so tenderly love as I do my mother and family. I staid with E. Cheney all morning. I dined with his mother, and met only M. Griffi and a little Welsh Augustin monk—simple and cheerful as all recluses are. I went to Hortense's ball and concert, for such it was alternatively. In the great room hangs a fine specimen of Gobelin tapestry framed as a picture. It represents Napoleon on horseback. It is so admirably executed, that till to-day I never discovered it to be tapestry. On my return to my villa I found two letters that agitated me very much; one from Me Wonsowicz, the other from her daughter. "Votre cœur est peut-être changé, mais vous saurez apprecier l'attachement qui dicte ces paroles en dépit de tous les obstacles. Vous me punissez cruellement par votre long silence de vous avoir causé un instant de peine. Ne me trahissez pas; on ignore ma démarche. Si vous êtes heureux, oubliez-moi."

> How often must I hope, despair, resent, regret,
> Conceal, disdain; do all things but forget.

Sunday, March 16. Happily the day was fine, as I had invited several people. I was sadly annoyed, however, by the unexpected and unrequested visit T. G. made me. I dreaded her having the rudeness to remain, but fortunately I scared her away in time. Edward came to me first, and walked about with me till my visitors arrived. The first was Me de Meron, looking wonderfully well and of course admirably dressed. The Dallas' Lady M. Ross, Ly I. Chabot, and others came before Hortense arrived. She was extremely amiable and gracious to all my guests, and behaved so tenderly and kindly to poor Mrs Barfield that I did not regret at all her unexpected visit. The Comptons

and Cheneys came late, and my party lasted longer than I expected.

March 17. Edward and I went over to Frascati. We returned by Grotta Ferrata and dined at Hortense's, where we only met M. and Madame Dufresne. She is a handsome woman with dark eyes. He seems well-informed and intelligent. The conversation turned upon pronunciation. Hortense attacked the Paris vulgarity of pronouncing the words meilleur, tailleur, *meyeur*, *tayeur*, to which M. D. pleaded guilty. Her establishment is very small and simple; there is nothing to denote splendour, past or present, but it is well mounted and good. After dinner we went to Prince Louis'[1] bedroom, a handsome square room full of pictures and books. It is adjoining to the great room, and is nearly as handsome. He is an amiable, good-humoured young man, but his ugliness and the peculiarity of his position, which prevents his mixing in general society and gives him manners that from awkwardness are not *liant*, prevent the first impression being agreable. In the evening to L^{y} M. Ross's ball, S^{t} Patrick's day.

Wednesday, March 19. Breakfasted with Edward. We walked to the Capuchin convent to see the famous Guido. We gained admittance to the cloisters, and were allowed to find our way alone about the church. We scrambled over a railing and drew the curtain that conceals the picture. It is a very celebrated one, representing S. Michael treading on the Devil's head. I never admired it. Sir Thomas Lawrence had the absurdity to say it was the finest picture in Rome. It was a similar affectation made L^{d} Byron profess an exaggerated admiration for Pope. The figure is clad in blue armour, a red mantle is flowing behind, and one arm is uplifted to strike. The expression of the head is fine. The fair hair blown from the forehead by the wind is finely painted, but on the whole I thought it cold and unpleasing. The Sacristan arrived and gave us a most violent scolding for having wandered about alone. His manners were cross and almost brutal. The monks of this convent are famous for their violence. Last summer they had a great conflict in presence of a Capuchin Cardinal, in consequence of some proposed additional scarcity

[1] Hortense's third son, Charles Louis Napoleon (1808–73), afterwards Emperor Napoleon III.

in their diet, and a positive battle ensued. The military were called from the windows of the refectory to surround the convent; violent screams were heard. Some say five or six killed, but many were wounded and more exiled the following day. The story has of course been hushed up as much as possible, and therefore many have been the exaggerations; but I believe a serious conflict took place.

We then went to the Sciarra, where we found Hortense sitting to Mrs Cheney for her portrait. She insists upon having a crown upon her head and her hair frizzed, which will not become her half so much as a large hat or bonnet, but *vanity, vanity*, blinds her to this certain truth. I drove with her to Mr Mills, and walked about his lovely garden with her. He himself was out, which made it ten times more agreable. We then walked to the Coliseum and looked at the unmeaning scavo they are making about it. From thence we drove to the Borghese, where we walked with T. G. for above an hour. Hortense is very amiable and puts every one at their ease. The extreme good-nature and facility of her character make one forgive her frivolities and childish love of praise and admiration, which at first provoked one to discover in a mind capable of so much reflexion and with so good a heart. She is one of the very few extremely vain people I know that like to feed and not to wound the vanities of their neighbours. I bathed, and dined at L^{y} Compton's with Edward. To Lady Mary's in the evening. Mrs Dodwell was there looking lovely. That little duck-legged Dutchman, Tropignies, was trying, but quite in vain, to make Mortier jealous. Slept in Corso.

Thursday, March 20. In the morning I received two amiable letters—one from Mary, another from Charles; both of which I answered. I spent the morning at Palazzo Sciarra, where Hortense was sitting for her portrait to Mrs Cheney. She was agreable and lively. She told a curious story of her grandfather, the Marquis de Beauharnais, who fell in love in America with her mother's aunt. Both parties were married; but they vowed eternal love, and for fifty years they lived together like husband and wife, except not residing in the same house or bearing the same name. At length at 70 she was released by the death of her husband, and they married. It was this marriage that brought

C. Landseer pinxit

CHARLES RICHARD FOX

about Josephine's marriage to the son. However they did not live long together; the Marquis died, and she was again left a widow. At the age of 75 or 76 she thought proper to take another husband—a man of 40, who had served against the Republic in the Chouan wars. She excused herself by telling Hortense that for 50 years she had nursed her grandfather, and in her old age she felt herself the necessity of being taken care of and kindly treated. Her third husband behaved very well to her, and is now alive, Maire of some provincial town, pensioned by the Bonaparte family from his connection with them and rewarded by the Bourbons for his services in the Vendée war.

I walked about with H. Cheney. We went to Tadolini's studio, where I saw the bust of M. Wonsowicz and the bas-relief of their child's tomb. The idea of the latter is very pretty, but the execution is not good. There is a cast of a *Ganymede* he did for the D. of Devonshire that struck me as pretty, and a very stumpy, lumpy, vulgar *Theseus and Ariadne* he is doing for Mrs Beaumont, who was he told me *parente del Re d'Inghilterra.* I dined at Mrs Cheney's; no one but Miss C. and Mr Scott. In the evening I went to Lady E. Butler. She is clever and amusing —a little too Irish to please me, but yet agreable. From thence I went to Hortense's, where there was a small party. They played at Magical Music. A task is imposed upon some one while he or she are out of the room, and by the increased loudness or the lowness of the notes, he is led to discover what is required of him. Cortoni, one of the finest bass voices in Italy, sang. I staid a short time, and went away with L^{y} C., who was suffering from tooth-ache. I received letters from my father and Auguste Potocki, inviting me to Vienna in August.

March 21. Lady Elinor Butler came to see me at my villa, and with her I took a drive by S^{t} John Lateran to the Corso. Her conversation is lively, but, as must be in the case of a woman so situated, very egoistical. She is extremely Irish, not only, I suspect, in her accent but in her character; much flattery, much apparent openness, a great deal of vanity, and extreme *touchiness.* I went to Edward, and with him I drove to L^{y} Westmorland. She was in her dressing-gown, her hair about her neck, and sadly harassed and broken. Three days ago she received a most horrible, libellous letter from d'Orsay, threatening

if not to murder, to insult and outrage her, and alluding to all the disgusting, malicious reports calumny has, at various times, propagated about her. Much as she deserves some punishment for her interference in everybody's business, I cannot but feel most deeply her being exposed to a similar insult from such a beast as d'Orsay. The letter, of which she did not shew me the copy she has preserved, but out of which she repeated some sentences, is the most infamous ever penned. She gave it last night to Laval, and said, " Celà appartient, Monsieur, à la France et pas à moi." He is weak and bad, nor will he insist, as he should do, upon d'Orsay being trundled out of the Papal States. I want her to apply directly to the Pope. I dined at Lady Mary's, met as usual a party of men, Sir Charles Wentworth, Mortier. In the evening to Lady Compton's, where L^{y} West. came broken and oppressed by this infamous outrage. I cannot bear to see her so. Nervous and irritable as she is, a blow of this sort may drive her mad or even kill her. I slept in the Corso.

March 22. At nine o'clock I set off with Edward for Frascati. We waited some time at the Porta S. Giovanni for Hortense and T. G. The day was very delicious, but too windy. A violent sirocco blew from the South and covered us all the way with dust. Hortense drove in a light calêche with four horses ; she arrived some time before us. We found her and M^{e} Boudain Dufresne at the Villa Moncari. In the gallery there is a very fine bust of G^{k} sculpture ; they call it a genius. The house is gaudily fitted in modern taste. We mounted on asses here to go to the Villa Belvedere. The ladies screamed and made difficulties about the saddles, and were alarmed at being for a moment left alone. We walked over the whole of this splendid Royal Villa, one of the finest in Italy. On the second story there is a very pretty small theatre. It was decided that we were first to eat and then make our expedition to Tusculum. Hortense was determined to be very rural, and notwithstanding the high wind and the strong sun she would have us eat out of doors. It was with some difficulty I persuaded her to have a table. M. Schnez (?) the painter and M. Boudain Dufresne arrived just as the spot had been selected and the table laid. Hortense had brought a very greasy pie and some wine with her. However, what she did bring was soon disposed of, and the

champagne had the good effect of enlivening the party. Every one before was trying to be witty and cheerful, but no one felt so, and the gaiety was quite forced.

Sunday, March 23. In the morning Mrs Dodwell, the Cheneys, the Comptons, Lady Mary Deerhurst, Mortier, Petre, came to breakfast at my villa. The weather was tolerably fine and it went off pretty well. Afterwards I drove with Edward in my gig to the Villa Borghese, and dressed and dined at the Sciarra. I met the Comptons, Sir W^m^ Gell, Miss Clephane, Miss Swinburne. The conversation was rather flat. I went in the evening to Lady Elinor Butler. She was alone ; we sat up till 12. Her conversation is completely about herself ; she complains of the misfortunes of her life and narrates with emotion the shameful conduct of Mr Bingham with regard to her, who in a cold, unfeeling manner positively refused to marry her when he thought she only was to have £500 a year. She told me with much Irish drollery of the various applications for money she receives. Valdès' conduct towards her was mercenary, and he contrived to get out of her £700. A thousand scudi were paid to him on the spot, and he himself carried them out of her house under his cloak at night. How chivalrous! Monsignore Foscolo (brother to the poet) asked her for £2,000, which she refused, though he modestly said she might pay it by instalments. At length he came down to 200, to which he seemed to consider himself entitled, because he has invited her and been what he calls of service to her. Lord Blessington describes to her the extreme chastity of each member of his family. L^y^ B. has a spine complaint, which prevents him from exercising his matrimonial duties. D'Orsay has not and will not consummate his marriage, and he himself does not think le jeu vaut la chandelle to make any search among dirty Italian women.

March 14. In the morning I had a head-ache, and remained in bed. I sent to Edward to come to me, and got letters from England, my mother, Mrs Faz., my aunt and Charles. Lady Westmorland burst for an instant into my bedroom ; this dreadful libel has quite unsettled her very unsettled understanding. She was dressed in deep mourning ; the expression of her face was haggard and careworn, but wearing the most ghastly mad smile. She did not stay three minutes. All she said was rhapsody about

the Divine interference in her behalf, which she says has manifested itself, supported her spirits, and dictated her letters. She then abruptly interrupted herself, and said, "For 18 years have I suffered persecution, for 18 years have I been reviled, ridiculed and libelled. Who am I to thank for this? Lord Westmorland. Had he a grain of feeling, a spark of honor, or a single Xtian thought, what remorse would he now feel to see to what insults he has exposed the woman that bears his name;" and, "Oh God!" said she, falling on her knees by my bedside and praying earnestly, "may he feel it, as he should, *bitterly* in this world, but spare him, spare him from remorse and sorrow in the next." She then suddenly sprang from her knees, and talked on indifferent subjects, with the mock composure of a maniac, for a minute before she rushed back again lest our being together should be spied upon by emissaries from Casa Blessington. Her whole apparition was dreadful and alarming, and I cannot help feeling extreme anxiety about her.

A few minutes after she left me, Lady Compton came to ask me to set off with them at 11 to night for Naples to see the eruption, which they say has already begun. I consented. Five minutes after T. G. arrived. We had sad scenes about my departure, and this will probably put an end to a liaison which bores me and does not satisfy her. She requires such exclusive devotion, that I have neither time nor love enough to bestow upon her. I dined with Mrs Barfield; nobody but her sister. D'Orsay has shown copies of his libel right and left. I went to Lady Elinor for half an hour; our separation was more tender than I wished or expected. I left dear Edward at Lady West.'s door and went to L^{y} Compton's. This is the first time I have been separated from him since Genoa, and I feel the pang of separation very deeply. We were off at 11 in Mrs Clephane's carriage. Three of us, one being Lady C., quite filled the chaise. The weather was dreadful; it rained, thundered, lightened, hailed before we reached Albano; the road was full of others rushing down for the same object. We had a courier and outstripped them. We reached Terracina at about 10 o'clock in the morning.

March 26. *Naples.* It was not till late that I got up to see how very fruitless our expedition is likely to prove. Vesuvius

seems as I left it in July. On Saturday last it sent up a great deal of smoke, and there was a sort of internal eruption in the crater. We met Butera, Mr Anderson and Mr Stapleton. Butera talked to us of Sicily. L^{y} C. prided herself upon concealing the chance of my going, lest he should draw unholy conclusions. She is not aware how very safe her figure renders her character, and how very unwilling people are to believe that she inspires or feels the tender passion. They give her credit for being content with receiving what she merits, a very warm friendship, from one to whom she has been invariably kind. Butera says he has been offered the Vice-royalty of Sicily, which he has refused on the score of health, being unable to pass the summer in such a climate, and residence being positively necessary. He was a German adventurer of the name of Wilding, and though no beauty yet he so contrived to enamour P^{sse} Butera, that sooner than not be gratified unlawfully (which she went on her knees in vain to sue) she at length consented to acquire a lawful right to him, and by marrying him made him one of the richest and most powerful subjects in Naples.

Thursday, March 27. I went with Lady C. to the end of the Strada Nuova. Every time I come to Naples I admire and enjoy it more. We dined at 6. A Marchese Medici (a Milanese, descended, he says, from the Medici, tho' thro' bastards) came and bored us a good deal. He talked of the Pope and of the Pasquinade made on his election :—

Il nostro Leone
E un Limone
Aspro du dentro
Giallo du fuori.

I went with Lady C. for an hour to the Archbishop of Tarento. He was sitting as usual surrounded by his cats. He is 85, but with all his faculties, and full of benevolence and affection. I never saw anybody of his age preserve so lively an interest about the passing events of the day and shew such powers of fresh enjoyment. Instead of harping like other old people upon the superiority of all sublunary things sixty years ago, and sometimes even upon the deterioration of sun, moon and stars, he appears *pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw*, and even delighted to

see old friends though anxious also to acquire new ones. His old age always makes me in love with life, if one could hope to reach it as he has done without thinking existence a burden to the bystanders and finding it a suffering to oneself. He is beloved by all that know or serve him, and the mildness of his countenance is not belied by any selfish meanness of his heart.

March 29. With Lady C. I drove, as the day was bright, to Pozzuoli, to see the Cavaliere Monticelli (the learned mineralogist).[1] He goes there for change of air whenever it is the least cold at Naples, as the climate is so much milder than in the Bay of Naples itself. He says the mountain is at present tranquillized and that for some time there will be no eruption, as the wells have not dried and the shower of white ashes, which is the usual conclusion of all eruptions, has fallen. He is an old man, very ugly, but with rather an agreable countenance, and he speaks much better Italian than the generality of Neapolitans. I got letters from Lʸ E. B. and Edward. The latter was a great pleasure to me. I do so tenderly love him, that, feeling as I do quite renovated in health by coming here, I pant to return to him. I eat, drink, sleep, and feel in a state of positive enjoyment as to physical existence ever since I arrived, but I do so feel the void of my second self's society, to which I have been accustomed daily and almost hourly for so many months, that I cannot take any interest or feel any pleasure in all around me, though this is the place on earth in which I am most capable of being happy. I dined at home and passed the evening with the Comptons.

Sunday, March 30. I went to see la Baronne de Delmar, once the beautiful, the fashionable, the adored Emily Rumbold,[2] and now married to a morbid Jew, who is enormously rich and who has married her for the purpose of having an ornamental nurse. I have not seen her for two years, since her mother's death and her own marriage. She was overcome at seeing me. A more striking picture of splendid misery I never beheld.

[1] (1759–1846). Italian savant. He was a special authority on Vesuvius and its eruptions.

[2] (1790–1861). Youngest daughter of Sir George Rumbold, second Baronet. She married Ferdinand, Baron de Delmar. Her mother, two years after Sir George's death in 1807, married Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, and died in 1826.

Living in the finest house in the loveliest town on earth, surrounded by all that luxury can devise, she seems wretched, discontented and almost broken-hearted. She feels her marriage to have been humiliating, and is ashamed of herself and her husband. I did not see him; nor did she even mention his name.

I dined at the Archbishop's. I met a large party of English, which I regretted, as it prevents the old man from being at his ease and talking freely on all subjects—Hallam, Millingen, Dr Nott.[1] The priggish pedantry of the latter exceeded all I ever beheld. He is like a character in a novel, but too absurd for real life. Matthias[2] was discussed at dinner, his knowledge of Italian and his probable age. As to the former, what the Arcbp said, is, I believe, most true, that it was a language he had only acquired *sul* (?), and that he could not converse in it or indeed understand others when they spoke it. Millingen[3] talked of the statue called, he thinks improperly, *Aristides*.[4] He supposes it to be the statue of a sophist, from all the antiquarians know about the dress of the Gk orators; the drapery of this statue does not at all agree with what they know or think they know at least. After dinner I drove by Capo di Monte to the Toledo. With Ly Compton I drove upon the Strada Nuova. She was, or thought she was, sentimental, and I was frozen. The moon was quite clouded and the March wind keen.

March 31. Letters from T. G., E. B., Edward. By the latter I find he has been ill though he does not say so. I long

[1] George Frederick Nott (1767–1841), divine and author. He lived much in Italy after receiving severe injuries from an accident, in 1817, when superintending the restoration of Winchester Cathedral.

[2] Thomas James Mathias (1754?–1835), said to be the best English scholar in Italian since Milton. Sometime treasurer to Queen Charlotte, and librarian at Buckingham House.

[3] James Millingen (1774–1845), archæologist. Originally a banker's clerk, he resided in Italy for many years before his death.

[4] Fox had previously written of this statue, which he had seen in the Studii: "*Aristides*, at least the statue so called, is as fresh as the day it was finished. Few statues I have seen give me pleasure equal to that one. I know no head fuller of poetry and expression. He seems on the point of making an oration and his mind is full of the subject; nor does the expression of his face lead one to imagine he finds any pleasure in saying what he intends."

to return. The Comptons went to Pompeii. I drove about the shops and found everything wonderfully dear. I took a sea-bath before dinner. This is the first fine day we have had. The mountain puffed out more smoke than I ever saw come from it before; and I now almost fear an eruption, or the threats of one, retarding my return to Edward. We all dined at home, and I took another chilling, sentimental moonlight drive with L^{y} C. to Capo di Monte.

April 2. We did not arrive at Albano till some time after dark, and as I there found dear Edward I renounced all ideas of pushing on to Rome, but slept there. The Comptons went on to Rome. I passed a most agreable evening with Edward. Lady Sandwich is gone. Her indignation against the Blessingtons broke out to Edward in strong language before she left Rome. "If things were called by their right names no one would support L^{y} B. and d'Orsay. If she was called the w. . . . and he the bully nobody would solicit their acquaintance." L^{d} B. the other day wanted to be very civil to the C^{t} Negroni, who lives below him, and before a large company, in a loud voice, he said, "*Ego non fo bruto sopra voi.*" Finding he was not understood, he tried a second time, and when that was equally unsuccessful, he turned round and exclaimed, "Damn the fool, he don't understand Italian."

April 3. *Rome.* Mrs Anderson, a cheery, strapping sort of woman, fainted away the other day at court at Naples, and her husband assured the K^{g} and Q^{n} that it was of no consequence, "C'est seulement que ma femme est si *étroite.*" Home to bed in the Corso early. Sir W^{m} Drummond died last Saturday. We heard of his death yesterday at Velletri.

Friday, April 4. The first thing in the morning I went to Lady Westmorland's, who read to me at length all the correspondence that passed between Laval and her previous to the reception of the libel, and the long letter she has since concocted to Laval to answer it. I was much surprized at the mildness, temper and dignity of her first letters, and at finding upon what very high grounds she stands at present. Her long letter is in some parts quite beautiful, and in all very clever, though too full of God and the Devil. She has become quite calm and rational, and seems so well pleased at the excellence of her letter that she almost

forgets the necessity of punishing the other. I went to L^y^ Elinor Butler and drove with her for an hour. I dined late at Lady Compton's, she having gone to the Miserere. In the evening Edward and I went to Lady West.'s, with whom we staid till 2 o'clock. She read over again the whole correspondence. She was brilliant and clever, talked much of her quarrel with L^d^ W., which she described admirably, and almost avowed her Catholicism. Her conduct has been very prudent and very judicious throughout the whole of the business.

April 5. In the morning I visited Lord Arundel,[1] to consult with him as to proper measures to be taken against d'Orsay. His conversation and manner pleased me very much. The manner in which L^y^ West. has sent her long letter to Laval is curious. She gave it to B^p^ Baines[2] to give to Laval's confessor, which he has done; and the confessor seems to have had some effect on the Ambassador's mind. Lord Arundel feels as few among the English here, I am sorry to say, *do* feel, but as all ought, and is very desirous something should be done to protect L^y^ W. from the insults of a ruffian. I went to E. C., and with him drove to the Villa Paulina,[3] near the Porta Pia, in the gardens of which we loitered about to enjoy the heavenly day.

We walked to L^y^ West.; she took us into her garden, at the end of which is the pavilion containing the famous *Aurora* by Guido. We walked about talking to her upon this unfortunate business, and upon the unfeeling meanness all the English have shewn, not only in shrinking from supporting her, but in their desire to prove that she has brought the insult upon herself. She took Edward and me down to the Sciarra, where I dressed and dined. At dinner:—L^y^ Compton, Sir W^m^ Gell, Selwyns, Garlies, Dent, Dallas. The subject of the libel was studiously avoided by Sir W^m^ and the young men, as they were anxious not to express opinions of which they have, I suppose, enough feeling left to know they should be ashamed. I went with L^y^ C. to

[1] John Everard, tenth Lord Arundell of Wardour (1785–1834), son of the ninth Baron, who died in 1817. He married Mary Anne, daughter of George, first Marquess of Buckingham.

[2] Peter Augustine Baines (1786–1843), Roman-Catholic bishop. He was touring on the Continent for his health, and was often in Rome between 1827 and 1829.

[3] Now the Villa Bonaparte, opposite to the British Embassy.

Hortense. I found Cottenot,[1] the handsome French artist who used last year to do the honors of her house, returned from Naples. His manner is very affected and ridiculous, which is at present heightened by a studious imitation of d'Orsay in his square-cut coat and his shirt-sleeves doubled back over the coat half-way towards the elbow. Hortense made him sing the song in *Figaro*, which he does very well; his voice is very fine and his ear very just. Out of civility Hortense pressed L^y^ C. to sing, to which request I was sorry she so quickly complied. Home late.

Sunday, April 6. I left my villa very early for fear of another visit from L^y^ E. B., and in case she came I left a note which must *for ever* finish all like love between us. I breakfasted with the Comptons, and went with them in a broiling sun to the Piazza di S. Pietro to see the Benediction. We remained in the carriage near the obelisk. The Blessingtons' carriage was not far from ours. The family tried to catch my eye and bow, but I carefully avoided their recognition. This coup d'œil is most imposing. The appearance of the Pope carried in a chair to the centre window over the Portico produced an instant silence among the assembled multitude below. A few prayers were sung by the attendant priests; and the Pope, lifting up one hand, blessed the people in making the sign of the Cross to the right, to the left, and then before him. A single trumpet blew a shrill, but joyous blast; and afterwards more prayers were chanted by the priests for about a minute, till the Pope, rising slowly from his chair and lifting up both his arms to Heaven, implored a benediction upon the Christian world. At that instant the music struck up from several military bands in the Piazza, the cannon of S^t^ Angelo fired, and the effect was most imposing. The beauty and warmth of the day added much to the gaiety and splendor of the scene. On returning to the Sciarra E^d^ found a note from L^y^ W., begging him to go and take me with him out of town; as by L^y^ C.'s absurd alarms about me, which she has communicated to all with whom she has conversed, I shall be the person marked out for the indignation of d'Orsay. I consented to go to pacify her, and as of course in such a case and with such a bullying,

[1] Perhaps Emile Cottenet, actor and dramatic author, who died in 1833.

unworthy antagonist, I feel most desirous to avoid anything that will render a duel necessary. I went to L^y^ Compton and reproached her with her imprudence, which she denies and which I believe must have been involuntary and not intentional.

April 7. At 11 o'clock I received from d'Orsay the following note, with a snuff-box I gave him at Florence last October :—

" Je vous renvoye votre souvenir, car je ne veux rien garder qui puisse pour un instant me rappeler votre ingrate et fausse personne.

ALFRED D'ORSAY."

It took me some time to decide what I should answer, anxious as I am to avoid a duel both for my own sake and for Lady Westmorland's—a duel being the only thing to restore d'Orsay's character to the level of a gentleman, and being, I have no doubt, his object in writing to me. At length I wrote as follows :—

" Je suis bien aise que vous m'avez renvoyé souvenir dont la vue, je le crois bien, doit vous être pénible. Vous savez bien que je n'ai été ni faux, ni ingrat. La reconnaissance que je vous doit pour vos bontés passées me fait vivement regretter votre conduite actuelle, et ma sincerité me fait exprimer ces regrets.

HENRY EDWARD FOX."

T. G. came after Edward had been with me an hour. We had a reconciliation. I dined with L^y^ C. at 5 o'clock. I called for Edward, and took him with me to join the Comptons at the P^zzo^ Salviati, where they had taken a window in an entresol to see the girandola, which was put off last night in consequence of the Q^n^ of Sardinia's arrival to-day. The effect of the reflexion of the fireworks in the river was very beautiful, and I think this is by far the best spot to see them from in Rome. The white light of the Roman candles upon the volumes of smoke was very picturesque. We went from the Salviati to L^y^ West., where we found Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister, trying fruitlessly to give utterance to his confused and silly ideas either in French or English, though equally incapable of speaking either intelligibly.

His intentions are good, but his mind is contracted and his manner of expressing himself so imperfect and confused, that it is nearly impossible to comprehend the platitudes he wishes to convey to his auditors. Lady W. treated him with great contempt, which he rather deserved for the timidity of his counsels, fearing only Laval's indignation at his being one of L^y^ W.'s champions.

When Kestner was gone I told L^y^ W. of d'Orsay's note to me. There is scarcely any other woman on earth to whom such a secret could be confided with safety. She, however, acted, as I was sure she would, with courage and sense. She felt that till the paper putting him below the level of a gentleman, in consequence of his letter to her, was signed by all the most distinguished people here, my refusing to fight him would be impossible. That even if it were signed, I should not be justified in so doing, and that the only way to prevent d'Orsay recovering his character by a duel is to keep out of town, where he may find occasion to provoke me to the necessity of challenging him. She was pleased at my confidence in her, and not sorry at the prospect of *une affaire d'honneur*, though chagrined and distressed at d'Orsay, whom she justly thinks below the par of a gentleman, being likely to retrieve his character. Home late to bed. M. S^t^ Priest shot himself yesterday at the Gran' Bretagna from debt.

April 8. At nine o'clock I went for five minutes to L^y^ W., who trembles whenever I am out of her sight. I found her dressed out in a blue silk ball-dress and looking rayonnante. She had received a letter from B^p^ Baines saying his interview with the Pope was to take place to-day. She was in great spirits and very lively. I took up E. C. at the Sciarra and we went out to Fiumicino.

Thursday, April 10. *Fiumicino.* Before reaching Porto we were met by Henry Cheney, who brought us a letter from L^y^ Westmorland :—

" April 10, Thursday.

" My dear Children,

The night before last at half past ten the Governor of Rome waited upon the French Ambassador, and informed His Excellency that it was the wish of His Holiness that Count d'Orsay should quit Rome. The Ambassador declined conveying the information,

as not having authority as Ambassador or influence as an individual. The Governor added that the correspondence was in his possession, and that the opinion of His Holiness and himself was to be seen by the promptitude of their measures. This scene took place in public. I understand the Governor is a very energetic and determined man, and I suppose there is no doubt, therefore, that the measure will be executed immediately. The Ambassador talks with execration of the letter and with applause of me. He congratulated himself that the door of Palazzo Negroni had been shut in his face a few evenings ago. Think of having such a letter in his possession, and then *waiting* to be *turned out* of the house of the writer."

I was diverted at the formal diplomatic phraseology of her communication. The intelligence it conveys does give me most sincere pleasure, not only for the immediate gratification of L^y^ Westmorland (in which I own I rejoice, after the shameful insult she has sustained), but it also gives me great satisfaction to see that such a gross and disgusting infamy, as that which is daily exhibited and loudly professed by the whole Casa Blessington, does still meet with some censure in the world, and is not permitted to walk boldly about,

'Lords of the street and terrors of the way.'

April 18.[1] We left Cervetri at half past 2, and passing through the dismalest part of the dismal Campagna we got to Rome only at 9. We dined at Mrs Cheney's on raw cutlets (their dinner being over), and then paid a visit to Lady Westmorland, with whom we found P^sse^ Massimo, her husband, her son the P^ce^ Arsoli, and his beautiful wife.[2] She is a sort of half-royalty of the Sardinian family; her features and complexion are extremely

[1] Fox still remained away and made expeditions to Ostia and Civita Vecchia. Occasional messages were received from Rome giving him information of what was going on. On the 12th a letter from Lady Westmorland told of delay in the message to d'Orsay and of her suspicions of Laval and Lord Hardwicke; while the news on the 15th was that a report was afloat (probably, she said, circulated by d'Orsay and Lady Blessington) that Laval had seen the Pope and that the order of expulsion was rescinded.

[2] Camillo Vittorio, Prince d'Arsoli (1803–73), eldest son of Prince Massimo, married, in 1827, Maria Gabriella, Princesse de Savoie-Carignan.

beautiful, her figure is not good. She is much too thin. After they were gone Lady W. began upon all her woes. D'Orsay seems likely to remain—at least if he has received a hint from the Gt to leave the town (as I suspect he has), he will comply with it in a manner to obviate the public disgrace of being sent out. I went to bed at one o'clock, dead-tired and ill.

April 19. I awoke very unwell and sent for Jenks. Lady Westmorland came to me at 11, and staid an hour or two ranting over her own misfortunes and over the conduct of Lds Hardwick and Caledon. I strongly advised her (perhaps somewhat selfishly) to write (*and to put in effect what she writes*) to Laval and the Papal Gt a letter declaring her intention of leaving the town in case d'Orsay is not sent away. She went home to do so. Jenks ordered me to stay at home, so I sent an excuse to Ly Westmorland. Edward came and sat with me all morning. Lady West. came a second time and gave me a bad headache. In the evening Lady Compton and her mother came ; the former was also ill. Edward staid with me till late.

Sunday, April 20. Edward came to me early to pass the day. Ly Compton came after church, and I had a visit from Wrio Russell,[1] who is just arrived from London with Wm Hope (Tommy Hope's son). Wrio is extremely improved, though still somewhat frivolous and childish in his turn of thought. He told strange stories of Mrs Norton (Tom Sheridan's daughter), who gives herself airs of eccentricity and is much admired in London for them. To John Talbot, who came up to speak to her for the second time in his life, she said, " Jack, Jack, for shame ! We must not be too familiar in public." She told her astonished husband before a roomful of people at Chesterfield House, that before her marriage she had been in love with Ld C. and that he still possessed her picture. The whole of it was a fiction ; but such allusions are both dangerous and indecent for so young a woman. Her oddity makes her at present the fashion ; and people admire her prodigiously. I was very unwell and dined at home.

April 21. Jenks found me better. The Blessingtons go on

[1] Lord Wriothesley Russell (1804–86), fourth son of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, and eldest son by his second wife. He later took orders, and became a Canon of Windsor.

Sunday to Bracciano, which will prevent the Comptons passing the week they intended there. It is said, and God grant it may be true, that the B.'s leave Rome for Venice on the 3d of May. They are pests in a town and produce quarrels wherever they go; though of all the many histories they have caused in the various towns where they have resided, this last seems to be the most flagrant and detestable.

April 22. Ly Westmorland showed me her fresh letter to Laval; it is clever and to the purpose. She was most extremely unreasonable and quarrelsome, and during the four or five mortal hours we were with her she tried to quarrel with each of us thirty times about nothing—especially with Edward, because he would not say he was convinced that d'Orsay and the Secretaries of the French Embassy are in league against her. I dined at Lady Compton's: nobody but Ld and Ly C. Before dinner I had a *scene* with my Lady, which she meant to be tragical, but which seemed to me even more than farcical. We went to the Teatro Valle.

Wednesday, April 23. In the morning I bought two strong white horses for my carriage, and I took a short drive to try them. I then went in my cabriolet for Edward, with him I drove on the Naples road, and then to the Villa Borghese, where I succeeded in meeting d'Orsay. He looked one way, I another. Edward, who was with me, bowed, which seemed to please and surprize him. Edward said he looked extremely distressed and pale at meeting an old friend he has insulted for speaking with indignation of the outrage he has lately been guilty of. I dressed at the Sciarra and went with the Cheneys to dine at Ly Compton's, where I met a tribe of Clephanes. The dinner was tedious beyond calculation and the evening very dull. Lady Mary Ross and the Colyars came. Ly C. was acting *assumed spirits*. It is a pity she will never be content to be natural and without *emotions*. I went to Ly West., where I found a young Captain Carpenter. She kept me till 2 o'clock, asking me to suggest advice and to foresee what would be said against her on the publication of the papers, as if I was myself entertaining similar opinions. She is by far the most unreasonable person to deal with I ever saw, and renders it a most hopeless and thankless office to attempt in any way to assist her. I pity her less than

I should any other woman in a similar situation, for her mind is so constituted that she enjoys a tracasserie; and though I think the grossness of the libel at first shocked and wounded her, she now feels great pleasure in the occupation of writing so much, and in having an opportunity of quarrelling with more than two-thirds of the society, and in abusing everybody else, and in extolling her own *angelic conduct*, as she calls it, to the few victims she can obtain as audience. One of those victims from henceforward I shall ever cease to be. Her conduct towards me in abusing me for leaving the town (which was done at her own entreaty) is so base, that from this time I shall cease to consider myself as her friend.

April 25. I went to see Lady Westmorland, who received me in her bedroom. She was in bed; Gen[l] Eustace sitting by her. She is resolved (thank God) to go on Monday to Florence with him. Her violence, and her total want of affection and consideration for others, makes me feel more and more callous to her misfortunes, especially that now I find she has been abusing E[d] Cheney and myself as cowards for deserting her and going to the country, when *she herself* was the instigator, nay entreater of our departure. She is a dangerous woman, thinks only of herself, and is both mischievous and false to her best friends. One of that number she has *for ever* lost. Justice is on her side in this business, and I will go on as I have begun in trying all I can to get her redress; but everything like personal regard or esteem is for ever destroyed.

29 *April.* I dined at the Sciarra. Mrs Cheney and her daughter with Gaetani to the play. I left Edward early and drove to the Coliseum, where I was amused at overhearing in a strong Irish accent the tender words, "*Vi amero sempre,*" from the dark part of the Colonnades. A few minutes afterwards I saw a strange, ill-dressed woman walking with Ludovico Santi cross in the full light of the moon, and I recognised L[y] E. B. This entirely removes any compunction I might have felt for conduct that some would deem harsh. L[y] Blessington, Miss Power, d'Orsay and Paul Esterhazy arrived and stalked about soon after I came. The hallos and clapping of hands and shouts of vulgar laughter that they made rendered this enchanting spot detestable. I remained, however, till the lovers and the

rioters were gone, and enjoyed a full hour amidst these grand ruins while the moon was casting long shadows and bright light upon its overgrown masonry.

30 *April.* P^zo Sciarra. H. Cheney went to-day to Naples. I went early to Edward. We drove to the Capitol and saw the statues. The collection of busts is not very good. There is, however, one of *Nerva* which is exceedingly fine; the mouth is quite wonderful for the expression and life it portrays. We walked over Mills' garden, and sat among his bowers of roses; the profusion of them is very beautiful, but there are too many littlenesses and prettinesses for such a spot as the classical and splendid one on which he lives. Shrubberies suit Highgate and Hampstead, but appear contemptible in the palace of the Cæsars. Dined at the Sciarra. In the evening to Hortense. T. G. there. Gortchacoff making love, and acting or feeling jealous. Hortense was too musical to be agreable. Her romances never ended. She sang all the time with Nicky Esterhazy, whose voice is good but wants expression. E^d and I went to the Coliseum. I slept at the Sciarra.

May 3. We arrived late at the Sciarra from Frascati as I went for a few minutes to my villa and to some shops, only just in time to dress for Hortense's dinner at half past 6. We did not arrive till 7. We found only Hortense and M^lle Rabié (her lady-in-waiting, whose manners are nearly as vulgar and noisy as her face is ugly and wizened). Hortense was almost in tears when we came into the room at the departure of her son. At first I concluded from her extreme agitation that some misfortune had obliged his sudden journey, or that his absence would probably be very long; but she told us to my surprize that he was only gone to Florence, where she will find him at the end of the month. Her distress was not the least affected; on the contrary she was ashamed of it, and tried all she could to repress her tears, which again burst forth at dinner. It is the first time in her life that she has ever been separated from him for so long a time. He is now gone on horseback and alone. She had been in the morning as far as Baccano to accompany him, and was much tired with her expedition. After dinner, however, she became more cheerful, and talked more brilliantly than I have ever heard her. She told us that in 1802 she was much *liée* with the D^ess of

Bedford (then L^y^ G. Gordon),[1] that her brother Eugène had been in love with her, and that, as great objections were urged on both sides to their marriage, she became the first promoter of her marriage with the D. of Bedford. The first thing she did which melted the D.'s heart towards her, steeled as it was by prejudice, was seeing her at dinner burst into tears, when she beheld waiting behind his chair the same servant that had attended his brother, to whom she was, or said she was, once engaged. Hortense talked much and very favorably of the E. of Russia, Alexander. She said, however, that he was extremely *méfiant*, and if once his suspicion was roused it never could again be overcome. She excused that defect, by describing with much pleasantry the falsehood of the nation with which he had always had to deal. Napoleon, she said, judged on the contrary so harshly of mankind in general, that he felt scarcely any indignation or resentment at the treachery of individuals under him. No one forgave so easily, and as he only counted on the fidelity of those he employed as long as it was their interest to remain true, he was seldom astonished, and even after repeated proofs of unworthiness still placed confidence where he thought from sordid motives he might command obedience. It was only upon the nobler qualities he did not count—enthusiasm and self devotion always surprized him.

She talked much of the Royal Family of France. Of the very fine and easy part the Dauphine might have played on the Restoration, had not misfortune so soured her temper that she was always the most unforgiving of the family. Her maxim has ever been, " Tout ce qui n'est pas ami est ennemi, et il faut l'écraser." Never at her solicitation has a single pardon or remission of punishment been accorded. Hortense speaks of the Bourbons with great respect, and always of Marie Antoinette with much interest, owing, I conclude, to her education under M^e^ Campan. The latter, she said, had formerly shewn her the Memoirs which were published some years ago, and had consulted her as to the propriety of acknowledging her suspicions as to the Queen's attachment to M. de Fersen. Hortense was then

[1] John, sixth Duke of Bedford's second wife, whom he married in 1803. She had been engaged to be married to his brother Francis, fifth Duke of Bedford, who died in 1802.

young and knew not the world. She therefore strongly advised her to state her real opinion, thinking that by owning one weakness the denial of all the atrocities against that unfortunate woman would be more readily believed, Now, she says, having seen more of the injustice of the world, she thinks Me Campan was right in not following her advice. Whatever is admitted against a friend is always imagined by the public as a faint acknowledgment of other delinquencies that are left untold. M. de Fersen was the only man for whom, Me Campan thought, the Queen had ever forgotten her duties. It was love at first sight. She was so struck at seeing him, that she quite started and caused all the ladies who were walking behind to halt. He acted as coachman for the Royal family in the flight to Varennes, and confided the secret of the escape to Me Crauford, who was then living with him as his mistress. He escaped from Varennes to Bruxelles, and was so afraid even there of betraying his interest about the Bourbons, that on the very night the news arrived of the Queen's execution he appeared at the theatre, much to the disgust of the émigrés and of all those who knew the footing he had been upon in the Palace. Afterwards he returned to his native country, Sweden, and was torn to pieces at Stockholm by the mob during a popular tumult.

Wednesday, 7 of May. Pzo Sciarra. We drove to the Coliseum, and in the evening visited Lady Mary Deerhurst. We found there Mr Terrick Hamilton, and heard the welcome news of Laval's recall. I am very sorry it happens so soon, as even Ly Westmorland's mad vanity will be unable to persuade herself, much less others, that her application to the French court has caused his disgrace. The reason of his recall is not known; but I conclude it is in consequence of the change of ministers much more than in compliance with Me Esterhazy's complaints against him addressed to her *cousin* the Dauphine, for her pride is being the supposed natural child of the Emperor Joseph from the frailty of her mother. This pretension, however, is they say groundless; though there certainly is a sort of resemblance between her and the Dauphine to justify the suspicion.

Friday, 9 of May. I dined with Ly Mary D., where I met Gell, Ly Compton, Mr Hamilton, Gortchacoff. The Embassy deny Laval's being recalled; but it is, however, the case, and

the event seems to give universal satisfaction. I went to T. G. She gave me a fresh proof of Lady Blessington's malice. In order to distress her, and also perhaps in hopes of making us quarrel, she told T. G. of L^{d} Byron, in 1823, having said to me at Genoa that one of his reasons for going to Greece was to get rid of her and her family—which he meant, I conclude, by saying he wished to cut cables in Italy and go either to Greece or England in order to regain his liberty. Of course I denied it, tho' it is true. At the Sciarra I passed the evening. Lady Compton came there and acted dignified distress, for no earthly reason I could discover—some grievance, I believe, at my shewing no inclination to breakfast with them at 9 o'clock at Frascati.

May 10. I received a letter from my mother and one from Mary. In the former there is a clever character of L^{y} Westmorland, though somewhat too severe, as it does not do justice to her extreme brilliancy or her wonderful quickness in seeing the defects of all those with whom she has to deal. L^{y} Compton wrote me a foolish note, desiring I would bring about Count Roberti's marriage with Miss Wilbraham "*suddenly*" and "*silently*." What stuff! And why should either she or I meddle with affairs in which we are so totally uninterested; but she carries the spirit of interfering in other people's affairs to a point unexampled off the stage.

May 12. *Albano.* We returned by 3 o'clock to dinner at Rome. I drove in my gig to Albano to join T. G. The horse was lame and I went extremely slow. I met a quantity of carriages and people on horseback and on foot returning from the fête which took place yesterday. The evening was lovely. I did not arrive till 7. The houses were all illuminated in the principal street, which was so thronged that I had great difficulty in making my way. Fireworks were going off in all directions and several fire-balloons were sent up, which had a very pretty effect, and, as there was no wind to extinguish them, they remained hung high in air for a long time, till the light gradually diminished to such a speck, that it was only from their yellow terrestrial light that they were to be distinguished from the stars which were shining forth most brightly. I walked with T. G. in the garden. The heat of this spring quite perplexes the philosophers, who wish to account for it by the gradual approach

of the comet, which is, they say, to destroy the earth in 1832. A book written by a priest, to prove that such an event would fulfil the prophecies in the Old Testament, was brought to the Pope for the necessary permission for its publication. He wrote on its back, "Licenza per stampare lo nel 1833." Hortense has allowed L^y^ Blessington to make her a present of an Indian shawl. Of course she wished to acquit the debt, and sent L^y^ B. a ring, once the property of the Empress Josephine. Visits and mutual flattery ensued. I am not surprized, though I own I am sorry, that vice, because wealthy, should always be so triumphant. I passed the evening with T. G. The earthquake was felt here yesterday very sensibly.

Saturday, May 17. I set off early in the morning for Rome, where I arrived at half past 12. I sat to Mr Williams, who nearly finished my portrait. The day was hot and oppressive, and occasionally very rainy. I went to T. G. She leaves Rome next week for Ravenna. I dined at Hortense's. No one but herself and M^lle^ Rabié. She was agreable. Laval is named, they say, to Vienna, and Chateaubriand is to come here. Polignac was mentioned as probable. Hortense hoped he might not come, for he had shewn no civility to her and her mother at the return of the Bourbons in 1814, though it was entirely to the intercession of Josephine that he owed his life. M. de la Rivière (tho' at that time aide-de-camp to the Comte d'Artois, and though he owed much less to the Empress) instantly went to Malmaison. Jules de Polignac was condemned for his participation in a plot to assassinate Napoleon, and his pardon was most unwillingly accorded to the cries and importunities of Josephine. After dinner Hortense took me to Madame Mère's. Her house is very handsome, and we passed thro' several rooms richly carpeted, finely furnished, and, what astonished me most from her reported avarice, most brilliantly lighted. Hortense had brought with her to my great sorrow the foolish drama of *Valerie* to read to her belle-mère. I should have liked much better to hear the old lady talk. Hortense assured me that she liked very much to have plays read aloud to her; but I own she did not seem at all pleased at the idea or amused at the lecture, though she bore it with more fortitude than her doctor or her equerry. The former is deaf and does not understand French, so he talked

greatly and loudly to the equerry, who, under the double influence of the doctor's conversation and the maudlin sentiment of *Valerie,* fell fast asleep. Cardinal Fesch [1] was announced towards the middle of the 2d act, but did not prevent Hortense from continuing her play, tho' the encouragement she met with was very small. Fesch soon slept also, and the dénouement arrived just in time to prevent Madame from following his example. The Psse de Canino [2] was announced. She is a fat, rather vulgar-looking woman of about 50, but with remains of most splendid beauty. The upper part of her face is very fine indeed. Her beauty was, they say, quite sufficient to justify the sacrifices of ambition that ambitious man, her husband, made for it. Madame Mère is very small, her face is long, her nose thin and long, her eyes are small but very bright and intelligent, her smile extremely sweet and playful. She expresses herself with great difficulty in French, and with a very strong vicious Italian accent. Her voice is rather agreable; but the only thing that struck me about her as very peculiar is her smile, which, for so old a woman, who never could have had much beauty, appears extremely engaging. I went with Hortense to the play, a dull German drama. Hortense talked of her wish to go to England. I pressed her to go this summer. She objected on account of the difficulties about passports. "Il faut prier le Roi des Pays Bas de me laisser traverser *mes* états." She talks of doing it in 1829. Letters from Dudley and my aunt.

May 28. *Wednesday, Rome.* Gianto Condi called upon me with an enormous packet from Lady Westmorland, which I sent back *unopened,* with the following letter:—

"*The volume you have written to Hy Fox,* as you describe the enclosed to be, he has the honour to return to your Ladyship, being resolved to decline *for ever* any future communication with you. The letters upon your affairs, which he had destined to go by Captain Carpenter, are entirely at your Ladyship's disposal, either to send to England or to return to him, as may best suit

[1] Cardinal Joseph Fesch (1763–1839), Madame Mère's brother. Appointed Archbishop of Lyons and later Ambassador in Rome by Napoleon, he returned to the latter place after the Restoration.

[2] Lucien Bonaparte's second wife, Alexandrine de Bleschamp, the divorced wife of M. Jouberthon. Lucien married her in 1802.

you; your language and conduct about him having completely cancelled anything that could bear the names of gratitude or friendship."

Her conduct to me has been so base, her abuse of me and my family so universal, that I feel the greatest resentment and shall for ever decline having any further correspondence or interviews with her. She is false and incapable of any feeling. She has only the charm of being very fascinating and agreable in conversation; but her want of sincerity, generosity or affection, joined to her exuberant vanity and heartless selfishness, render her not only a dangerous acquaintance but a most dreadful friend, as from her restless spirit of interference she will always meddle in the affairs of her neighbours.

Thursday, June 5. *Rome, P^zo Sciarra.* L^d and L^y Compton, Mrs Clephane, Wrio Russell and Garlies dined with us. L^y C. says that her father-in-law[1] is at the point of death at Dresden. She expects to hear of his death next post. She has not told her husband as yet. At dinner Mrs Clephane told us a pasquinade I never before heard, made against the present Pope[2] at his elevation:—

Non e *Pio*—non e *Clemente*
Ma vecchio Leone senza dente.

It is very clever.

June 7, 1828. *Villa Muti.* The Arundels dined with us by invitation. I sat between L^y Compton and L^y Arundel, and was surprized in the middle of dinner by hearing from the former that as she went into the dining-room she had got letters from Dresden announcing L^d Northampton's death, which she had not told any one. As soon as dinner was over she shewed them to me. One was from L^y N., the other from L^y E. Compton. The former was written half an hour after her husband had breathed his last—a husband who had been most kindly attached to her for forty years. It was dry and cold, full of the plans she had formed for the future, and announcing the event just in the language of a newspaper. In a postscript she adds, "This letter I shall direct to Earl Compton, in future to the Marquis

[1] Charles, first Marquess of Northampton (1760–1828). His wife was a daughter of Joshua Smith of Erle Stoke Park, Wilts.

[2] Leo XII.

of Northampton." If she shewed little feeling at the death of her husband, certainly her daughter-in-law and her family have copied her example. The dinner and evening passed as usual. Every one knew the event, tho', as it was not told L^d^ Compton, no one was supposed to know; so exhibitions of grief were not expected. The Arundels staid and chatted.

Sunday, June 8. *Villa Muti.* After several consultations with L^y^ C., she decided to tell the fatal news to her husband. He was, she says, much affected.

Monday, June 9. I passed all morning reading *Gibbon* with Edward. Lady Northampton proposed a plan of my going with them to England next week, for her husband has very properly decided that to please his mother and do his business such a journey is perfectly necessary. I acceded to it for a short time, but when I saw the effect even the prospect of losing me had upon dear Edward I soon relinquished the idea, determined that if we are to separate I will not at least hasten the evil day or give either of us an hour of unnecessary pain. We dined as usual at the Villa Malatesta, L^d^ Northampton being anxious as soon as possible to resume his former habits. He looks thinner and paler than usual. I believe, poor man, he has suffered as much as he is capable of suffering.

Monday, June 16. *Rome.* I reached Rome at about 12. It was very hot. The Clephanes and Northamptons dined with us at half past 4. They go tomorrow at 5. Leavetakings are always sad. After dinner Dudley[1] came; he looks pale and low. I drove with him by the Ponte Molle to the P^zo^ Gabrielli, where I waited while he dressed for a visit to Madame Mère, she being particular as to breeches and silk stockings. He is sadly worried by the whole family, who want a second marriage for conscience sake. If they yield to this it will ruin the first and prevent the child being legitimated. He has given Count Possé £5,000 to submit to the examination of the doctors. None of his family or of hers have the least assisted him, beyond £600 which his mother gave him. The law proceedings, etc., etc., have sadly pinched him. I took leave of L^y^ N. at her house at about 11, and went to bed tired and sleepy at the Sciarra. Dudley is the same as ever, as amiable and as unaffected.

[1] Lord Dudley Stuart. His wife's sister was Princess Gabrielli.

Tuesday, June 17. *Rome, P. Sciarra.* Edward and I staid at home all morning writing and reading. Dudley dined with us. He talked more openly than I expected from him in the presence of a person he knows so slightly as Ed Cheney. Ly Westmorland, tho' abuse of him and of every member of his wife's family is one of her favorite topics, sought them both at Florence and in every way flattered and caressed them. They say she returns immediately to Rome. In the evening I drove with Edward by the Coliseum and the Porta St Sebastian home, and then with Dudley I went to the Pce de Montfort. I expected a cold reception, as I have behaved so shamefully ill in never going near them since Carnival time. However, they were very civil, and the Princess very droll and good-humoured. Poor Dudley is sadly tormented by all his wife's family, who will not receive her unless she is married a second time—a measure that might quite bastardize the child in England. I am rather diverted at the scruples of Madame Mère, who does not the least object to receiving the Psse de Montfort, tho' Jerôme was only divorced from his first wife by an arbitrary act of his brother's, and his children, by the law of the Church of Rome, must be bastards. Conscience is of all commodities the most pliant, and seems only made against those who have not power to silence the scruples of their neighbours.

> Let greatness own her and she's mean no more,
> 'Tis but the fall degrades her to a w . . . .

June 19–22. *Villa Muti, Frascati.* Our life at the Villa Muti is so monotonous that nothing occurs to write down. We get up early, read all morning *Gibbon's History*, dine at three, drive every evening to Mondragone and Grotta Ferrata, and in the evening I write (?read) Ed Indian journal, while Mrs Clephane tells long stories of Scotch legendary lore or lays down some oracular platitude.

Lord Arundel and Mr Colyar dined here on Friday. They kept a strict fast, as both are very devout. Lady Westmorland is in Rome, where I suspect she will not stay long as she has no audience, all her former friends being resolved, like myself, to avoid all communication with such a dangerous, contemptible woman, but whose conversation and talents are so fascinating

that when with her it is impossible to feel anything but admiration at her brilliancy and pity for her misfortunes. Madame Muti has given Lady Bottle, as she calls Lady Elinor, leave to let her rooms below us to Lord A., and he came for the purpose of seeing them.

Monday, 23 June. Expedition to Rome. We set off at 7. On arriving we bathed and breakfasted, and then called on Sir W. Gell. He is just returned from Corneto, Viterbo and Cervetri, where he has been antiquitizing with Dodwell. He told us of nothing but the dull buffooneries of his companion in telling lies and absurdities to the anxious cicerones they dealt with. It is odd that Gell should be so childish and frivolous. His wit seems to me every time I see him to deteriorate. Gaetani dined with us, or rather sat by while we dined. He is clever and well-informed—singularly the latter for an Italian nobleman. His countenance is sinister and disagreable, his voice nasal and drawling, his manners shy and unpleasant; besides I think his conversation too constantly bantering to be really agreable. Edward received a thick letter from L^{y} Westmorland before leaving Rome, full of rhapsody and violence. He has hitherto avoided seeing her, in which he is right; for she would only convince him of the cruel treatment she has met with and make him sorry for not being her champion. We got to the Villa Muti *late.*

28 *June. Rome.* In the morning we looked over our extravagant accounts. Gaetani, E^{d} and I went to Rome after dinner. We drove to the Piazza of S^{t} Peter's to see the illuminations; it is too near to see the effect with advantage. The smell of grease too is offensive. I went to the Montforts. I disturbed a tête-à-tête between the ex-King and Queen, but I believe they were far from disliking an interruption. She talked a great deal to me of her mother-in-law, the Dow. Q^{n} of Wurtemburg (P^{ss} Royal of England).[1] She praised her excessively for many great and important merits, but owned she was too great a gossip and that it was not safe to repeat after her, by which I suppose she means Her Majesty is a great liar—a fact I can

[1] Charlotte Augusta Matilda (1766–1828), eldest daughter of George III, Frederick I, King of Wurtemburg's second wife. The Comtesse de Montford was the daughter of his first marriage. He died in 1816.

G. F. Watts pinxit

EDWARD CHENEY

easily believe considering how much the vice is known in her family. She told me much of the abandoned life of the Pss Tour et Taxis [1] (sister of the late Qn of Prussia), how she followed her lovers about Europe and how one of these amorous journies had brought her to the court of Westphalia after the Bavarian Minister. Not content with living publicly with him at Hesse Cassell when he followed Jerôme to the wars, she always kept behind Head-quarters a few miles and he every night rode back to sleep with her. Love brought on, however, a violent fever, and after several days of severe illness during which she sat on one side of the sick-bed and his wife on the other, he expired in her arms. When the Queen of P. went to remonstrate with Napoleon on the heavy contributions laid on Prussia, she had the bad taste to go covered with jewels and dressed most magnificently. He said she looked quite a Queen on the stage, and thought the costume ill-chosen for a suppliant Queen who is praying for the relief of her people. He upbraided her for advising the war, and told her she must have foreseen the inequality of the struggle for such a small nation as Prussia against the whole power of France. "Pardonnez, Sire, c'est l'ombre de Frédéric qui nous a aveuglé." He was struck with the grace and good taste of the reply, and repeated it several times afterwards.

The Austrian Ambassador sent a message to the Duc d'Istrie and the Marquis de Dalmatie,[2] while they were here, by Laval, that he hoped, tho' he could not allow them to be announced at his house by those names, they would still come to him. Of course on these terms they declined. When they left Rome they wished to go to Venice. Unless they would drop their titles passports were refused; they, of course, refused to do so. Lutzow wrote to his Government for an written approbation of his conduct, in order that he might shew it to the two French nobles, as a proof that he was only obeying orders and not acting from any private pique. He got the certificate he wished for, concluding with these words:—

[1] Theresa, daughter of the Grand-Duke Charles of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, married, in 1789, Prince Charles de la Tour et Taxis.

[2] The first, son of Marshal Bessières; the second, Napoleon Hector Soult (1801–57), son of the Marshal, whom he succeeded as Duc de Dalmatie.

"Nevertheless it must be allowed that the titles exist, and those individuals have as much right to them as Marie Louise is Empress of France and young Napoleon, King of Rome."

The Montforts draw conclusions from this declaration of Austria most improbable and absurd. Austria can never hope to make young Napoleon K. of France, tho' perhaps sooner than totally lose Italy in some future revolution they might place the iron crown of Lombardy on his head.

Sunday, 29 June, 1828. *P. Sciarra. S^t Peter's Day.* We went in the morning to S^t Peter's. The crowd was very great. We saw nothing of the ceremony, and heard only the music from a distance. A richly liveried servant, whom I recognized as Lady Westmorland's coachman (the representative of one of the Wise men of the East last year in her tableaux), made us hasten to avoid the dangerous neighbourhood of his mistress. The Miss Clephanes dined with us. Their mother was headachy and staid at home. We went in the evening to the Torlonias to see the fireworks at the Castle of S^t Angelo. There was not a breath of air to carry off the volumes of smoke emitted by the cannons and fireworks. The whole beauty of the spectacle was lost. While we were waiting for the carriage, to go away, Lady Westmorland's drove up. It was by means of a disgraceful concealment behind a double row of giggling laquais that we avoided the dreaded rencontre.

Villa Muti. July 7. The Arundels came on a visit. The Colyars moved to our spare-room. Lady A. sang in the evening, with affectation and not with voice enough to authorize such affectation.

July 8. We lighted up our garden for the Arundels; the effect is pretty. Lady Arundel has much of the contemptuous manner of her most odious tribe, the Grenvilles. She is soured by want of children and by the cruel position of her husband (a Catholic Peer) in England. He is very amiable, but a bore from long pointless stories told with much hesitation and in a heavy tone of voice, generally about connexions of his own or other noble families in old or modern times. However, these confused tales of genealogical history may sometimes chance to be more interesting than the same details of Mrs Clephane's

Scotch neighbours, with which she indulges us on all occasions and àpropos of every topic of conversation. Lady Arundel shews good breeding and exemplary patience in listening to these tedious tales.

I drove with Mrs Colyar. She affects to be young, and puts on playful innocence without appearing to remember her extreme plainness, her being middle-aged, and married. She made a great deal of fuss about driving out with me alone, which would have been ridiculous in a girl of many years her junior.

July 9. One day passes like another. We read *Gibbon* all morning.

July 10. We left Frascati at 6 and arrived at 8 at the Europa. The day was hot, and much better at Rome than it has been lately at Frascati. We bathed before dinner. Gaetani dined with us. The fights begin about 6 o'clock in the Mausoleum of Augustus. Some remains of tesselated brick-work are perceptible outside and the ancient design is visible in its circular form. Within, it has been newly arranged and white-washed, and a Latin inscription boasting of the innocent amusement now carried on upon the ashes of the Cæsars. It is open at the top, and the upper divisions are divided into boxes and galleries. The first animal sent into the arena was a buffalo ; he made some play and often attacked some fantastic figures hung across the theatre. A bull succeeded him, poor and thin, which by pursuing and galling him they tried in vain to rouse to ferocity. One man allowed himself to be taken between his horns and dragged about. He pretended to be much hurt in order to excite sympathy, and was carried off, but soon re-appeared to receive applause and to join with redoubled vigor in the sport. A figure of a woman with hooped petticoats made of paper was placed to be butted at by the bull, and birds from within made their escape. Their flight was impeded by the inhuman spectators, who try to catch and succeeded in worrying, frightening and wounding the poor little things till they can no longer fly. With broken legs and wings they were thrown into the air to excite the laughter and applause of the barbarous audience. Other and better bulls followed, baited by dogs, but as only one at a time was allowed to be set at the bull, the dog was always

vanquished—few had courage to bear being tossed a third time. We got home at ten. I sprained my ankle as I got out of the carriage.

Villa Muti. Sunday, 13 *July.* Gell came for a night, unwell and out of spirits. After every one went to bed except E^d^ and myself, he told us amusing stories of D^r^ Parr, by whom he was educated and whom he justly described as a ridiculous, fantastic mountebank, mad with vanity and imposed upon by the grossest and most apparent deceptions. A friend much in the habit of playing on his credulity wrote him a letter, as from an Irish Bishop, filled with exaggerated compliments and requesting an interview to make his acquaintance. The proposal was joyfully accepted, and the supposed prelate, dressed in Parr's own canonicals, was received with demonstrations of high respect. Mutual praise and flattery was interchanged. The impostor turned the conversation upon the French Revolution, which was then at its height. He deplored its effects, and dwelt on the opinions he knew to be most offensive to Parr. He threw him, as he wished, into a passion, and then affected similar wrath in saying, " I wish I could decimate those rascals." To which the angry Doctor replied, " Spoken very like a Bishop, my Lord, but very unlike a Christian." The Bishop threw off his disguise and begged Parr's pardon, which perhaps was easier to obtain since he felt conscious of having made a very good and spirited reply to the bigoted cruelty of his supposed antagonist.

Gell betrayed a most wonderful piece of ignorance with respect to the Queen's trial. Tho' attached to her for many years as one of her gentlemen-in-waiting, tho' in England at the time as a witness, he steadfastly denied the whole trial being caused by her unwillingness to drop her title of Queen. Gell speaks of no one with gratitude or kindness. Tho' unable to deny a thousand benefits from her, he invariably mentions the Queen with derision and contempt. He denies her liberality, and told a story of her meanness and ingratitude towards Torlonia, tho' they gave her money in the hour of need without bond and when she had no credit.

July 18. *Rome.* I drove over very early. While in the bath Dudley came to see me. He had been riding all night

between Albano, Frascati and Rome with Charles Bonaparte.[1] He was going to see the Pope. He was in mad spirits, the sort of fever that is acquired by fatigue. I staid at home reading *Columbus* all morning. Dudley came to dine with me at 5. His interview with the Pope was very satisfactory. H.H. praised the Stuarts, canvassed Dudley for the Catholic Question, expressed the hope that the child was educated in the true faith, and told him the examination of his affairs had been sent to the Inquisition (the most rapid and secret tribunal on earth), and that he hoped all would be smooth. He stood leaning on the library table during the whole audience, spoke in Italian, and expressed himself well. After dinner I drove about the town with Dudley buying gifts for his child and wife till eleven, when I left him at L^y^ Westmorland's door. To bed late.

July 19. Returned to Villa Muti, where my life passed as monotonously as usual.

August 1, *Palestrina*. In the morning I received letters—one from Lady Northampton that annoyed me extremely. My family have been acting, as they usually do, with absurdity and violence; but their conduct to Lady N. seems to exceed the accustomed measure of their fantastic interference. It is painful to see them expose themselves thus to strangers. We wrote letters. Edward answered the packet he has received from Lady West., without, however, attempting to read the 48 pages of scurrility. I took no notice of the note she has written to me.

Monday, August 4. *Villa Muti*. We left Rome very early and reached Frascati at about 8 o'clock. In the evening the Arundels and Colyars came from Albano to stay a few days with us. They are acquisitions, on the whole, as they prevent the eternal egoistical turn the Clephanes give to conversation. Scotland, Mull, Walter Scott, are the only topics upon which Mrs Clephane can bear to speak, and then only to be *narrative*, for on such sacred subjects not only criticism but *observation* is forbidden. Lord Arundel has nothing but extreme good humour and a total absence of affectation to recommend him. He is extremely bigoted and has no talents. He does not disguise

[1] Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano (1803–57), eldest son of Lucien Bonaparte, by his second marriage: a distinguished naturalist. He married his cousin, Zénaïde, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte.

his dislike and contempt for his fat brother-in-law, the D. of Buckingham, of whose meanness he seems quite aware, tho', as is sometimes the case, it is wedded to the greatest and most expensive ostentation. His affairs are now in such a state that he left England to avoid his creditors, and even at his departure they pursued his yacht down the river in order to seize it. Some years ago when L^d^ A. was poorer (even than he is now), as it was before his father's death, the Duke pressed them very much to pass a few months with him at Paris, to which they somewhat unwillingly consented. At the end of their residence L^d^, or as he was then, Mr Arundel found to his great dismay that the Duke intended him to pay half the house accounts, which, in consequence of the large dinners his Grace had given, were much more considerable than he could well afford.

It is melancholy to see a man so amiable as Lord Arundel, so well calculated for a domestic country gentleman's life in England, entirely thrown out of all the occupations that would suit his talents and character owing to an unfortunate difference in his creed. The education he has received has tended to narrow his mind and confine his ideas. The other evening he told me with some complacency that Wiltshire men despised and never visited their Dorsetshire neighbours, who were less aristocratic. In talking to him sometimes I cannot help thinking that if the old joke be true about the Western counties in England, he ought to come from one much farther to the westward than even Wiltshire. Lady Arundel is well-bred and tolerably well-informed. Her temper, I suspect, by nature is very violent, and she has many very bitter feelings, especially towards her own family. Of the Orange violence of her nephew, Lord Chandos,[1] which he has inherited from his mother, who was brought up with a horror for the religion of her mother, the old Duchess of Chandos, Lady A. can hardly speak without temper. His conduct towards her and L^d^ A. is not calculated to conciliate their good will. He never speaks to them; and one day at

[1] Richard Plantagenet (1797–1861), afterwards second Duke of Buckingham, who married Mary, daughter of John, Marquess of Breadalbane in 1819. His mother, Lady Anne Eliza Brydges, only child of James, third and last Duke of Chandos, by his second wife, Anne Eliza Gamon, married Richard, first Duke of Buckingham in 1796.

dinner his wife, seeing his brow clouded because she was laughing and joking, begged Lord A. not to speak to her, "as Chandos was looking." The mean tergiversation of the Duke was first effected by the offer of the Garter: an offer, L^d A. says, he did not at all expect, and which he took some hours to think about accepting or refusing. Sir B. Bloomfield came to make the proposal while he and L^d A. were tête-à-tête at dinner. They went into an adjoining apartment. The Duke, when he returned from the conference, asked L^d A.'s advice. The advice he gave was not taken, and His Grace soon went over to Ministers with the rest of the Grenvilles. Even on the Catholic Question L^d A. thinks he would have changed his opinion, or at least his vote, had it not been for the artful manner in which some of the Whigs contrived to have Resolutions drawn up in his house and called them the Buckingham House Resolutions, which, by flattering his vanity in appearing to place him at the head of some sort of party, prevents what Lord Arundel terms "*his utter perdition*," i.e., his voting against the Catholic claims. Lady Arundel is a harsh woman to all those of her sex who from weakness or folly have yielded to temptation. She speaks of them with cruelty and of almost every one slightingly. She is fond of gossip and ill-natured jokes, like all her family. The want of children, her change of religion, the persecution of her and her husband's faith in England, their poverty, and a variety of disappointments and annoyances, have contributed to sour her temper, naturally not very sweet; while upon him the effect has been to check all the natural good-humour of his character, and to render him more narrow-minded and contracted than he otherwise would have been.

Saturday, August 9. *Expedition to Rome.* After dinner we drove to the P^zza Navona, half of which is inundated every Saturday and Sunday during August for the diversion of the people, who drive about in the foul water, which was deep enough to cover the boxes of our wheels when we joined the crowd of carts and fiacres that were splashing about. It is not at all a fashionable resort, and the politer part of the town are in future to have the P^za del Popolo inundated in the same manner for their aristocratic exclusiveness.

August 15. We got letters from Rome. My family teaze

me sadly to return. No stone they leave unturned, threats, taunts, reproaches, and now they wish to make me believe my father dying. It is my mother's system never to spare the feelings of others in any way, and as long as she is successful in her ultimate views, she cares little for the means. I feel more and more resolved to remain away, as I am sure that after all that is past we could not meet as friends.

August 19. *Hotel de Paris.* After paying heavy accounts and dining with the Clephanes and taking leave of them all, we set off for Rome. We took a caffé at the Café Ruspoli, in its pretty garden full of orange-trees. The pleasure, however, of going there is entirely spoilt to me by the obtrusive presence of the little, deformed dwarf Bajoccho, who always haunts this place, and has made, I daresay, a prodigious fortune. Lady Westmorland the winter before last made him act the dwarf in Vandyke's picture of *Charles the 1st*, which she got up at the Negroni. She took him in her carriage, and had great difficulty to prevent his looking out of window. When she dressed him, she was heard often to say with vehemence behind the scenes, "Miss Montgomery rouge Bajoccho, and then throw away the rouge-pot." We went for a few minutes to the theatre of marionettes in the P^zo^ Fiano. The puppets are well managed, and the delusion is so well sustained, that it was quite astonishing to see the Brobdinag appearance of a human hand which came forward from the coulisse and looked horribly monstrous.

August 20. *Ronciglione.* We got up very late. I went out. On my return I found Gaetani, who staid with us while we dined. We set off at 4. Gaetani (who has, they say, an evil eye) put us into the carriage. The evening was not hot. At Baccano we did not arrive till sunset. A wood on the brow of the hill opposite the post-house was on fire and had a fine effect. It was dark before we reached Montenazi; the moon was up, but gave little light. About a mile after passing the column where the roads by Siena and Perugia divide, as we were going down hill, two men rushed down from the bank which rose high to our right, and after saying a word to the postillion, one fired. Another came from the bushes behind us; the postillion screamed, and showed or felt apprehension. He affected to be wounded,

and instantly got off his horse. One of the robbers came to the carriage door, and told us to get out and lie down faccia in terra. We obeyed, being without any arms or means of defence. He then began to rifle us, and took Edward's watch and keys. I had fortunately buttoned my coat and he did not see mine; nor could he feel them, as I contrived to prevent him. He went to the carriage, but was so ignorant that he did not know how to proceed to plunder, and was forced to have recourse to us to assist him. I went round to the carriage, got off my watch and keys, and hid them under a cushion. He made Edward open the dressing-box, from whence we gave him money—scudi, 42 only. The silver things he found and looked at, but when we told him they were false and easily recognisable, he believed us and left them. Edward pleaded for his seals and rings. The robber, who had never shown any disposition to be ferocious, was hesitating to return them, when one of his companions, who had both remained at the horses' heads, fired as a signal to be off. Joining his companions, they all three escaped to the left. The postillion slowly remounted his horse, and we proceeded to Ronciglione. Edward behaved thro'out with the greatest calmness and tranquillity, bitterly annoyed as he was to lose his watch, and especially his seals, for most of them were very precious to him. I was dreadfully alarmed at first when they made me lie down faccia in terra, for I thought they meant to beat or strip us; but when I found the robber so mild and so very ignorant I quite regained my presence of mind. On reaching Ronciglione we sent for the Governor immediately, and gave an account of the whole transaction to him and to the police. We found in the inn two Englishmen and a Camaldoli monk with a fine beard at supper. They were travelling towards Rome, and had stopped on the news of the robberies lately committed about here. One of our countrymen was young and almost childish, the other old and with a walnut, weather-beaten face. The former, instead of being curious to hear the details of what had just happened to us, indulged us with a very detailed account of his own speculations and possible feats of valour on a similar occasion. His own mind was made up. He travelled with pistols, and felt great security in the society of the walnut-faced gentleman, who was, he told me, a "military man," skilled therefore in the use

of firearms. However he seemed rather ashamed of his brave companion, for he assured me he was no *friend* but only a stray acquaintance he had made on the road from Florence. After writing letters for Novi to take to Rome, making our depositions, and being pitied and congratulated by half the town of Ronciglione, we went to bed, but not to rest for long. In the middle of the night we were disturbed by the entrance of some one into our room—I hoped the bearer of some intelligence about Edward's watch, perhaps the watch itself; but to my great vexation, and rather to my indignation, it was merely a noisy, obtrusive Englishman come to interrogate us with regard to what had passed, as he was about to travel the same road. He laughed and giggled and detailed his own intentions and speculations with great assurance. I replied very dryly to his questions, and I hope in no way calmed his bodily fears, which could be his only excuse for such an unwarrantable intrusion. Novi went off to Rome at about midnight.

August 21. *Ronciglione.* Camillo arrived safely with my horses in the middle of the night. I feared he might also have been attacked. We got up late. The morning was spent in trying to open Edward's dressing-box, which, tho' he had given the key to the robber, he had thoughtlessly locked again. By one of those fortunate accidents that sometimes occur, the master of the house possessed a Bramah key, left here by some luckless traveller, which almost fitted it, and with a little filing by the locksmith we at length succeeded in turning the lock. Edward was examined at great length by the police. They asked him foolish, useless, irrelevant questions, and seemed aware of their own insufficiency, for they told us that they after all only *wrote*, that they could not act, that all the Carabinieri were in league with the thieves, and gave us no hopes of recovering our lost goods. At three we started in my carriage for Caprarola. I did not wish to be late, for on this very road a few days ago there was a carriage stopped, and a repetition of last night's scene was not desirable.

Sept. 3. *Florence, Wednesday.* Pisa we left at 12 o'clock, and arrived at the Pelicoro at sunset. Dudley, I was sadly vexed to find, had left Florence two days ago. Lady Dudley lives in this inn on the same floor. I went immediately to see

her. She was extremely amiable to me and showed me her child, to which she feels more and more attached as she perceives the want of kindness Dudley's family betray towards it. Such was their unfeeling conduct that they once proposed to her to leave it at Rome, fix a sum of money on it, but abstain from seeing it or from superintending its education. These are the sort of generous, conscientious projects the strictly moral people are often capable of supporting. The child is healthy and strong but not handsome. I went to see T. G., who is at her aunt's, the Marchesa Sacrati. The latter was holding her conversazione upstairs. Lady Dudley was there. I waited till she was gone, and saw T. G. in private for a few minutes. She looks thinner and better than when she left Rome, talks much of Lucca Baths and Mrs Patterson, who has vowed her an eternal friendship and makes her the most exaggerated professions of love and regard. Our robbery has put us much in vogue, and all Florence are anxious to see us.

Sept. 4. *Florence.* It rained all day, as it always does when I come here. We dined with Lady Dudley. Her manners are very good; her conversation easy and lively. We met Mrs Patterson, Jerôme Bonaparte's first wife—before God his only wife, for the P^ss^ de Montfort can by strict people only be regarded as a concubine. Napoleon's will alone dissolved a marriage that displeased him, without even the forms of any ecclesiastical sanction. Mrs P. is an American. Her manners are so vulgar and her conversation so malicious, so indecent, and so profligate, that even her very pretty features do not make one excuse such want of delicacy or feminine feeling in a woman. Lady D. behaved admirably, without the slightest absurd prudery or any improper encouragement to her aunt's malice or grossness. L^y^ Westmorland, when here, received Lady D. in a circle of strangers and instantly said, "Aimez-vous Bonaparte?" Lady Dudley acknowledged her affection, admiration, and vanity for the near relationship she had with so great a man, and when L^y^ W. had the bad taste and want of feeling to tell her all her sisters did not show her feelings, she remained silent; but soon took occasion to praise Mrs Coutts, a person supposed to be most violently prejudiced against Napoleon, for the delicacy she had always shewn to her on the subject, and for her civility in sending

out of the room and ordering the instant conflagration of a book of caricatures against the Bonaparte family. This was done at Lady Dudley's request, who seeing the book open before strangers, assured her hostess that she felt convinced its appearance was quite accidental, but she begged its removal. We went for a few minutes to the Marchesa Sacrati's. She is a bluestocking, nearly 100 years old, who still receives the flattery and, some say, even more substantial admiration from the literary wits of the day. She was in her bedgown and nightcap, surrounded by several old men, who were laughing at her jokes and waiting for her nightly whist-table, which only begins at midnight. A single lamp, shaded from her eyes, was all the light in this dismal, comfortless conversazione. The ex-King of Holland, Louis, was on her right hand. He is very ugly and coarse in his exterior; his manners are rude and ungracious, his voice sonorous and agreable. He made much love to T. G. Notwithstanding his ugliness he imagines himself often the victim of a *belle passion.* Some years ago the Grand-Duchess was the object he persecuted for a week. He will not see Lady Dudley, partly from the basest feelings of submission to Madame Mère's bigotry, and partly because he feels offended at her want of confidence in him during her marriage with Count Possé. Madame Sacrati has been a beauty in her youth; now she is only a wit and writes dull tragedies. She went to England as a witness for the Queen, and is so liberal that the Roman Government thought her attractions dangerous, and without actually sending her away made her life at Rome so irksome that she left the town. We went to the Goldoni Theatre to Lady Dudley's box, where we were joined by her and Mrs Patterson. The latter gabbled and abused her neighbours, and above all poor T. G., so loudly and so perpetually that it was impossible to listen to Vestris' good acting in the *Originali.* I went afterwards to T. G., who thought it necessary to faint and attempt a flood of tears on the sofa, because the Marchesa might hear my carriage and it might awake some "sospetto." But the tears would not flow, and as I showed but little interest at this theatrical exhibition, she dried her eyes.

September 5, *Friday.* We dined with Lady Dudley. In the evening we stopped to take Mrs Patterson with us to Lady

Ashburnham's [1] villa, where Lady Dudley had promised to present us. Mrs P. talked even more strongly than yesterday, and just as we reached Lady A.'s door her language had entirely lost the usual veil of decency in which ladies judiciously cloathe their improper ideas. She told us that L^d^ Dudley (the Earl, of course) was *impuissant*. She afterwards made an apology to us for using such a word, because we are English and easily shocked, and then another to Lady Dudley, because of M. de Possé's similar misfortune. The site of Lady A.'s villa is very pretty; its view of Florence and the Val d'Arno quite lovely. I have seldom seen such a happy combination of Italian splendour and English comfort as she has contrived to render this spacious house.[2] We found them all sitting on delicious English sofas under a handsome portico, before a fine garden full of orange-trees. Lady A. is a tall, rather dashing-looking woman, who still means to inspire youthful desires, notwithstanding the tribe of grown-up young ladies at her elbow to betray the secret of her being far advanced in life. She meant to be very civil. Her conversation does not appear agreable or are her manners at all winning. Mrs P. and she abused the society at Florence with all the malevolence, but without even the hypocrisy and certainly without the wit, of the famous scene in *The School for Scandal*. Lady A. is Lord Beverley's daughter. Her husband, who is a virtuoso and a sort of Maecenas, is at present in England. Poverty makes them reside here, and they contrive to live in this magnificent and luxurious economy with an enormous family upon 2,000 a year!

Sept. 7. Sunday. At two o'clock I went to dine with the Comte de S^t^ Leu [3] at his villa out of the Porta San Gallo. His villa is prettily situated, but not well laid out or furnished with any taste. Prints in miserable frames hang round the papered

[1] Lady Charlotte Percy, sister of George, Earl of Beverley and afterwards fifth Duke of Northumberland, married George, third Earl of Ashburnham (1760–1830) as his second wife in 1795.

[2] "She lives at a villa about three miles out of the town. It is a true Italian villa, terraces, porticoes, fine broad staircases, statues, busts, grand rooms with vaulted ceilings and handsomely proportioned. The interior is full of English furniture—chairs, tables, sofas, bookcases, etc., etc." (Hon. H. E. Fox to Hon. Caroline Fox, September 6, 1828.)

[3] Louis Bonaparte.

walls; and all the chairs and tables have a scanty, fragile appearance resembling those in a small French inn. He is very infirm. He can hardly walk, and one arm is quite paralysed. Madame Sacrati, T. G., her brother, and some Abbé toads, for whom Louis rang the bell, formed the party. Louis talked to me of Lady Dudley, whom he does not receive. This led him to speak of marriage, which he called a *lottery*; and spoke of his own share as no *prize*, but instantly changed the conversation lest I should dwell upon it. I went in the evening with Lady Dudley to Mrs Irvine's very dull party. A beautiful French woman married to a Swede (M. de Roston) was there. She is very lovely, but cannot succeed in getting received here because she is not well known; and in this town every unknown person is suspected, since now it is the universal refuge for all the scum of the earth. They come hither with damaged fortunes or reputations to attempt the restoration of either or both.

Sept. 8. A festa. No Gallery open. We drove about the town and dined with Lady Dudley. In the evening she took us to Mr G. Baring's [1] villa. He is brother to Alexander Baring, and is of course like the rest of the family extremely rich. This villa he has bought, and a great rivalry exists between him and the Ashburnham family. Mrs Baring is a gigantic, large-boned woman, with grown-up children born in every capital in Europe, and about to give her husband a seventeenth or eighteenth pledge. The girls are tall, rawboned, vulgar misses, very underbred and unladylike in their conversation and manners, without any beauty to recommend them beyond the beauté de diable and the usual freshness of all English girls. Mr Baring only appeared on the terrace, with a cigar in his mouth, which he hardly removed to speak to Lady Dudley. Afterwards aware that his appearance could in no way add to the agreméns of the dull evening, he very wisely retired to his private rest on undisturbed potations. We were all dragged into the dining-room to sit round a tea-table, where the young ladies did not preside but filled the offices nature had intended for them, cutting bread and butter, opening bottles of soda-water and ginger beer, and by their dexterity and flippancy strongly reminded me of an English

[1] George Baring (1781–1854), youngest son of Sir Francis Baring. He married, in 1806, Harriet, daughter of Sir John Hadley D'Oyly, Bart.

barmaid. By such unladylike occupations they may long continue to stoop, but the part appears too natural to them for conquest to ensue. Prince Butera is staying in the house. It suffices to judge of the whole family, when he is their beau idéal as a man, and Mrs Patterson is the object of Miss Baring's admiration and imitation.

Mrs P. was there ; with her I walked upon the terrace for some time. Though extremely vulgar in her manners and thoughts, the extreme profligacy of her opinions and the indecency of her expressions form an amusing contrast to the insipid attempts at gentility of the Barings. She owned to me that she was extremely in love with Jerôme at the time of her marriage ; that he admired her with rapture, and gave her *many, many* daily proofs of the warmth of his affection. Upon his second marriage he wished her very much to form a member of the select seraglio he had formed, but she sent him word that his kingdom of Westphalia was too small for two Queens. He then asked her if he could in any way please her, and she had the selfish Yankee calculation (for she owns her request was only dictated with a view to her son's interests, and not the least from any feeling of regard for the King of Westphalia) to desire him to beget no heirs upon his Royal spouse—a demand with which he complied till the hour of his fall ; and nine months from that very day the Pˢˢᵉ was for the first time delivered. Mrs P. is malicious enough to say (I must believe unjustly) that before her marriage she had been brought to bed, and when she found her husband did not assert his rights she complained to Napoleon, who obliged his brother to consummate, but could not prevent him from taking precautions sufficient to make Mrs Patterson secure of remaining the mother of his future legitimate heir. I cannot easily imagine any woman becoming more shameless than to arrive at owning conduct so heartless and so profligate without a blush. Mrs Baring showed us a tolerably good portrait by Hayter of himself, destined for the Gallery here.[1] She still patronizes him, even

[1] I have heard since that Hayter's picture is likely to remain in Mrs Baring's possession, for the Italian artists are not likely to claim the picture of a man they never liked, and who they imagine has accused them of an attempt to poison him. He is half mad, and always believes in combinations and conspiracies against him by his foes. H.E.F. See *ante*, p. 235.

after the dreadful poisoning scene of last year, in which he betrayed such a total want of feeling as to disgust all his best friends.

Sept. 13. I received a letter from Dudley giving me the welcome tidings of the brigands who attacked us being captured. The details I hope to have soon from Chiaveri, and I trust the hands of the police will not prove more retentive than those of the robbers—especially as Edward's watch seems to have led to the discovery of the culprits. We dined with Lady Dudley. In the evening we went to M^e^ Sacrati's doleful conversazione. The old lady was lively and amusing. She seems to have been most struck in England with the beauty of the adventuresses who swarm in the London theatres. We passed the evening with Lady Dudley, who was extremely agreable and amusing. The day has been dreadfully hot—a damp, oppressive Sirocco.

Sept. 16. I staid at home all morning, writing letters. Lady Dudley told us at dinner of a Jew family at Ancona, whose misfortunes P^ss^ Gabrielli has in vain tried to mitigate. The daughter of one of that persecuted tribe was about to be married to a young man of her own persuasion and the object of her affections, when a few days before the ceremony her nurse, who was unfortunately a Catholic, died, and on her death-bed revealed that she had in the infancy of this poor girl secretly baptized her. The priests instantly claimed her as their victim, prevented her marriage, tore her away from her parents, and put her into a convent, where, however, she refused to comply with any of the ceremonies or devotional acts required of her. Discipline was in vain exercised to extort submission, but starvation and confinement soon unsettled her reason and she became perfectly frantic. Her father went to Rome in hopes of obtaining redress, or at least of effecting his daughter's release. Instead of succeeding in his wishes, the Inquisition, dreading the scandal of this nefarious proceeding, instantly threw him into a dungeon, where, notwithstanding all the influences exerted by P^ss^ Gabrielli and others, he still remains.

We went to the Cocomero again. The play was by Goldoni—*l'Avocato Veneziano*. To-morrow, the 17th, Lady Dudley's cause is to be finally decided by the Inquisition at Rome. There was much in the play to remind one of the circumstances of her

own lawsuit. Louis Bonaparte was within two boxes of us. He turned round towards our box, and upon seeing Lady Dudley looked mournfully serious. When she first came, she called upon him, for formerly he had shown her so much kindness that she thinks his present coldness towards her does not cancel former benefits. At his door he sent down word he would himself call upon her, and the next day he left at the door of the inn a note for her, directed to *Donna Christina Bonaparte*. It is very strange that her own relations should be the first to insult and degrade her, but they have from the first behaved to her with invariable perverseness. Her sister, Mrs Wyse,[1] by her account seems to be nearly mad. She affects to resemble her uncle Napoleon, to whose features hers have no likeness; but she tries to obtain her object by frowns and crossing her arms and adopting his tricks—cutting up tables with a pen-knife and other peculiarities which only render her vacancy and absurdity more apparent.

Lady Dudley says at the time she was at Stockholm, Prince Oscar had rendered mustachios the fashion; but all the nobility not having them naturally as dark as he had, many were reduced to use a blackening powder, which, like rouge, comes off at the least touch. She was once calling upon an Italian lady married to a Swede, and found her upper lip so treacherously smeared that she took her to look at it in the glass. The lady could not deny the suspicion being just, but accounted for it by a forced embrace being obtained on her jour de fête (which it happened to be). Lady Dudley says the story was repeated in society, but not by her. It was only known by the lady's own report, who was quite determined to give her own version of it before any other should be current, for she probably did not calculate on Lady Dudley's discretion.

Wednesday, Sept. 17. In the morning we went to the Gallery, where I was much diverted to see old George Byng[2] screaming out to the custodes and young artists, who were following him about, his absurd, conceited, vapid remarks, couched in the most

[1] Lætitia, eldest daughter of Lucien's second marriage, with Alexandrine de Bleschamp. Lady Dudley Stuart and Princesse Gabrielli were daughters of his first wife, Christine Boyer, who died in 1800.

[2] George Byng, of Wrotham Park (1764–1847), Member for Middlesex for fifty-six years.

miserable bastard jargon intended either for French or Italian but resembling one quite as much as the other. We went to the Camaldoli convent. It is situated on the pinnacle of a small hill that rises from a valley to the south of Florence. It is very extensive and surrounded by high walls. Each monk having a separate house consisting of several rooms gives this mass of buildings at a distance the appearance of a small fortified town. The object of our visit was partly to see the Padre Fortunato, a friend of Edward's. He in his youth followed the " cattivo mestiere " of " cavaliere servente," but an accident he met with changed his course of life and made him renounce the vanities of the world. He was run over by a carriage in the streets of Florence, and during the long confinement this accident occasioned he was much soured by the infidelity of his mistress. He has taught himself English, which he reads and talks but with difficulty understands when spoken to him. His house or cell is very well furnished. He possesses a little library, chiefly of English books, and the walls of his rooms are ornamented with prints and drawings. Four small rooms, a very little garden and a pretty terrace, compose his house.

We dined at seven with Lady Dudley, who was very amusing in the accounts of her family's domestic disputes and jealousies respecting precedence. Madame Mère has been obliged to renounce (not very unwillingly I suspect) the family dinners she occasionally used to give. Every one expected the honour of a fauteuil—a distinction she had reserved for her two King sons, Louis and Jerôme, without according it even to la Reine Catherine or la Reine Julie (Joseph's wife). Lucien thought on one occasion his wife was slighted, and he made Lady Dudley (who is now very slight, and was then much younger and smaller) drag after her a heavy arm-chair much bigger than herself and which seemed for years to have remained attached to the wall, in order to calm the offended dignity of M^e^ la Princesse de Canino. M^e^ Survilliers, tho' a sensible and amiable woman, is not free from these absurdities, and her daughter is even more dazzled with her prodigious rank as *Infanta* of Spain. When Lady Dudley drove with them in the Cascine here the other day, they both jumped into the carriage before her, and without being asked sat in the front seats of their own calèche and made

Lady Dudley go backwards. Dudley prevented very naturally any future exhibitions of this incivility.

Sept. 18. We went with Lady Dudley to dine with Lady Ashburnham. The dinner was deadly dull and very long. The young ladies were not allowed to speak. The Agar Ellis'[1] were there, fresh from England. She is grown duller and uglier than she was some years ago. Agar instead of improving, as it always used to be said he would, appears to me to have grown even more affected and insufferable than of yore.

Sept. 20. Dudley arrived in the night. He came to see me early in the morning,

Biond'era, e bella, e di gentil aspetto.

His business at Rome has terminated happily. The Inquisition have approved of all the Swedish sentences, and now they only wait for some dispensation, which is merely a matter of form. Another robbery has been committed on the spot where we were attacked. They stopped a Roman courier and took 400 crowns from him. It is quite madness, for instant arrestation will as usual ensue.

Sept. 22. Lady Dudley's brother, Charles Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano, called upon us. He speaks English with fluency, having lived so long in England and America. His face is handsome and intelligent, his figure, for so young a man, preposterously fat. He seems good-natured, but has no refinement of manners.

Tuesday, Sept. 23. We dined with the Dudleys as usual and met her brother. After dinner we drove on the Bologna road and met the Northamptons two miles from the gate. We passed the evening with them, and I walked out afterwards smoking with Dudley till nearly 2 o'clock. He talked much of his affairs, which seem drawing to a happy conclusion.

Sept. 25. In the evening to M^e^ Survilliers'; she is Joseph Bonaparte's wife. One daughter has married the Prince de Musignano, the other Prince Napoleon, Louis' son.[2] Her sister,

[1] See *ante*, p. 94.

[2] Charles Napoleon Bonaparte (1804–31), eldest surviving son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, married Princess Charlotte Bonaparte (1802–39), second daughter of Joseph.

Mᵉ de Villeneuve, a sleepy, dull old lady, and an ugly daughter are living with her. All the above-named personages were there. It was very dull. My old friend, the little Pˢˢᵉ Charlotte, is improved in looks and is as quick and satirical as usual. Her husband is not so handsome as I expected. He is even like his mother, though quite devoid of her grace of manner and esprit de conversation. He is looked upon with jealousy at Rome, as they suspect him of being a Carbonaro, and he is not able to return there. He lives here with his father and they are on tolerable good terms, though the latter is still trying to prove him a bastard and defraud him of his inheritance. The other daughter of Mᵉ Survilliers is as fat as her husband, and looks stupid with obesity.

Sept. 26, *Friday.* I drove with Edward in the morning to Borelli's studio, where Edward went to have a cast made of his hand. In the shop of this third-rate artist is exhibited a cast of Lady Caroline Powlett's leg. It is taken from the upper part of the thigh, and having been unpaid for by her and by her brother-in-law, who thought proper, from prudery I suppose, to break it in two, it now lies exposed to all the jests and sarcasms of her travelling countrymen or of the astonished natives. The latter must find it difficult to reconcile the boasted virtue and purity of our manners at home with the extreme abandon and freedom English ladies so frequently betray on this side the Alps. After driving in the Cascine I met Lady Westmorland, who has been in the town two days. I bowed, but we did not speak. With pleasure I think that all intercourse between us has for ever ceased. We dined with Dudley and went to the Cocomero.

Sept. 27. It was as usual a long time before we could get the servants to pack up and be in readiness.[1] We did not start till 11. I took leave of Dudley with less regret, as I expect so soon to see him at Rome. The kindness he and his wife have shewn us has added much to the charms of our very agreable residence here. The more I see of him, the more I feel attached and interested in his welfare. His conduct towards his wife has been most noble, and for her he has made the most amazing sacrifices; nor do I think he has done unwisely, for she feels

[1] For an expedition to Perugia and Assisi.

deeply all her obligations to him and is warmly attached to him. She is very clever, and her conversation and conduct have captivated him completely. She has sought to win his mother's goodwill, and if she has failed (which I suspect she has), it has been owing more to those about Lady Bute, who are desirous to increase any disposition there may exist to dislike each other, than from any faults on Lady Dudley's side. Mortlock (Dudley's tutor) has acquired such an ascendancy over Lady Bute's mind, that he can make her act and feel just as he pleases. Her letters to Dudley seem to be anything but sensible, or likely to produce what she pretends to desire, a happy residence together inEngland. She is for ever harping upon Lady G. North,[1] upon her health and merits, and throws out taunts and sneers upon Italy and foreigners that must wound where they are meant to strike. Mortlock is so intimate, and puts himself so much upon an equality with Lady Bute as to call her in private by the very injurious and disrespectful nickname of "Goat." This distresses Dudley, and L^{y} D. told me he could not bear any allusion to the parasite's insolence.

Villa Muti. Oct. 7. The beauty of this charming villa makes me very anxious to have a long lease of it, and convinced as I feel of not being able to live anywhere but in Italy, I therefore began a negotiation with M^{e} Muti to take it for three years. In the evening I drove with L^{y} Northampton on the Roman road.

Oct. 8. Edward went to Rome. I staid at Frascati writing letters all morning. M^{e} Muti at last will listen to my terms. 150 piastres a year for 3 years. It is very delightful to avoid all the packing and trouble I expected.

Oct. 9, *Thursday*. The Clephanes set off in a most tremendously heavily-laden chariot, with an imperial two feet deep, just before we went to Rome. At Rome I drove about with Edward to shops and to Gibson's studio, where I admired some of his statues. He is a very good artist, tho' he attempts being too classical—the fault of them all. Edward will be obliged to go to Viterbo for the recovery of his watch and seals. Of course I shall go with him. We dined with the Arundels; met the

[1] Her niece, Lady Georgina North, daughter of her sister, Susan Coutts, who was second wife of George Augustus, third Earl of Guilford. Lady Georgina died in 1835.

Colyars. The dinner was plain and rather good. The house they have got is comfortable, but not at all handsome. We did not leave Rome till dark. On our arrival at Frascati we found the family at dinner, and to my surprize the three Clephanes also. The voiturier's horses had at the very first ascent absolutely refused to draw up the vast vehicle, and after many ineffectual beatings and shoutings, they resolved to return.

Rome. Saturday, Oct. 11. After packing up the books, &c., which are to go next week by sea to Palermo,[1] I went with Edward to Rome. We went to the Opera. David[2] sang in *Zelmina*: his voice is beautiful, but the affectation of his attitudes and grimaces make him very insufferable. He is, however, followed by a Russian Princess, M^e^ Samniloff, who takes a box near the stage in order to catch every glimpse of him, and who, not content with this public display of her affection, regularly attends the rehearsals. The other day at one of them David kept the actors waiting. She turned to an actor and begged him to call the absentee. "Scusi, Signora, faccio Figaro la sera, ma la mattina *no*."

Rome. Wednesday, October 15. We called on the Dudley Stuarts; they are lodged in the P^zo^ Gabrielli, in the secondo piano. The windows of their apartment command a very fine view of S^t^ Peter's and the town. Lady Dudley is puzzled whether to stay at Rome or return to England. The relations of both families teaze her extremely, especially on religious subjects. In England they wish to make her turn Protestant, and here want her Catholicism to be more active and to see her convert Dudley to their own tenets. The persecution she has even already undergone on this subject is so tormenting as to render her less disinclined to the idea of living with Lady Bute for some months.

We drove to see the Sistine Chapel, after having so lately seen Luca Signorelli's frescoes at Orvieto, from which M. Angelo certainly has stolen, or rather has improved some ideas. The light shone strongly upon *The Last Judgment*; and I never was

[1] For their contemplated journey to Sicily.

[2] Giovanni David (1789–1851), a moderate singer in comparison to his father, Giacomo David, though he contrived to create a great reputation for himself.

more struck with this wonderful effort of human genius. We went also to see the frescoes by Domenichino and Guido in S. Gregorio Magno. The former is much the finest. One child, turning from the martyrdom with horror and yet casting a fearful look behind, is full of expression and feeling. We gave a dinner to Lady Northampton, and invited Colyars, Arundels and Griffi. The D. Stuarts came in the evening; and Lady Arundel had the vulgar ill-nature to look as black and as cross as she could when Lady Northampton presented her to L^y^ Dudley. We passed a pleasant evening till very late with the Dudleys and L^y^ N.

Oct. 16. We drove out early making farewell visits. We dined at Villa Gabrielli upon Dudley's invitation. The house is modern, and simply furnished without the least luxe or parade. The view it commands is one of the finest, and perhaps the most panoramic, within the walls of Rome. The garden is well kept, and tho' the P^ce^ Gabrielli is one of the meanest of that mean race of human beings—Roman Princes, his avarice certainly is not betrayed to his visitors. Our dinner was good and plentiful; there was no form or restraint and every one seemed gay and pleased. Our party consisted of Dudleys, Cardinal Riario, Trentamare—an improvisatore who made complimentary verses during dinner upon each of the guests between the courses, the Confessor, who rules the house and who has made the poor, good-natured Princess find consolation dans la haute dévotion since Government has deprived her of her admirer, Monsignor Marini. It is natural that married as she is she should seek for some object to love, and her affections have already been often placed upon children that have died away; so that religion alone remains to support her thro' a life which nothing but her good temper and happy disposition renders less deplorable than could be supposed. Her husband is tyrannical, stingy, and during the French reign was convicted of a capital crime and was under sentence of death for some time. The old Prince hastened to Paris, obtained his son's pardon by kneeling at the K. of Rome's cradle when Napoleon made his first visit to the child, and on his return to Italy released the Prince Prassede from prison; but never spoke to him again, and from the harshness of his conduct greatly contributed to render brutal the already bad

disposition of his ill-conducted son. Since his father's death and since his marriage with the Princess his character has improved, and he shows some human tenderness and feeling in his passionate love for his offspring. The maternal duties are punctually fulfilled, and during dinner the Princess bared her breast and suckled her last-born girl. After dinner the children and the Cardinal, who is very jolly and lively, played at hide and seek; and tho' perhaps in an Italian party of this sort there is some want of refinement, there is much gaiety and unbounded good-humour. Edward returned to Villa Muti alone. I passed the evening with Lady N.

Oct. 22. *Naples.* We reached Naples at about 5 o'clock, and lodged at the Crocelle, where we lodged in a noisy little room on the ground floor. We dined with the Northamptons and Clephanes, and went in the evening to Lady Mary's pretty house. We found the hostess and Gell nodding at each other in indigestive sleep. Her existence is entirely animal, and as little suited to intellectual amusement as that of a dormouse. Her house is pretty, and as she dreads a day without company she contrives, by giving dinners and allowing her drawing-room the freedom of conversation only known at club houses, to collect stray people about her and to avoid living in complete solitude.

Oct. 23. *Naples.* The whole morning I devoted to house seeking and in vain. All I saw were dear, dirty and inconvenient. The proprietor of the Esterhazy Palace offered me as a great favor four rooms on the third story for 25 scudi a week, upon condition of removing in 24 hours should he find a higher bidder. The new house built by the young Duc S^{t} Teodoro in Chiaia is frightful, but only surpassed in hideousness by the vulgar, staring, ill-placed dwelling erected for Sir Ferdinand Acton. We dined with Lady Mary; met only Terrick Hamilton, the translator of a dull Oriental romance called *Antar*. He is sarcastic, and his conversation shines at Lady Mary's house as witty and diverting, in contrast to the insipid stuff usually talked by her daily visitors. Lady Mary is ill and cross. The weather has been too hot; and her servants have left her and disturbed the whole ménage. She told me at dinner many family details descriptive of the Coventry family. She abused them all.

Lady Coventry[1] sets up for a moral character, and affects great propriety in the midst of this profligate family. She often says that her love of decency is so great that she never could have married any man who possessed the faculty of seeing her charms, and therefore is particularly fortunate in her blind husband.

[1] Peggy, daughter of Sir Abraham Pitches, second wife of George William, seventh Earl of Coventry (1758–1831), whom she married in 1783. Lord Coventry had become blind.

CHAPTER VIII

1829-1830

Fox and Cheney left Naples for Messina on November 15, accompanied by the whole Northampton party. Their stay in Sicily was prolonged to a period of seven months, but during that time Fox and his inseparable friend crossed to Malta and spent several weeks with John Hookham Frere and Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the Governor of the island. We have retained several entries relative to their stay there, but have omitted the whole of their experiences in Sicily, where the time was chiefly spent in Palermo. The whole party returned to Naples in June, 1829.

April 20, *Monday. Valetta. Malta.* We dined with Frere at 7 o'clock. His wife Lady Erroll (nata Blake) is, or thinks herself, too ill to appear at table. Our party consisted only of Frere, Miss Frere his sister, and a pretty niece, Miss Jane. The dinner was dull. Frere and his sister were both extremely deaf; both speak very low and inarticulately, and I should think it is many years since they have interchanged any ideas. There is a strong echo in the dining-room, and both eat a good deal and very slowly. After dinner we found Lady Erroll in the drawing-room. It was in an evil, and I believe in an unwary, hour that Frere married her. She is an Irishwoman of the worst sort, tho' in her youth she must have possessed one of the most fascinating charms of her countrywomen—beauty: and indeed is not totally devoid of another with which they are usually blessed—a sort of lively drollery, which is nearer wit than humour but scarcely deserves the name of either. The flow of her chatter (for conversation it cannot be called) never ceases. Her topicks are usually frivolous and uninteresting, her brogue is vulgar and offensive, her manner coarse and unladylike. Confined as she is by sickness to her house and almost to her couch, in this very

narrow circle of society few are the occasions which present themselves to afford even a text for her incessant harangues. However, she is ingenious enough always to discover some pretext for garrulity, and when she has exhausted all she can possibly say makes no scruple in recapitulating over and over again all she has said before. She has some Irish fun, however, and now and then tells a story with some drollery in the course of her eternal chatter. Rogers, she said, was much in love with her sister, Mrs Cadogan, and old Lady Elgin congratulated Lady Erroll on the approaching marriage. "It will be so agreable for her, dear Lady Erroll. Mr Rogers will read 'The Pleasures of *Memory*' to her all day long."

Frere is in better health and spirits than when I last saw him. Obliged to reside in this African climate for the preservation of Lady Erroll's precarious life, he is cut off from all his former pursuits and engagements, and suffers sadly from ennui. Early friendship and a sincere hatred of the Jacobinical opinions against which Mr Canning levelled, in his youth, all the shafts of his brilliant wit, threw Frere among the ranks of that great man's followers; though the contracted views of his political creed made him, I suspect, disapprove very much of his principal's return to liberal opinions at the close of his career. Frere is of a small Norfolk family, of the antiquity of which he feels the most childish pride worthy of Mrs Clephane and not of a man of his great acquirements and humorous singularity. He is one of the best Greek scholars in England, and has long been employed in a very clever translation of *Aristophanes*, to which I fear he has sacrificed all intention of finishing his original, whimsical poem, *The Father of the Beppos and Don Juans*. He launched forth against *Gibbon* this evening. He will not allow it to be a standard book. He says it is too full of the spirit of the times, of the philosophical cant of the day. That no book can be good, which, instead of displaying the mind and opinions of the author, merely betrays the author's mind to have been warped and swayed by the prejudices of the times. He contrasted Clarendon and Gibbon. The former he called a great statesman retiring from a world he knew and scorned to narrate events he had witnessed. The other, he said, was "a fantastic old fop poking himself into fashion." Frere showed me some of his Greek medals, which are

extremely beautiful. The greater part of them he has deposited with his bank in London. A strange pleasure some collectors have, to possess and yet never to see the beautiful objects in the pursuit of which they are willing to sacrifice so much time and money.

April 21. We are very comfortably lodged, enjoying a view as nearly pretty as anything in this barren, arid island can be. Lord Byron's description of it is incomparable. It is just a "little military hothouse." We walked a little about the town, but found all the shops shut. This week I believe it to be nearly impossible to get anything done in the town. The piety of the natives is of course much increased by the dominion of hereticks. We have, however, respected and protected their religion on every occasion possible, and three years ago a private and an officer were severely punished for refusing to treat the Host with the usual military honors; they were actuated in their refusal by fanatical Calvinistic opinions.

At twelve o'clock Frere called for us. I went with him in a calessa, his sister and niece following in another, and Edward alone in a third. A calessa is a strange conveyance and not very comfortable; it is the body of a small chariot, in shape like a sedan-chair, placed upon two gigantic wheels, and drawn by one small horse or mule. The driver runs by the side of the animal, and sometimes, but seldom, sits for a few minutes on the shaft. The motion is uneasy. The pace, however, is very rapid. These men, who are extremely able-bodied and well-made, will sometimes run for 16 or 18 miles without repose. Frere was amusing and in spirits. We talked of Shakespeare. He told me that he had lately discovered who Shakespeare had in his head when he wrote the character of Falconbridge. That in his time Sir John Perrot was exhibiting at court and in his government in Ireland exactly the same turbulent, free-spoken sort of wit, and that he was known to be a bastard of Henry the 8th's. This is one among a thousand of Frere's whimsical discoveries, which generally are the result of much desultory reading and of a humorous fancy, and tho' often, as perhaps in the present instance, merely the creation of his own lively imagination and easily dispelled before the graver criticism of some learned commentator or pedantic chronologist, are invariably lively and receive additional force from his good-humoured, childish attach-

Sir M. A. Shee pinxit

RIGHT HON. JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

ment to his own theories and speculations. We talked of Memoirs. I asked him if Canning had left any. He told me not, and said he thought him a most unlikely person to have kept a diary. Frere lamented much that he had not done so himself when in an official capacity, as these pieces of autobiography are not only so interesting but so useful to posterity. He blamed Sir W^m^ Drummond for continuing to study when in a responsible situation, and added, "When I was in Spain I never opened a single book or continued any of my favorite pursuits." I am sorry he told me this. Liking Frere as I do, I should wish to think the many and fatal blunders he made at that time were the result of over-application to classical and desultory reading and an inattention (highly culpable but yet rather excusable in such a man) to the duties of his office and to the interests of his country. He repeated to me some of his translations of *Aristophanes* and some of his original poem, with which, however, he is quite out of conceit; the English public have so ill understood and so ill received it. Lord Byron's poems, written in the same metre, have completely eclipsed the very little popularity it was likely to obtain. He felt perhaps a little of the jalousie de métier, when he told me with much dry humour that when last in London his shoemaker had complained that his Lordship had done a great deal of harm to the young men of the day.

April 24. Frere's very bigoted, narrow-minded opinions contrast very oddly with the line of politicks into which his connexion with Canning has thrown him. In his heart he is sorry for the passing of the Catholic Question, though he has voted for it for so many years. The only speeches he admires are those that have been made against it. The only consequence he sees in it, is the necessity for supporting and maintaining the Church of England and for keeping down the Catholics as much as possible. I know no one more disposed to be illiberal than Frere, tho' he is one of the best-hearted, most generous of human beings. I talked about the liberty of the press—of its occasional evils, but of its inestimable value. I said how much it would puzzle a legislator for a new state in a turbulent state like that of Greece to restrain its inevitable licence. Frere suggested that no one should be at liberty to write anonymously, that it seemed to him the only just restraint which could be put

upon it. The idea is, I think, just, and I wish that, or anything else, could be done to prevent the daily atrocities one sees in the English journals. It is the scourge of England. I dined with Frere. E. C. was invited to dine at the 85th Mess. There were no strangers. Lady Erroll bored as usual in the evening. Frere slept aloud ! ! ! And I got off as early as I could.

April 25. *Gozo.* The house in which the General [1] lives is extremely small. He and Lady Emily received me very kindly. They are living in great retirement, and have carried with them none of the luxuries and very few of the comforts of life. They have only one servant, a Greek. The dinner was very unpretending and simple. We sat some time in the drawing-room, the General smoking all the time. He is one of the simplest, most manly, unaffected men I know, with very good sterling sense, a sweet temper, and with the manners and experience of a man that has seen much of the world and has profited by what he has seen. The extreme, patient good-humour with which he submitted to all his sufferings during the battle of Waterloo and in his very slow recovery afterwards, are said to have been the means of carrying him thro'. The slightest irritability would have proved fatal for many days or even weeks. Since that day he has been unable to use the fingers of his right hand and now writes with his left ; but he contrives with singular ingenuity to wield a racket or indeed to clench anything with it. Lady Emily is just as she was before her marriage, very good-humoured, but with a silly giggling manner, which often offends, tho' only meant to do so occasionally. The child is the image of Lady Caroline Lamb, and bids fair, I think, to be as spoiled and as wilful.

The General told me that Lord Hastings died in such debt in Malta, that all the furniture in the Palace was seized when he arrived. To his cook alone he owed £500. His property was sold after his death to satisfy these demands.

April 26. *Sunday.* We breakfasted with Lady Emily. The General, who had been up for hours, remained smoking in the veranda. After breakfast he came and talked with us. He has acquired by his rapid rise no humbug and pomp of office, but is

[1] Major-General Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby (see *ante*, p. 63) was Governor of Malta from 1826 till 1835. He married, in 1825, Emily Charlotte, youngest daughter of Henry, third Earl Bathurst. She died in 1877. He was severely wounded at Waterloo.

just as free and open as I remember him fifteen years ago.

April 27. *Valetta.* We breakfasted with Lady Emily, the General having gone out shooting very early. He is one of the keenest sportsmen I know, and at this season of migration the flight of quails upon this island is sometimes prodigious. Lady Emily complains sadly of the cruel manner in which poor Frere's benevolence is imposed upon by all those who get about him. There is a Mr Gatt, of whom Frere rents his house at the Pieta, who is a great rogue, and besides extorting money from him under various pretences, is always making him apply to the General for some place or other, and often Frere coaxes Lady Emily to get him invited to the balls and parties at the Palace, though she seldom can do so with the Gen$^{l's}$ permission. Once Frere came out to the Ponsonbys in the middle of a very hot summer's day to the country house, in order to petition for the place of a dying man for Gatt. It was refused, and every time he meets with a refusal Frere pays the amount of the salary to satisfy the greedy Gatt. Once the General did offer him a small place, but Gatt judged rightly to refuse it, as he finds Frere's generosity so much more profitable.

May 5. Frere was entertaining. He told me two epigrams: the last he owned was his; the first I believe is too. The town of Exeter does not enjoy a very good reputation, chiefly owing, I believe, to the neighbourhood of Lord Courtenay's place, Powderham. A traveller passing thro' observed opposite the inn window the Fire Insurance Office kept by a man called Lot. He wrote on the pane:—

> "Here are two securities
> That the men of Exeter have got
> Against the punishment of their impurities,
> The Insurance Office and the righteous Lot."

The other was on Lord Carrington's[1] door in Whitehall, at the house he bought of L^{d} Stafford:—

> "Tom Smith lives here,
> Who is made a peer,
> And takes the pen from behind his ear."

Palace. Valetta. May 8. We drove to S^{t} Antonio and walked about the gardens, which are now full of every brilliant flower—oleander, geranium, passion-flower, roses, &c., &c. The

[1] Robert Smith (1752–1838), created Lord Carrington in 1796.

pepper-tree is trained against a high wall near the entrance and falls most gracefully. We dined with Nugent.[1] Met only the Freres and Eaton. The dinner was, as usually, excellent. Our host dilated much upon every dish, especially upon some foie-gras, of which he gave us the account from the Almanac des gourmands with great emphasis and animation. We talked of novels, *La nouvelle Héloïse, Delphine* and others; the details were growing so very particular that old Frere told his niece to retire, tho' Mrs Nugent did not shew any disposition to move. On their retreat he indulged himself in some wine and much indecent conversation, and then launched forth into all his usual bigotry upon political and religious subjects. Nugent talked sensibly and expressed himself often with justness. His opinions appear to be those of a liberal man who knows the world and justly values the intolerance of his neighbours. Frere at dinner defended torture. I was not the least surprized; but his niece who sat next to me was, and whispered that every day she lived, even with the most benevolent people, she felt more convinced of the truth of what has been often said, that no one is fit to be an absolute sovereign. Frere's intolerance, bigotry and love of aristocracy is quite childish, and in arguing with him I was perhaps betrayed into too much personality by glancing at his unfitness for the governorship of an island (which he solicited from Canning and was of course refused) and the vegetating insignificance of old families. He tried to enrage me by alluding to the novelty of my own name; but it was not a topic likely to vex me, and the manner in which he did it was neither ingenious nor lively. E. C. reasoned every side in the space of five minutes—for the Church and against the Church, for the admirable clearness of the doctrines we profess, and then against the Articles to which we are bound to subscribe, and against the catechism

[1] "*May* 3. We called on Nugent. He is settled here in a small situation and has married a daughter of Mrs Whitmore. He is Luttrell's half-brother, and it is unfortunate for him that he apes to be as witty as the former. His conversation is tedious from his efforts at wit and pleasantry. He has lived much in good company, and knows all the tittle-tattle of London for the last forty years. His introduction into society of course was the consequence of his brother's agreable conversation, and he repaid Luttrell in a much more substantial manner by generously dividing his fortune with him, when the latter was deserted and neglected by his barbarous father, Lord Carhampton."

which is to expound those Articles. Our political, bawdy and religious discussions kept us till very late in the dining-room. We only staid a few minutes after coffee.

Frere at dinner owned his alarm at Mr Pitt, who seemed inclined to do too much. He said that had it not been for the F. Revolution, which prevented his attempting any innovation, he knows Pitt had a plan of buying the tithes and paying the clergy a regular stipend from the Treasury, which would in a great measure have relieved the landholders from a most odious tax and have rendered the churchmen a little less vexatious and grasping. Perhaps even Pitt had some notion of equalizing the Bishops and preventing translations. All these innovations Frere deprecates, as he says the Church of England, as it stands, appears to him faultless.

June 17.[1] *Naples.* We were not admitted to the Studii, because the K. and Q. of Sardinia had just visited them. The reason seemed to me a strange one. We dined with Monsignore Caprecelatro, formerly Archbishop of Tarento. I found him, as he ever is, friendly and amiable, lively in his conversation, and full of his usual vigour and freshness of intellect. His figure appeared a little sunk, and I cannot help fearing his health is not so robust as it was. We met at his house a Principino Santa Severino. Prince Cariati sat with us while we dined. Our fare was excellent and the dinner passed most agreably. After dinner I went to Serrazoro's terrace, where I met T. G. by appointment. Events have occurred since we met, which, she says, must put a barrier to the *extent* of our intimacy, tho' she can love only me. There was much sentiment displayed in the choice of Serrazoro's terrace for this very painful and extraordinary conversation. It was here that, in 1825, our first amatory conversation took place, and tonight we each pretended to be taking an eternal farewell. I joined E. C. at the Casino del Re, and passed the evening hearing all the low gossip of Rome, which L^{y} N. has heard from the second-rate sort of society in which she has been revelling there. The night was almost cold. Rain fell in the morning and the air was very chilly all day.

[1] Fox and Edward Cheney had reached Naples on the previous day, on their return from Sicily.

June 18. I got up very late. We dined with L^y^ Northampton. The death of their cook has been a good event for them; they could not find a worse and some of the dishes are now eatable. I met my cousin Harry Fox (called here Black Fox) and Sir W^m^ Gell, the latter in admirable looks, but does not seem to have got more than one new story since November. L^y^ Westmorland's chasseur has left her and, when much pressed to assign the reason for doing so, said that her ladyship used to take him into fields full of wild buffaloes at midnight, and that he could no longer bear it. We went to the Opera.

June 20. I got up very late. We dined en famille with the Northamptons. I visited T. G. at 8 o'clock. When I had been with her about ten minutes, five rings at the bell announced a visitor about to climb to her fifth story. Gallant women do well to live up so high where this is the custom. L^d^ Fitzharris[1] came into the room; he looked daggers at us both. However he soon tamed his anger, and we all three fell into conversation. I flattered him on his beauty, his talents, and the distress that was felt at Palermo on account of his declining to go into society, so that in a quarter of an hour I coaxed him into good humour. Very late to bed.

June 22. I dressed in a great hurry, as Princess Butera sent to say she would receive me before 12 o'clock, and I was anxious to thank her in person for the obliging letter she wrote about my lodging in the Butera Palace. She lives in a small apartment at Pizzofalcone. She received us in a room so darkened that I could not see her as well as I wished. She is extremely tall, has been fat, and is still en bon point. The upper part of her face is very beautiful even now; tho' she is 65, her skin is white as snow and the expression of her eyes very pleasing. She spoke of Sicily with the feelings one might expect. Remembering what has been and seeing what is, she owned she could not bear to visit it. The English, she says, she individually loves and owes much to them, but their betrayal of her country she dwelt upon with much asperity. I was sorry she chose to carry on the conversation in French, which she speaks but imperfectly and cannot express herself with great facility. Her manner is dignified and ladylike; her voice is harsh and more like an Italian's than a

[1] James Howard, Viscount FitzHarris (1807–89), who succeeded his father, in 1841, as third Earl of Malmesbury.

Sicilian's. E. C. dined at Mergellina[1] early. I staid at home all morning and dined at half-past six with Lady Drummond. She lives in the great apartment above Monsignore Caprecelatro. Her guests were as usual ill-chosen, and her party dull:—Ld Fitzharris, Catrofiano, a handsome Russian giant, Ld A. Hill, and her two nephews. I sat by Ld Fitzharris. He is an affected young man, very handsome, and extremely flattered by having obtained success with T. G.—a triumph he seems to suppose hitherto unheard of. He is not the least clever, and too much occupied with his own looks and manners to be agreable. Tom Stewart is dreadfully distressed at his wearing no neckcloth, and appealed to me whether the young Lord could really be in his senses. I assured him I thought him quite sane and very judicious to shew off a fine throat, and that every one who had a fine throat to display would do well to follow Fitzharris's example. I took Fitzharris to the old Archbishop, who was playing at scoppa. I only staid there a few minutes. On my return I went with E. C. to the Northamptons, where as usual I passed a dull evening. Sir H. Davy is dead at Geneva. E. C. had a slight attack of fever and we went home early.

June 23. I called on Fitzharris. I found him slightly clothed reading T. G.'s copy of *Glenarvon*,[2] of which the history is droll. Lady C. Lamb gave it to Henry Webster. He gave it to Me Martinetti. She sent it to Lord Byron. T. G. became possessed of it at his death, and now it has been read by each of her admirers. Ld Fitzharris does not improve on acquaintance. He is dull and affected. T. G. says his temper is very bad, and notwithstanding all his exquisite refinement I do not think his manners are at all good. We dined at Mergellina at 4, to meet M. and Me Ribonpierre,[3] Princess Wolkonsky, M., Me and some Mlles Foss (the Prussian Minister, to whom the hostess is paying great court for the sake of her future hopeful brother-in-law, Baron Normorn), Baron Dashberg, old Selvazzi, &c., &c. I sat between Me Foss and the Psse Wolkonsky. The former is vulgar and inquisitive; the latter clever and rather agreable. She has been much about, and talks sensibly about what she has seen. Last year she was in England, and she told me when she met the

[1] At Lady Northampton's.
[2] Lady Caroline Lamb's well-known novel.
[3] Russian Ambassador to the Porte.

Grande Duchesse Helêne here she quite astonished her by repeating the abuse of Pss Lieven had lavished upon Canning, for the Grande Dsse had not had any communication with the Ambassadress since the Minister's death, and then her language was, as might be expected, very different.

June 24. I called with E. C. on M. Ribonpierre. We found him tête-à-tête with Madame. He is a middle-aged man, with a very French manner and an agreable, unaffected delivery. He spoke of his colleagues at Constantinople. Mr Stratford Canning he praised, but could not resist rather ridiculing the stiffness of his manners and his love of etiquette and overstrained decorum and exaggerated discretion. He evidently dislikes him, tho' he esteems his character. When the news came of the battle of Navarin, M. Ribonpierre's family were living on the shore of the Black Sea in a villa only accessible by sea and about 20 miles distant from the capital. He described in very strong and, I believe, in true colors his excessive alarm for their safety. They accuse him of not possessing much personal courage, or of standing very well the test to which it was put. On the day the battle was fought he was occupied in attending the Sultan at a review of his troops, newly drilled according to the European methods, which was got up partly to intimidate the whole Corps Diplomatique and to strike awe into his breast in particular. He says it was a beautiful sight, but not one calculated to inspire much apprehension, for the Sultan has only succeeded in teaching his troops the marching and countermarching, which can be learnt from a subaltern ; but that of the evolutions and discipline to bring whole divisions into action, they remain perfectly ignorant. He praised extremely the talents of the Sultan.[1] The whole system of reform which he is now gradually introducing into Turkey, he learnt from his cousin, Selim, during six months of captivity which they shared before the latter's death after his dethronement. He at that time developed to Mahmoud (then quite a young man) how he saw this revolution might be effected. When, many years afterwards, Mahmoud mounted the throne,

[1] Mahmoud II, Sultan from 1808 till 1838. Selim III, who had reigned from 1789, was deposed in 1807 and put to death. His successor, Mustapha IV, Mahmoud's brother, was a puppet in the hands of the Janissaries, and was removed from the throne by a counter-revolution in 1808.

he began taking measures to establish what Selim had attempted but failed in doing. Possessed as he was of all the secrets Selim had unfolded to him, and master of many curious facts which he could only have obtained from one of such experience, he was aware of the advantages he had, and has turned them to account. Ribonpierre says his whole knowledge was acquired from Selim. His education had previously been much neglected in the Seraglio where he was brought up, and even now he is grossly ignorant: but his natural ability is considerable.

Laval Montmorency has just refused the portfolio of F. Affairs at Paris. He justly estimates his own abilities. M. Ribonpierre told me that many years ago, when Laval was travelling with his tutor in Italy, they saw two pictures in a gallery said in the guide-book to be painted *par des contemporains*. Laval in a moment of absence asked his tutor what the word *contemporains* meant. The man explained, and said, "Pour exemple, vous et moi nous sommes des contemporains." "Bah! Bah!" replied Laval, "que voulez-vous dire, nous ne savons pas dessiner ni l'un ni l'autre." These foolish mistakes have sometimes passed for wit and given him a very unmerited reputation for saying bons mots.

June 25. We dined with the Archbishop. Our guests were:— Mrs Dodwell, Gell, Visconti, P^ce^ Santa Severino, Marchese Malaspina, Giraud, and a Professor of Oriental languages, who puzzled Gell by talking modern Greek. I sat by Mrs Dodwell,[1] who is in excessive beauty and very tearing spirits at the accession of fortune she has got by the death of her father-in-law. She gave a deplorable account of the society this year at Rome, and abused with great cordiality all the English ladies who gave themselves airs there. She is very clever. Totally uneducated and born of very vulgar parents, she has acquired considerable information and a manner far superior to most of her countrywomen, formed entirely on the model of a French petite maitresse. She speaks French with a fluency and correctness very rarely attainable by any Italian, and tho' the objects of her imitation have not been very well selected, she certainly has succeeded in copying them most faithfully. It was late before we sat down to

[1] Dodwell's wife, more than thirty years his junior, was a daughter of Count Giraud.

dinner. The dinner lasted long, and we took a very short evening drive before going to drink tea at Mergellina, where we found Sir W. Gell. Unfortunately before the old lady and Wilmira he began most unconsciously abusing and ridiculing M. and Me Foss, the Prussian Minister. It was a most untoward subject, for the old lady is just beginning to become more reconciled to the idea of Wilmira's marriage with Baron Normorn, because she imagines he is greatly related and that these very Foss' are most illustrious in point of rank and birth. Unwittingly it was upon their rank and birth that Gell fell foul. He called Me Foss (the worthy Baron's aunt) an old housekeeper or laundress, and said that she was something very low indeed in her own country. The old lady was annoyed. Wilmira turned white and scarlet alternately, and Ly N. behaved, as she always does, very foolishly, and in a manner to render the conversation much more distressing to her mother and sister, instead of contriving to change the topics. I could not help, however, being diverted. It was a scene such as one reads in Miss Burney's novels but scarcely ever has the luck to witness. I felt, however, for poor Wilmira, who must have been sadly vexed to hear the very things said against her admirer that would have more effect in poisoning Mrs Clephane's mind against him, than if Gell had accused him and all his family of breaking the Decalogue daily. We drove after tea to Santa Lucia. There we saw several supper-tables spread out in the streets and jolly parties feasting at them. I was hungry, and the scene was so gay and tempting that we ordered a table and remained a whole hour supping there, while a musician played and sung to me some of the gayest Neapolitan airs. I seldom passed a more agreable evening. In this heavenly climate, in the society of one I love so much as I do E. C., and so well and happy as I feel, that even the idea of going speedily to England did not make me sad.

June 26. My carriage is free from the Dogana. We shall start on Sunday. We staid at home all morning. M. Ribonpierre called upon us ; he sat some time. He has a great horror of the Turks—they massacred his father, and he seems to have apprehended the same fate almost all the time he was at Constantinople. The Turks, he says, drink wine much in private, and that it is astonishing the quantity some of them will drink

without betraying any symptoms of inebriety—not only quantity but vast variety they will take with impunity. The present Sultan is not a bigot, but yet very decorous in the outward forms of religion. A Turk of rank once came to a fête given by his predecessor at Constantinople. The F. Ambassador was present and joined the dance. The Turk observed to one of the Russian attachés that the fête must have cost the Ambassador a vast sum. The Russian said that all parties were expensive, but why did he imagine this one to be unusually so? "Because," he said, "it must have been for a very considerable sum of money that your master could engage the F. Ambassador to dance for his amusement."

June 27. I went in the morning to take leave of T. G. We took a tender leave. I shall always feel excessive interest and regard for T. G., and I think she has shewn much generosity and nobleness of character in many occasions. Certainly her conduct to me has always been most admirable, considering my very unpardonable neglect of her; nor can I the least blame her for taking a fresh lover when I had deserted her in the manner I had done.

I drove with E. C. to the terra-cotta manufacture, where I bought some porcelain plates and earthenware dishes for Frascati. The prices are rather high I think, but the objects are very beautiful. We dined at half-past 5 at M. Ribonpierre's. We met Lady N., various Russian attachés, and Countess Samniloff, M^e^ Ribonpierre's niece, who is following the singer David about Europe in the most open and least reputable manner possible. She is young, but has no other beauty; her features are large and coarse, her skin dark brown and dirty, her figure bad, her voice harsh, and her manners certainly not genteel and indeed scarcely decent. Her dress was in the extremity of fashion, sleeves wider and fuller than any I have yet seen; but the whole of it seemed contrived to shew more of her skinny person than it is usual to shew in a drawing-room. The dinner was not very good. The house is well mounted and well served. We passed the evening at Mergellina and took leave of the family, as we go tomorrow. The bill of the Gran Bretagna is enormous; the house very ill-served and very bad. I shall never return to it.

Rome. June 29. *St. Peter's Day.* Mrs Colyar described the society at Rome this winter as extremely bad and sadly quarrel-

some. One of the French Cardinals (le Prince de Croy), who came for the Conclave, was a ridiculous little chatterbox. Lady Arundel assured Mrs Colyar that the antiquity of his family surpassed all belief, and told her that it was a current story in France that the Almighty said to Noah, " Que faites-vous avec ce sac-là ? " Noah replied, " Mon Seigneur, je sauve le Prince de Croy." The Almighty was satisfied and only said, " Ah ! vous faites très bien." The evening was fine and cloudless, and the air was freshened by the rain. I walked a little about the town.

June 30. We drove to the Forum and Coliseum. Since my absence much has been done to excavate and level this interesting spot. The earth all about Constantine's Arch has been cleared away, and now they are busy in excavating the Temple of Venus and Roma. When the whole project is carried into effect it will greatly improve the general appearance of the place, but at present of course the heaps of rubbish and piles of stones encumber the ground and spoil the effect. Rome is in full beauty. The verdure, in consequence of the backward and rainy summer, is in brilliant freshness. The air is cool, and the sky of that dark, deep blue only seen in this season and in these latitudes. It requires a strong sense of duty to enable me to leave these scenes, in which I am so happy, for cloudy skies and for the angry discussions which I expect in England. Every day I pass brings me nearer and nearer to the dreaded hour of arrival.

I called on Prince and Princess Montfort. I found the Pss alone. She was very gracious and amiable, as I have invariably found her. She has no wit or brilliancy in conversation, but has good humour and good sense, which upon the long run are more necessary for social intercourse. Jerôme came in soon afterwards. They both joined in well-merited and, I believe, sincere praise of Dudley. Lady Shrewsbury sent Chatillon (who by the by lived for fourteen years on Lucien Bonaparte's bounty) to Psse de Montfort, to tell her that she could not come to her house if she met Lady Dudley there. The Psse answered with spirit that she was very sorry to have to make her choice between an old friend and a niece, but that she could not hesitate for a moment upon which of the two she should shut her doors, and

that for the future Lady S. could not expect to cross her threshold. I went to Mrs Colyar, where I met Me Bevilacqua, a very pretty Ferrarese married to a miserable-looking Venetian, whom she persuades to come every year to Rome to superintend the modern works of art, while she is installed as the favourite of K. Jerôme.

Mrs Colyar told me details of Lady Arundel's rudeness and ingratitude towards her and her husband, that quite astonished even from such a very unamiable character. On the evening of Chateaubriand's first party, Lady Westmorland, Lady Arundel and Mrs Colyar were the only English ladies invited. Cardinals, Roman Princesses, and some German Royalties, formed the rest of the assembly. Mrs Colyar knew no one. Lady W. would not speak to her. When a chair became vacant she crossed the room to sit by Lady Arundel, who received her by saying, " This is not the moment, Mrs Colyar, to make a move. You had better return to your place." Soon after Lady Arundel's introduction to Lady D. Stuart at my dinner in October last, they met at a party, and Lady Dudley, after some conversation had passed in which she thought they had interchanged civilities, said, " J'ai eu l'honneur de passer chez vous ce matin : j'y ai laissé une carte." Lady A. jumped up, and darting a look at Lady Dudley, said before bystanders, " Je ne reçois jamais chez moi des femmes comme vous." This story Ly Shrewsbury told the Psse de Montfort as a proof of Lady Arundel's decision and propriety of conduct. What can be thought of society, if such Billingsgate language and manners are to be tolerated.

July 1. I went with E. C. to Gibson's studio, where I saw but little to admire. After dinner I called on Bunsen,[1] who lives in the Palazzo Caffarelli. My object was to find if I could secure this apartment now he leaves it for a house on the Quirinal. I was too late. Chateaubriand has taken it for six years, and pays for it without furniture only 400 scudi a year. It would suit E. C. and me most admirably. The views it commands are unique —there is nothing so fine in Europe. The rooms themselves are not very good or at all spacious. Bunsen is a hard-headed,

[1] Christian Karl Josias Bunsen (1791–1868), diplomat, archæologist and theologian. He was appointed Prussian resident Minister in Rome in 1827 ; and was Ambassador in London, 1842–54.

sensible man. He has in his house at present a very beautiful torso of Greek workmanship, which he has just bought for the K. of Prussia. He only paid 500 scudi for it, and it is well worth 3,000. He has some pretty vases and objects of antiquity of his own. He shewed me a very beautiful ivory figure of Christ bound in the Temple, which had belonged to Frederick the Great and was given to him by the P^ce^ of Prussia : it is evidently of Italian execution, and has been done in the best days under Michael Angelo or Benvenuto. He told me he was much pleased that de Gregorio had not been elected, that he was not a trustworthy man and had always been a time-server. The present Pope [1] he praised, and he says that he already is said to repent the appointment of Cardinal Albani [2] to the Secretaryship.

When Chateaubriand took leave of His Holiness he thanked him for the civil speeches and kind expressions with which the Pope loaded him, and then added that above all he had one deep obligation to him. Pius VIII asked him what he meant. He replied, " His Holiness' appointment of Cardinal Albani to the Ministry, that had prevented his being named Premier by Charles X—a situation much too arduous and difficult for him to accept willingly, but which he should not think himself entitled to decline." He is gone to Paris for the purpose of intriguing for office, and merely pretends to seek for retirement and tranquillity at Rome in hopes of disguising his real views from public observation. He has taken this house without any intention, or at least any wish, to inhabit it. However, should his intrigues fail, perhaps he may be forced to seek for unwished tranquillity in this lovely situation. We passed the evening with the Colyars.

The present Pope was very nearly obtaining the tiara at the Conclave which preceded Leo's election. Cardinal Fesch at the head of a small party was only required to secede, and then the election would be complete. He consented to do so, provided Castiglione would certainly name some other than Consalvi as Secretary of State. Vidoni promised to ascertain this before the meeting of the Conclave on the following morning. He called

[1] Pope Leo XII (della Genga) had died early in the year, and Pius VIII (François Xavier Castiglione) had been elected in his place. The latter died the following year.

[2] Cardinal Giuseppe Albani (1750–1834).

upon Castiglione in his cell, congratulated him on the certainty of his election, told him that he had hastened to pay his respects to the future Sovereign, and then talked on indifferent subjects. Just as he was leaving the room, he carelessly asked what he thought of doing when he became Pontiff. The thoughtless Cardinal replied that the State was going on so well that he should not be disposed to make any alteration. Vidoni took his leave with much assumed veneration and regard, hastened to betray the intentions of Castiglione, and next day he had scarcely a vote. Della Genga was fixed up on account of his personal hatred to Consalvi, and also for the very precarious state of his health.

Since the elevation of Pius VIII to the throne he has become invisible. The first day of his election he wept on the balcony. Pasquin said, " Il bambino a pianto e poi dormito." He assumed the name of Pius in regard for Pius VII, who bestowed the hat upon him chiefly on account of the following story. When Bishop of Montalto, he refused to promulgate the edict made by the French against the Pope's temporal power. He was expelled from his bishopric, and reduced to such poverty that he walked to Milan. Near the gates of Milan a peasant, struck by his appearance, took compassion upon him and begged him to mount the ass he was riding. The bishop refused for some time but at length was prevailed upon when the man assured him he did not expect any remuneration, for the poor priest was unable to afford any. He entered Milan in this manner, and was long maintained by the charity of his friends. Pius VII was told this story on his way to France, and, struck with his piety and fortitude, resolved to reward him with a hat if ever he should have it in his power. Pius VII was one of the few sovereigns of modern times who had pleasure in bestowing honor upon merit, and Castiglione was one of the first Cardinals he made.

July 2. Villa Muti, Frascati. With E. C. I went to see Severn's studio. He is rather a pretty artist, but a most provoking little cox-comb—cursed with a false idea of having been born a natural genius, and for ever detailing the singular traits and peculiarities of his own extraordinary temper and character. He told us a great deal of Lady W.'s violent and unladylike conduct towards him. She even had the cruelty, after his

marriage, to write a letter to him by which she hoped to make him suspect the purity of his wife's conduct previous to her marriage. I dined with Prince Montfort. I met there, beside his Princess and his lord and lady-in-waiting, M. and Me Bevilacqua, M. Kühl (the Wurtemberg Minister). The King and Queen walked out of the room before their guests. They were helped first, and I thought the royal etiquettes seemed to be observed with more punctuality than usual. I sat next to Her Majesty. She told me that she had formerly been betrothed to the D. of Cambridge, but that she herself, tho' a girl, had broken the marriage, from the horror she conceived of all our Royal Family, especially the old Queen, from the accounts given her by her mother-in-law, the Princess Royal, who hated, and apparently with reason, her whole family. M. Kühl is just returned from England. The only thing which he seems really to have admired is the Penitentiary at Vauxhall Bridge.

July 6. Bunsen told some droll stories of Chateaubriand. He cries aloud now for war, that France may regain her *geographical limits*. This he said to M. de Celles,[1] who replied that he did not dread being *vis-à-vis* to France ; that in case she invaded Flanders the allies would invade her territory, that there would be an internal revolution and a subversion of the present dynasty. " Eh ! bien donc," answered the ultra, " nous avons d'autres."

July 10. We drove from Frascati after dinner into Rome. At the post I found a letter from my aunt announcing to me the possibility of my sister's marriage to Lord Lilford.[2] I was excessively astonished, but I hardly know enough of the young man to be either glad or sorry. The news makes me very impatient to reach London. We called on the Colyars.

July 11. We went to see the Prince of Canino's [3] vases from Corneto. These however are only the refuse of the collection. The best are still at Musignano. He is quite wild upon the subject, and is convinced that the spot he is excavating is the place from

[1] Antoine Charles, Comte de Visher de Celles (1769–1841), Dutch Minister to the Vatican.

[2] Thomas Atherton, third Lord Lilford (1801–61), son of Thomas, second Baron. He married Mary Fox in May, 1830.

[3] Lucien Bonaparte.

whence sprung all the arts and all the good taste of Greece. His theories are very romantic and absurd. Unwillingly he grants that his vases were made subsequent to the deluge. This is the usual fault of all antiquarians, and renders them the ridiculous, extravagant set of pedants they are, instead of making their researches at all valuable. The vases I saw are kept in a very dark, low room in the Palazzo Valentini; they are very large, but most of them have been broken and are extremely ill put together. Some of the designs are good, but some are so far superior to those of the Sicilian and Neapolitan vases, as entirely to eclipse them. We were shewn them by the Chevalier Boyer (Lucien's Vice-Principe) and a German professor, who seemed very anxious to make me think him very profound. He did not succeed; for ignorant as I am, I know enough to perceive that he was talking nonsense upon a subject of which he knows nothing. One of the great points of dispute is whether the vases were made upon the spot, or whether they all came from Greece. I wonder reasonable men can discuss a point which seems so self evident. It is preposterous to imagine that such thousands of this brittle ware could in those days have been transported such a distance with impunity. Besides, there seems no reason to believe that they were considered of much value.

We drove to the Villa Borghese and upon the Monte Pincio, where we met Lady Westmorland. She started on seeing me, and dispatched the chasseur across the green to stop the carriage and inquire after my health. I thanked her for the message and drove on.

Sunday, July 12. I went to Malatesta with Edward to settle with him respecting the apartment he has to let. We agreed to take it; as much as we dared do, considering the old proverb—"Homme propose, Dieu dispose." But I cannot help both hoping and thinking that we shall occupy it next winter.

Sunday, July 19. *Bologna.* The inn (S. Marco) is very good and reasonable. With some difficulty I got the old laquais de place who served Mr Fox some 35 years ago, and whom I have always employed when I come here. I drove with E. C. to the Montagnola—a pretty promenade on the ramparts. On account of the fête to-day the place was very much crowded both with carriages and pedestrians. The scene was very brilliant, many

gay equipages, many pretty faces, and a fine, clear Italian setting sun shedding his golden lustre upon them all thro' the fine trees which are planted on the exterior of the walk. From there we went to see Me Martinetti.[1] Every time I see her the perfection of her beauty strikes me more and more. She has the most faultless face I ever saw except Lady Charlemont, and the Martinetti is ten times more beautiful. I wish extremely I was not obliged to hasten to England so speedily. The society, the theatre, the interest of this town, make me very anxious to pass a week or a fortnight here some time or other. I know very few towns in Europe that have so many attractions; tho' under the Papal tyranny this place appears flourishing, rich and full of activity.

July 27.[2] I found at Coire a letter from Prince Louis Bonaparte, telling me in very pretty English that his mother can receive us at Arenenberg, so that thither to-morrow we shall wend our course.[3] Our inn here is small but clean and comfortable. The posting in Switzerland, which has only lately been established, is still in its infancy and very badly regulated and worse served. Every inn-keeper tries to make the passenger a victim to his schemes of private exaction. If the Swiss had only talent or quickness, of which God knows they are quite free, they would be the greatest rogues in Europe, instead of enjoying a very ill-founded reputation for honesty.

July 28. *Château d'Arenenberg.* At Constance where we arrived at 4 o'clock, we found Prince Louis just returning in his carriage to Arenenberg. We dressed in the inn and soon followed him. Hortense's house is situated on the little lake, and is approached by rather a steep ascent. We arrived just as the party had sat down to dinner. Hortense, Mlle Rabié her lady-in-waiting, Me Damaire (?) (a lady of doubtful reputation now living in the neighbouring pension of Wolfsberg), M. Fontin (a noisy, second-rate sort of wit), M. Veillard (a stern, savant republican), M. Gomont (a handsome young Frenchman, nephew to the Maréchale Ney). The dinner was excellent. The house is

[1] Wife of Giovanni Battista Martinetti (1764–1829), the official architect of Bologna. See *ante*, p. 199.

[2] Fox had crossed the Alps into Switzerland by the Splugen Pass.

[3] Arenenberg was Hortense Beauharnais' permanent residence at this time.

prettily fitted up, and commands an extensive and rather pretty view. I walked after dinner with Hortense on her terrace. She could talk only of her niece's marriage with the E. of Brazil.[1] She is flattered by the splendour of the alliance, but apprehensive on account of the Emperor's bad character. However, she finds consolation in his having had five children by his late wife, who was a monster of ugliness. "Cela au moins montre du courage." She is going to meet her niece at Ulm after the ceremony, for the K. of Bavaria has shown her no civility since the late King's death. M. Fontin sang some songs from *Il Pirata*, with an odious French accent and with all the pretension of a fine singer. He also sang some little French songs rather drolly. I gave Hortense an Albanian shawl, with which she was apparently much pleased. Me Damaire retired to Wolfsberg at eleven and our party broke up. We sleep, as do all other male visitors and Prince Louis, in a detached house, very well but modestly fitted up.

July 29. In the morning it did not rain. I walked with E. C. and Hortense in the garden. She shewed us her improvements, her walks, her buildings, and all she has done for the place, which seems when she first bought it to have been nothing beyond a farm-house. She has laid it all out with considerable taste. On the hill below the house there grows a small wood of very fine trees. Among these she has made some pretty walks, but we found it too damp to venture among them. At 12 o'clock we were summoned to a very substantial dinner, which calls itself breakfast. Afterwards Hortense walked us all over her house, even to the garrets. The house is very small, but is so well distributed that it holds many guests if required, and is very prettily furnished. In Hortense's boudoir adjoining her very gorgeous little bedroom, she keeps a cabinet of curiosities and souvenirs:—Josephine's shoes, Eugène's orders, hair of Mr Cowper, etc., etc. There is nothing that is the least interesting, except a most beautifully worked gold reliquary, said to be taken from Charlemagne's tomb at Aix-la Chappelle when opened by the French, and presented by Napoleon to Josephine. It looks much too modern to be genuine. Beside there is a cachemire

[1] Pedro I of Brazil, who abdicated, in 1831, in favour of his son of six years old, married Amélie, daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, in 1829.

scarf worn by Napoleon during all the campaign in Egypt and given by him to Hortense.

After dinner we talked of *Bourrienne's Memoirs*, which were lying on her table. She told me that he was dismissed from Napoleon's service on account of peculation; that his book is full of lies, and that all he says of her correspondence with Duroc thro' him is false. That it is extraordinary he should invent such foolish stories when he might have related the truth, which would have been equally, or indeed far more interesting. Bourrienne was employed by Napoleon to persuade her to consent to marry Louis, a marriage she greatly disliked on account of Louis' character and language respecting women, and not on account of a previous attachment to Duroc. This book seems written to feast the current appetite which rages in London and Paris for scandal and indecency. After dinner came Mr and Mrs Webber from the pension of Wolfsberg, together with their hostess, Madame Perquin, who has now set up this pension in great hopes of Hortense's protection. She is a fat, vulgar woman. The two English people looked awed and were very shy and silent. We did not retire till 12 o'clock.

July 30. Rain, incessant rain, prevented any attempt at going out. Another Englishwoman and her sister came to breakfast, Mrs Simpson and Miss Bull. The former is pretty and a widow; she also is an inmate of the pension, which is full of women and scantily supplied with men. Our existence here is extremely pleasant. I wish very much I was not so impatient to reach England, that I might stay a few days more. Hortense is invariably amiable and good-natured, besides being very often extremely pleasant. She always speaks on the side of exalted virtue and high sentiment, and never talks in favour of what is mean or shabby. M. Veillard is the apostle of a new, fantastic system of perfectionability preached by M. S^{t} Simon, lately dead. He thinks posterity will say there have been three great men, Aristotle, Jesus Christ, S^{t} Simon. The system he upholds is exaggerated and perhaps absurd, but it is one calculated to make men try to improve their characters and dispositions, and therefore is not to be thoroughly despised. After dinner Goment, Fontin, Prince Louis, and M^{lle} Rabié acted a charade. The word was M^{e} Perquin's maiden-name *Coche-lait* and served as

the excuse for a droll scene, well performed by all the actors, of the absurdities within the walls of the pension. Mrs Stewart, Me Perquin and Me Damaire have all the same mania of pretending intimacy with dukes, princes, and sovereigns who they have just seen. M. Gomont set off for Milan at midnight—happy man!

July 31. Hortense shewed me to-day a diamond necklace she has for sale; it was valued at £30,000, but she is willing to sell it for 20,000 or even 16,000. This necklace was presented by the Cisalpine Republic to Josephine, who added several of the finest diamonds she could collect, and wore it at her Coronation. It is horridly set; indeed many of the stones are loose. Hortense sent it to England at the King's Coronation in hopes he would buy it, but H.M. preferred hiring jewels to acquiring them by purchase. The diamonds are extremely large and very brilliant. Demidoff offered her a pension for them, but his offer was far below her prices. In the evening Hortense told me that Maria Louisa had not been so much to blame in her apparent indifference towards her husband, against whom Neipperg had succeeded in poisoning her very weak and pliant mind, by inventing tales of his profligacy and depravity, which she was foolish enough to believe, or hypocrite to pretend to believe, as it well suited with her interest. We parted late, after Hortense had seen all Edward's Indian drawings. We sat by the fire all day.

August 1. After a very gracious leave-taking we left Arenenberg after breakfast. I look back to my séjour there with great pleasure. The freedom and ease of the mode of life is very delightful. I never was at any country house where there was less gêne or more liberty—indeed almost too much. Hortense is so good-humoured that she allows vulgar, noisy animals, like M. Fontin, to make themselves too much at home in her drawing-room and to scream, shout, hum and gabble, with not as much decorum as one could wish.

Paris. Aug. 12. Mr Adair[1] came to call upon me. The new Administration here which the King has just formed, with Polignac at the head of it, is most unpopular. The newspapers, the pamphlets, the shops, teem with abuse and satire against the Vendéan émigré whom the K. has at last ventured to nominate.

[1] Sir Robert Adair (1763–1855), diplomatist. A close friend of Charles James Fox and the Holland family. He was employed at Vienna in 1806.

Adair told me that *Bourrienne's Memoirs* are not entirely discredited, tho' he is a man of such very bad character that of course what he says is not much to be relied upon. Adair, when at Vienna as Minister, received a complaint from ——, who then ruled the Austrian Cabinet, complaining that the English Ministers had betrayed in the H. of Commons the circumstance of a quarter's subsidy from England having been paid at Hamburg, and that Bourrienne, who was French Minister there, being thus apprized of it had seized and confiscated the money. The sum was considerable. Adair is anxious to see whether he will acknowledge the fact, or whether he applied the money to his own purposes. From the avarice and dishonesty of his character it is most probable that the Austrian money never was paid into the French exchequer.

Aug. 13. I called on Mrs Graham and Me de Souza. At the house of the former I met Pozzo di Borgo,[1] who is said to be her lover and to pay for the expenses of her house. He talked in praise of the present Ministry, but I believe no one can believe his praises to be sincere. Me de Souza is living in an entresol nearly opposite her old admirer, Talleyrand. She spoke of her husband's, her protégée's and her lover's death, with all the indifference one might expect from the writer of sentimental novels. M. de Souza told her that when the late K. of Portugal was in the agonies of death, the idea of eternal damnation haunted his mind most fiercely; not, as I believe might have been naturally supposed by the bystanders, for any crimes of his own committing, but for the education he had given his sons, by which, as he justly observed, he had rendered the lives of his unborn subjects miserable.

Sunday, Nov. 29, 1829. 30 *Old Steyne, Brighton.* I was called a little after seven and got up immediately. The morning was foggy, damp and cold. I left London before 9 and stopped to hear how Miss Vernon[2] had passed the night at Little Holland

[1] Pozzo di Borgo (1764–1842), Russian Ambassador in Paris, 1814–34, and in London, 1834–39. A Corsican by birth, he served the English during their occupation of the island, and being always antagonistic to Napoleon subsequently took service under the Czar, who made him a General in 1814.

[2] His great-aunt (see *ante*, p. 11).

House. I was happy to find that the new medicine and a blister had in some measure relieved her and given her a few hours' sleep. I cannot, however, help apprehending that all ultimate hopes of her recovery must be very faint. My journey was rapid and had no other merit. The country (indeed like almost all the country in this island) is tame and uninteresting; perpetual small country-houses with their mean trimness and Lilliput ostentation. There are few of those worst of all sights on this road—a vast green field, dotted with trees, surrounded by a wall, and damped by a variety of swampy ponds, which call themselves *country seats*.

I arrived at half past 2. My mother was on the pier. I sat with my father, who was, as he always is, very lively. He talked of the Grenvilles, and tho' he admitted all the faults which make them so unpopular in the world, he praised them for many merits, especially Tom Grenville for his disinterested generosity about Lord Carysfort's guardianship. I took a bath before dinner. Our guests were, The Lord Chancellor,[1] Lady Lyndhurst, Duke of Devonshire, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr Whishaw, four selves. I never had met the Chancellor before; he is agreable in his manner and voice, and his language is choice and elegant. After dinner we talked of Napoleon and *Bourrienne's Memoires*. Sir James said that the conversation there given between the Emperor and Auguste de Staël (at that time only 17 years old), is quite correct. That he has seen Auguste's letter to his mother, detailing it just as it is told in *Bourrienne*. He went to meet Napoleon on his return from Italy, in order to solicit for his mother to be allowed to go nearer Paris—but in vain. The D. of D. is grown more absurd in his costume, more obtuse in hearing, and much duller than he used to be. I had a curious conversation after coffee, in which I dissipated the ill-grounded apprehensions of ——. Edward Romilly and Sir James Macdonald came after tea. The room was hot and the evening fatiguing. It is very painful to see and be in the room with someone one wishes excessively to speak to, without the possibility of doing so without becoming the gaze of the whole party. I went to bed at 12.

30 *November*. At breakfast Sir James Mackintosh came over

[1] Lord Lyndhurst (1772–1863). His first wife, whom he married in 1819, was Sarah, daughter of Charles Brumsden and widow of Colonel Charles Thomas. She died in 1834.

from the Albion. My father talked of Lord Chancellors. Lord Erskine was told a few years before his death a story of some shipwrecked sailors, and the narrator, to conclude the account, added, " And for two months those unhappy men entirely lived upon *seals*." " Aye," said Lord E., " and very good living too they are, if one could continue to keep them." My mother went out on the pier, and I read to my father Lady Northampton's poem. He likes it extremely. I went out for a few minutes and then returned to write some foreign letters. I dined at Lord Dudley's, where I met, The Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst, Lord and Lady Cowper, Mr and Lady Mary Stanley, Mr John Warrender, Mr Ford, Mr Brooke Greville. I sat next to Lady Cowper and Lady Lyndhurst. Lord Dudley was less absent and abstracted than usual. Conversation was more general and subject to fewer pauses than it has been on the former occasions I have dined at his house. Again the topic after dinner was the Chancellorship and the former predecessors of Lord L. The characters of Lord Thurlow, Lord Erskine and Lord Loughboro' were discussed. Lord Cowper, whose voice is so tiresome that tho' what he says is often good yet he is always reckoned a bore, told several stories of Lord Thurlow, none of which he had been a witness. One was that once Lord Stanhope[1] had been making one of his most wild speeches on a hot midsummer day during a violent debate, Lord T., with great solemnity rose after he had concluded, and walking from the Woolsack to the middle of the House, only said, " My Lords, it is needless I should remind your Lordships that the Dog Star rages." After dinner I slipped off to Mrs Cheney, whom I found alone, and then came home, where the Cowpers, Stanleys, etc., had preceded me. I had, after strangers had gone, a warm discussion with my parents about Lady Jersey's conduct to me and my resentment. They have both become callous to the feelings of resentment. How true it is that excess of refinement appears to abolish the great vices but only undermines the great virtues.

December 1st. A bright day. After my shower-bath I went with Mary to Mrs Cheney for the former to sit. Mrs Cheney has made two drawings of her ; one is bad, the other tolerable.

[1] Charles, third Earl Stanhope (1753–1816), a strenuous supporter of the French Revolution.

I called on Lady Lyndhurst, and then joined her husband on the Chain Pier. He is agreable, but his language before his wife is distressingly coarse; he encourages and indeed forces her to talk as coarsely as himself. At dinner we had, Mr and Mrs Baring, Mr Whishaw, Sir James Mackintosh, General Upton, Mr Thomas Duncombe. After dinner Mackintosh sang the praises of his countryman, Buchanan.[1] My father said he thought his bon mot about James the 1st one of the best ever made. Some complained to Buchanan that he had made a pedant of his pupil. "A pedant!" he replied, "if you knew him as well as I do, you would admire me for having made anything of him." As soon as dinner was over Mary and I went to join Lady Jersey at the dancing-school ball at the Ship Inn. The room was very full and intolerably hot, and so ill-managed that I never contrived to sit down the whole evening. I stood by Lady H. Baring,[2] who is lively and clever, but unfeeling and loud. Her husband to-day has had a bad fall, which has shattered his teeth and obliges him to go to-morrow to London. She talked of it with great levity, and did not for a moment appear to think that her presence by his couch was more natural and proper than in a ball-room. The children seemed to dance prettily, but I could scarcely see them from the thickness of the crowd. The Chancellor talked, and seemed rather to canvass Lady Harriet for support to the Gt. He feels, I believe, his situation very precarious. The D. of Cumberland has vowed his fall. Every day the influence of the D. increases at Windsor, and there are three powerful law-lords in opposition against him, Eldon, Tenterden and Wynford. The character, however, of the latter (Best) is, if possible, lower than his own.

Wednesday, December 2. A cold, raw day. I got up late and took no bath. I called on Lady Webster[3] and Miss Monson. The former is a fine, open-hearted, cheerful woman, perfectly good-humoured and devoid of any affectation. She has remains of very extraordinary beauty and is still very handsome. I then went to Lady L. The Chancellor is gone. Before he

[1] George Buchanan, the historian (1506–82).

[2] Daughter of George, sixth Earl of Sandwich. She married William Bingham Baring, subsequently second Lord Ashburton in 1823.

[3] Charlotte, daughter of Robert Adamson, married, in 1814, Sir Godfrey Webster (1789–1836), Fox's half-brother.

went she received another anonymous letter from London, threatening to expose her to him, and accusing her of an embrace with me on the steps leading to the Chain Pier on Saturday last, on which day I was in London and she was in her bed. This takes off any apprehension we might feel, for it proves the ignorance of our enemies. Great God! What a dreadful country this is to live in, and how much better for the peace of society and for the agrémens of life is the despotism of one man to the inquisitive tyranny and insolent exactions of a whole nation. She very wisely instantly showed the letter to her husband, at the same time showing *The Age* with a paragraph about her and Cradock, and desired him to direct her future conduct, which he has done in advising her to continue exactly as if she had never received such letters and not to allow the avarice of blackguards to harass and torment her.

I dined at home. My father dined at Lady Petre's to meet the D. of Norfolk. My mother, Allen, Mary, were the only guests besides myself. Mr Allen talked of confession, of its advantages and disadvantages. My mother told us the story of a priest in Ireland being so miserable at having been the depository of secret murder from a woman who had allowed her son (Maclaughlin) to be executed, tho' perfectly innocent, for the crime she had perpetrated, that he revealed the confession to a Catholic lady near Dublin. She pressed the surgeon, Crampton, to come down to see her poor confessor, for his mental distress had already so affected his body as to threaten his life. Crampton refused, on the score of being unable to *minister to a mind diseased*; upon which the lady came to Dublin and told him the facts, adding that the priest felt still greater compunction from having unburthened his mind to her, justly observing that he did no good, but only added another culprit by the violation of a most sacred oath. The young man had been hanged upon the evidence of a soldier who looked in at the cottage window and saw him place his father-in-law's corpse upon the bed, wash some blood off the floor and off his own hands, and busy himself to conceal all appearance of violence. This he did only in hopes of screening his mother after her admission of the murder, and when accused would offer no defence, but maintained his innocence. The day before his execution he had a private interview with his mother,

C. R. Leslie pinxit

HON. MARY ELIZABETH FOX
(afterwards Lady Lilford)

and was heard to say as she left the prison, " May God forgive you, my mother." Allen believes that Lambertini's Bull, which is so severe against any confessor seducing his female penitent, or against any one privy to such a crime and concealing it, has had great effect in correcting the morals of the clergy.

After dinner Mr Kenney[1] (the author of many comedies and farces) came and chatted very agreably. He is like the starved apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet.* I went for two hours to the Brighton Almack's, rather a scanty ball. Lʸ L. in low spirits. She had dined tête-à-tête with the D. of D., and he had used the privilege, or Gibbon would say *abused* the privilege, of a kind friend to tell her every disagreable truth and naming every painful possibility. I came home at 12.

December 3. I staid at home all morning till 4 o'clock. I then called at Lady Aldboro's.[2] She was in close conversation with Mr Eld, the M. of the Ceremonies, about a house here. She intends passing every autumn and winter in this place. She was lively, tho' less gross than usual. I then called on Lady L. She is in low spirits at the eternal lectures and good advice she receives from her family and friends. She talked rationally to me about poverty, and having known what it is, has resolved to let no momentary fancy expose herself to it again. We had at dinner, The Duke and Duchess of Sᵗ Albans, Lady Mary Beauclerk, Mr and Lady Mary Stanley, Mr Fazakerley, four selves and Allen.

The Duke[3] is a sad spectacle ; but yet he seems partly to understand what is said to him, at least the sense of what he has heard an hour ago sometimes flashes across his mind. The Dˢˢ, tho' vulgar and purseproud, does not want for a sort of frank goodhumour and hearty gaiety, which alone makes her sufferable. She also talks much, and better than on any other subject, about the stage, about her friends in early life, and even about her own acting. She was anxious to take Miss Burdett to the

[1] James Kenney (1780–1849), dramatist. A friend of Lamb and Rogers.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Frederick Hamilton. She married John, third Earl of Aldborough in 1777, and died in 1845.

[3] William Aubrey de Vere, ninth Duke of St Albans (1801–49) succeeded his father in the titles in 1825. He married, in 1827, Harriet Mellon, widow of Thomas Coutts. After her death in 1837, the Duke married Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of General Joseph Gubbins. Lady Mary Beauclerk was his youngest sister.

ball at the D. of Devonshire's tonight, and wrote a note and bustled about in a way a thoroughly selfish person would not have done. We had at dinner a swan, which the Chancellor gave my mother; and she was much pleased with any curiosity or rarity being preserved for her. It is like a very good goose, and the sauce piquante makes it very palatable, tho' its appearance is black and not inviting. I went to the D. of Devonshire's little ball at Kemp Town. The house is pretty and well furnished. There was much galloping and waltzing. Lady H. Baring told me much of Lady Jersey's ill-nature about me and Lady L., and of her abuse of the husband. Lady H. is an unfeeling wretch. When some one lamented to her the accident Mr Baring had met with, she said, " Ah ! nothing could have happened which would have disgusted me more." She is clever but malicious, and her laugh makes her odious.

Dec. 4. A wretchedly gloomy day. This climate makes me miserable ; I feel daily more and more its pernicious influence on the spirits. What a deplorable country it is to exist in for those who do not feel strong ambition and who have not vast wealth. Those are the only two inducements which could compensate in my opinion for the many annoyances and miseries to which I feel daily subjected from the society and the climate. Indeed I think, bad as the climate is, it is the least evil in the island.

I called on Lady L. where I met L^{d} Dudley. She has not yet received another letter from Amadeus, but expects one. I dined at the Barings :—Mr, Mrs and Miss Baring, Mr and Mrs Mildmay, L^{y} A. M. Elliot, L^{y} H. Baring, Comte de Mornay,[1] Capt Mildmay and F. Baring. I sat next L^{y} H., who was amusing, but her war with Francis Baring and Mornay became almost too serious ; she became annoyed and Mrs B. stopped the conversation. I went to Mr Mitford's,[2] where there was much singing, flirting and excessive toadying. Mrs Bradshaw[3] sang beautifully, without any affectation, and kept down her voice not to excel as much as she of course could that of L^{y} Georgiana Mitford. Mitford perceived his audience had no taste for Italian music,

[1] Comte Charles de Mornay (1803–78), a peer of France and at one time Ambassador to Sweden.

[2] Henry Reveley Mitford (1804–83) married Georgina Jemima, daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham, in 1828.

[3] Born Ann Maria Tree. See *ante*, p. 50.

and made Mrs B. sing what is called *simple*!!! English airs. The quavers, shakes, &c., &c., met with the usual applause national music finds out. We had a supper, and it was very gay. Mornay sang with great good-nature the "Passage de Mont S^t^ Bernard," "Te souviens tu." I did not come home till past one.

Dec. 5. I took my shower-bath before breakfast. In the morning I walked for a long time on the Chain Pier by the side of my mother's hand-chair, and was rather tired. I called on the D^ss^ of S^t^ Albans; she was at luncheon, but sent the Duke to *entertain* me. He is nearly an idiot. I asked him if he had been riding. "Yes, yes, yes, I have. Yes, I have. I believe all over Lord Chichester's park. L^d^ C. accompanied me, shewed me all his park and his white horse. Indeed I should pronounce L^d^ C. to be the most intelligent man I know." I soon escaped from this lively tête-à-tête, and called on L^y^ L., who was not well and not in good humour. Earl Dudley came while I was there and talked less abstractedly than usual. At dinner we had, Lord and Lady Cowper, Mr John Warrender, Captain Usher.[1] The latter is a very worthy but heavy man; he behaved admirably about Napoleon, and has been in disgrace ever since at the Admiralty for displaying the honourable feelings of a gentleman to a great man in adversity. After dinner they talked of Caraccioli[2] (the Neapolitan minister in England early in George III's reign) and of his bon mots. "Comment donc peut-on vivre dans un pays où il n'y a rien de *poli* que l'acier, et rien de *mûr* que des pommes cuites: une nation qui a mille religions et où il n'y a qu'une sauce?" The King called his attention to our dogs and horses, to the expense at which we kept them, to the fat, flourishing state in which they were, and "tout cela pour le luxe." "Eh bien! donc et à Naples, Sire, nous avons les *moines*. Ils sont très gras, très gras, et ils coutent cent fois davantage. Et tout celà, c'est entièrement pour le luxe. Ils ne font rien: ils ne servent à rien." Three weeks after this speech in England it was faithfully reported at Naples and was not much calculated to please a bigot court.

[1] Thomas Ussher (1779–1848), who took Napoleon from Fréjus to Elba in 1814. Knighted in 1831.

[2] Domenico Caraccioli. After his appointment in England was finished he took the same post in France in 1771.

I went to Lady Mildmay's, where Mr Mitford and Mrs Bradshaw sang and Miss Mildmay screamed. I talked all evening to L^y^ H. Baring, and Lady L. would not answer me when I spoke, which was observed by the whole room. I came home with Mornay, who is lively and good-humoured—a little mauvais ton *perhaps*.

Dec. 7. I took my bath. All the house sossopra for to-morrow's departure. I called on Mrs Faz.—the second time I have seen her since her lying-in, after passing the morning at Mrs Cheney's, where Lady L. was sitting for her picture. The news of the day is Miss Tollemache's elopement with W. Locke. She went off while her family were at morning church yesterday and got four hours' start before she was even missed. She sent back the postillion from Hickstead with an unfeeling note to her sister, telling her the cruelty of her family had driven her to this step, and to inform her mother as she thought best. Mrs Beauclerk called before dinner to take leave. She was rather droll about her marriage with Mr B. and their perfect unfitness for each other. At dinner, the Mildmays, the Russell boys, Alexander and Cosmo, Sir M. Tierney and others. In the evening I went to L^y^ L., where I played at écarté.

Dec. 8. By contrivance I managed to pass the whole morning again with L^y^ L. at Mrs Cheney's, and again visited Mrs Faz. I dined at Sir M. Stewart's. The dinner was tedious, but very good. Lady L. there. Afterwards to Lady Sheppard's and then home. My mother very unwell and out of spirits. Lady L. came to take leave of them.

Wednesday, Dec. 9. 32 *Marine Parade.* This little nutshell, in which I am now living, I took yesterday. If all the winds of heaven did not blow into it I should like it very well. It nearly faces the Chain Pier ; my window (tho' it cannot shut) is of the finest plate-glass and receives the sun whenever it chooses to shine. I walked Mary up to look at my future habitation ; on her way she managed to drop her watch. We called on the Tierneys, and there she wrote a description of it and offered a reward. It was found for the 2 guineas before 9 o'clock. My family set off their wretched progress to Crawley at about one.

I called on Lady E. Dickens, and there found the Dowager Lady Northampton just returned from Switzerland. She seems

a good-humoured old lady, very like a housekeeper. I dined with the Dss of St Albans. I went too early, and had a tête-à-tête with the Duke. I tried various topics, upon none could I get him to talk. At last I said, "What news is there of the E. Nicholas to-day?" "Nicholas," said he, "who is Nicholas?" I explained I meant the E. of Russia. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, I know now. Yes, yes, his brother was deposed, was he not?" I told him he was right, and that such things often happen in Russia. "Ah! yes, yes, in Russia, they do—very true; but not in England, do they?" The company was numerous, the dinner endless. Besides, we had as hors d'œuvres good old English dishes, liver and bacon, Irish stew, rump steaks, of each of which Sir F. Burdett partook largely. The plate was handsome but quite cold; the soup was frozen and the champagne hot. Lord Dudley, sitting away from the fire and not near Mrs Beauclerk, was bitterly cross. It lasted nearly three hours. I went upstairs and found a great assembly, dancing meditated, singing going on.

Dec. 10. The morning I passed with Ly L. at Lady Sheppard's. Ld Dudley came in, and gave a humorous account of our dinner yesterday and of Allen's politics—of the furious, stern Roman Jacobin, who only cares for the equal distribution of the things of this world, who deprecates all the luxuries and advantages of royalty and aristocracy, living pampered with every comfort and indulgence that rank and wealth can obtain in the most luxurious manner, and being the last man willing to forego any of these enjoyments. I passed the afternoon with Ly L. at her house and never passed a pleasanter time. I dined at Ld Dudley's, where I met L. L., John Warrender, Lady Sheppard, Miss Rannington, Mr Seymour. It was an agreable dinner and all went off well. I then went to wish L. L. good-bye. I found the wind changed. I had a dreadful and unprovoked scene, and parted very uncomfortably.

Dec. 11. I felt unwell. Melancholy accounts of Miss Vernon. I fear the worst. The day was boisterous; however I took my bath, but still felt uncomfortable and low spirited. I got a kind note from Ly L. vowing to be back on Monday. Nous verrons. I called on Mrs Cheney, wrote several letters, and dined at Mr Stanley's.

Dec. 12. Worse accounts of Miss Vernon. Dudley sends me a letter of M^e^ Murat's about her claim, but I should say from that that England can do little or nothing in her service. I took my bath as usual. I walked about with Lady Webster. We went to see Mrs Cheney's drawings. I dined with Mr and L^y^ E. Dickins, where I met, Dow. Lady Northampton, old Miss Emma Smith, Mr Spencer Smith, Miss Smith, Lady Webster, Cap^t^ Percival, Count Mornay. It was deadly dull. After dinner I talked much to Mornay, who, tho' rather too communicative about his successes, is very amiable and amusing. It is very odd why all English people should be so affected and ever striving at what they are not. Foreigners with many faults never wish to appear different from what nature and habit have made them, and I believe that is the real secret of their being so much pleasanter than we are. I went for ten minutes to a ball at the D^ss^ of S^t^ Albans', which was dreadfully stupid.

Sunday, Dec. 13. I walked for a long time on the esplanade on the West Cliff with Mrs Cheney, and dined with the Fazakerleys —Mrs F.'s first appearance at the dinner table. I took Lady Webster to Lady Aldboro's, where we staid till one o'clock. Three hours of double entendre is fatiguing. However she generally spares one any trouble in discovering the hidden meaning of her words, for she makes them plain enough.

Dec. 15. I dined with Lord Dudley. A stupid dinner :— Sir M. and Lady S. Stewart, Mr and Lady M. Stanley, Sir M. and Lady Tierney, Mr Irving, Mr Seymour, Mrs Beauclerk. Before dinner, while I was by the chimney, L^d^ D. approached it with a letter he was folding in his hand and seizing the poker began violently to stir the fire, watching it all the time, " Fool, fool, or a great scoundrel, a very great scoundrel, a very great scoundrel, scoundrel, scoundrel." It is rather distressing to witness such scenes, and takes off any of the abandon there ought to be in society. Mrs Beauclerk as usual did the honours, pressing people to eat, and making herself quite at home. I went to the D^ss^ of S^t^ Albans' ball late, stupid enough. The D^ss^' great body covered with white satin, and blonde, and surmounted by a large hat and feathers, burst in among the waltzers as 12 struck, exclaiming, " Stop, stop, supper is ready. Ladies and gentlemen stand not on the order of your going, but go at once (Shakespeare)." She

loves an occasion to allude to her former calling in life, and for ever speaks of actors and acting. This arises from her natural good feelings and from inordinate vanity, which together overcome her dreadful taste.

Dec. 17. Worse accounts from Little Hd House. I fear it cannot last long. I got, however, a letter from Ly L. saying she should come to-day; the welcome news made me quite joyous. I walked all morning with Hy Cheney, who arrived yesterday. Ly L. is always true to her word, and at half past 5 arrived jaded and pale. I was in transports. I was obliged soon to go to dine with Sir M. Stewart. It was woefully dull. I like Mornay better every time I see him. I escaped to L. L., and then went to Lady Downshire's. I found every one gone or going, and only had time to make my bow and be presented.

Dec. 18. Sad news from Miss Vernon—scarcely any hopes.[1] A dreadful day, rain, snow and sleet with a high wind. I dread our visit to Bowood very much.

March 20, 1830.[2] *Via de due Macelli, Rome.* The most lovely day I have yet seen since my return to Italy; very mild and most beautifully clear. I passed my morning in arranging my new apartment and in paying debts. I called on Cheney and walked about with him in his small garden, which however makes his house very pleasant. I dined with Lord Haddington,[3] where I met Ly H. Galway,[4] Miss Galway, Bligh, Gascoigne, Mr and Mrs Bosanquet, Miss Cumming, Cheney. The dinner was bad, the table crowded. I sat between Ly H. and her daughter. Without being clever they are all conversible people, and from having lived so long abroad and with foreigners have none of the stiffness and formality of Englishwomen. The Bosanquets and her sister, Miss Cumming, are vulgar beyond permission. Related to some Russian princes they can not admire or think of any other country with pleasure and approbation, and Miss C.

[1] She died in January.

[2] Fox left England early in February and the journal only recommences on this date.

[3] Thomas, ninth Earl of Haddington (1780–1858). His wife was Maria, daughter of George, seventh Earl of Macclesfield.

[4] Harriet, only daughter of Valentine, first Earl of Dunraven, married Sir William Payne-Gallwey in 1804.

declared the *Cāmpania*, as she called it, of Rome far inferior in beauty to the Hyporborean deserts of Scythia ! ! !

We had much laughing with Lady Haddington at dinner for the very severe things she said to Sir Joseph Copley at Morier's dinner on Thursday. She denies it was intended, but I sat opposite to her and saw the additional savage look she threw into her sour face. Sir Joseph was decrying the virtues of Cardinal Weld [1] before he took orders, and said he only led the usual life of English country gentlemen—that he was not better than his neighbours. He broke Mrs Weld's heart, poor thing. He was a tyrant to his wife. " Dear me, Sir Joseph," exclaimed Lʸ Haddington, " do you think that an indispensable occupation of an English country gentleman ? " Sir Joseph coloured very deeply and never spoke gaily again the whole evening. He, like all those wits by profession, is very easily headed. He deserved this and much more from Lady Haddington. She has been his perpetual laughing-stock and butt ever since her arrival at Rome. To-day he set off for England. Certainly he is a great loss, especially as he takes with him his charming daughter, Maria, who joins to her talents and acquirements a perfect freedom from affectation or pedantry and a good taste and refined tact scarcely to be met with elsewhere. She is sufficiently good-looking to be pleasing, without any positive beauty. Her sister is prosy, argumentative and ugly, but good and not envious of her younger sister's decided superiority. I talked to Lord Haddington of Lady Canning. He is not surprized at her writing a clever pamphlet or exhibiting talent in any way. She has not quarrelled with him as she has done with almost all her husband's friends. I went after dinner to Hortense's, where there was a soirée dansante. The Queen was in a tight pink satin high gown with black trimmings. She is fond of money and very stingy, but must spend vast sums on her toilette. I scarcely ever saw her twice in the same dress. I talked to Gaetani, but got off as soon as I could. Hortense threw out

[1] Thomas Weld (1773–1837), of Lulworth, Dorset, who married, in 1796, Lucy Bridget, daughter of Thomas Clifford, of Tixall. After his wife's death, and the marriage of their only daughter to Hugh Charles Clifford in 1818, he entered the Church and made over the properties to his brother. He was made Cardinal in 1830. His daughter died the following year.

many hints to me to invite her to Frascati ; it must soon be done.

Sunday, March 21. I drove with Edward Cheney to see Lord Northampton in his new house (the Villa Negroni). I have not been in it since it was inhabited by Lady Westmorland. Then it looked noble, elegant, and in every room there was some appearance of the good taste of its owner. Now it is far different. In every room reigns the same shabby, slovenly air for which the Marchioness' old house was so remarkable. The noisy, riotous, ill-conditioned servants playing and romping in the garden and staircase out of livery ; plates and dishes, dirty napkins, left on the landing-place, with a long list of &c., &c., &c. We found there the old lady and her two daughters. L^d^ N. is very proud of the little antiquities he has scraped up at Corneto during his trip there a fortnight ago, some of which he shewed us. I eat some luncheon with Miss Macdougall and Lady Marianne, which simple occurrence roused the unextinguishable Clephane laugh. I own I could not see sufficient cause to provoke such shouts from Miss Wilmira. L^d^ N. shewed me the great room, the proportions of which are very fine. But they will soon disfigure it with their invariable bad taste. From thence we went to see Don Carlo Bonaparte, Principe di Musignano,[1] at the Villa Paulina. We found him in his garden in an attitude very like his illustrious uncle. This, however, is natural, and not the effect of study and imitation, as it is with some of his relations. He received me with his usual brusque American manner, and said his wife was out and he was on the point of setting off to ride. We only staid three or four minutes—time enough only to admire two splendid eagles which are chained in his garden. They are from the Apennines. He says (but he is dangerous to repeat after, for his facts are often only founded on his vivid imagination) that he has starved them sometimes for a week in order to make them pounce on animals, and that they destroyed for him some wild cats he had in the garden ; but that it is dreadfully cruel, for they kill their victims slowly.

I dined with Lady Mary[2]—a large dinner. Our little hostess was not in very good humour with any one, especially with Gell. The dinner was dull. I slipped off to the Montforts. It is very difficult at Lady Mary's to contrive an escape, for she invariably

[1] See *ante*, p. 309.

[2] Lady Mary Deerhurst.

calls back the delinquents when they have got into the first anteroom. I found the Princess in great humour. Her nephew and her cousin, both Princes of Wurtemberg, had just arrived from Naples. They both shew her every attention in their power, and she is very much alive to any civility, being so much accustomed to find the contrary from all sovereigns or princes in reward for her noble conduct in refusing to desert and divorce her husband when his misfortunes began. Jerôme came in soon afterwards, kissed his legitimate relations on each cheek, addressed a gracious word to each of the circle, and then proceeded to play at écarté with his royal cousin. I went for a few minutes to T. G.

March 22. I drove about alone to various shops. Took a warm bath and dined at the widow Dalton's. Countess Blücher, Sir W. Gell, Mr Southill, Colyars, two Maxwells, E. Cheney, formed our party. Countess Blücher is a daughter of the late Sir —— Dallas, Chief Justice of Bombay, and has married that old barbarian Blücher's grandson. She had a large fortune, and has rather a pretty face and pretty manners, but is not very clever or agreable. The widow is good-nature itself, and enjoys nothing so much as being attacked about her lovers and her admirers, one of whom (Mr Rookwood Gage, an old man) came in after dinner. It is said that once at dinner he was pouring soft nonsense into the widow's ear, and she replied, "Talk if you like, Mr Gage, of truffles, but not of love." I went to see T. G., whom I found making a hideous toilette to go to the Austrian Ambassador's. I then went to Hortense, where I only found the Duchesse de Frioul[1] and Cottenot. I asked Hortense to come to me at Frascati to breakfast next week, which she graciously accepted. The D^{sse} de F. has the remains of beauty; she has been extremely unfortunate, and her voice and manner bear the appearance of one broken down in health and spirits. The conversation turned on religion. Hortense said that Protestants were *capable de conversion.* Cottenot and I both said that Catholics must be and have been so, or there would be no Protestant religion at all. I went early to bed.

March 23. Villa Muti. Tho' I got up early and strove hard

[1] Apparently Duroc's daughter, who, after her father's death, was allowed by Napoleon to succeed to his Dukedom. The *Dictionnaire Universelle*, however, speaks of her death as having occurred in 1829.

to set off in good time, it was past one before I could make us really start for the Villa Belvedere, where we were to join a picnic party of Lady Dallas' and Mrs Dalton's compounding. I called on Colyar, who had just returned from the exhibition opened to-day of the works of modern artists, to which he is a subscriber. By subscribing 6 piastres one is entitled to a share in a lottery and has the chance of gaining one of the pictures. The Cardinal Galiffi has objected to some works of art as indecent; among the rest to Severn's little *Ariel*. Colyar, like a true bigot, defended such a prerogative, and said he had himself voted that the Cardinal should have the power of excluding what he chose. A statue too, by Wyatt, of a girl, has been covered up as not fit for public gaze. How absurd anywhere, but how doubly absurd at Rome, where there is not a gallery or a palace that does not contain a hundred statues and pictures more naked than these. We did not reach the Villa Belvedere till long past 4, and found the party had nearly finished their greasy meal. Such a party! and such food! I scarcely ever beheld. Lady Dallas and a tribe of unmarried daughters, Countess Blücher being the only one among them at all *presentable*; Mr Percy (he of Berne) being the great man and the respectful adorer of Me Blücher. Nothing could be so comfortless, so joyless, as the repast, or so fatiguing as the delay afterwards, while the servants were swallowing the bottles of champagne provided for us, but which they were determined we should not enjoy. Mr Percy and Lady Dallas had each carriages and four of their own with liveried postillions, so that they made up in ostentation what was wanting in gaiety and good management. We saw them drive off and we went to my villa on foot, with infinite delight to be so nicely housed and free from such dull company. Mrs Dalton even was clamorous at the want of gaiety of the party, and complained she had not had enough champagne, and that the servants had cheated us.

March 24. *Villa Muti*. Every time I come here I enjoy this possession more and more. The morning is quite delicious. I know no view so lovely as that I enjoy from my windows and little garden. The whole morning I devoted to arranging my books and furniture.

March 25. The Prince Musignano came on his Arabian horse

at 8 o'clock this morning under my window. He was arrived to dine with Me Muti and see the fair of Grotta Ferrata. He told me he had ridden from Porta Pia in half an hour ! ! ! He is famous for such assertions. I went with E. C. to the fair. We found there Hamilton with his mother and sister. The scene was very gay and pretty, extremely crowded—the people in brilliant colours, and perfect order and tranquillity. The commodities most esteemed are the horses from the Abruzzi, besides cattle, horses, asses, &c., &c. Lady Mary, Miss Coventry [1] and her cavalieri, who were the two Maxwells and H. Ingram, arrived soon after my return : Lady Mary and her daughter riding astraddle to court the censure and malice of the world. I am surprized at her folly. She is now alarmed lest in consequence of the paragraphs about her in the papers, Lord D. should make this exhibition of his daughter an excuse for taking the girl from her, if the Chancery Court will permit him, which considering his character I should deem unlikely. The dinner was dull and went off heavily at first. Lady Mary, however, was pleased. I took her thro' the Malatesta apartment, which if she comes here after Easter I mean to get for her to inhabit with her large party of riding friends. They all went back at about five, leaving Cheney, Hamilton and myself to pass the evening together.

March 26. In the morning I rode on an ass, accompanied by Hamilton, to the Capuchin convent. My friend, the Irish monk, Fra Giovanni Maria, alias George Brenan, as he styles himself, came and chatted with us. He is only 23, fresh from Cork, and has all the spirits and eagerness, for which his countrymen are remarkable, as yet untamed by his monastic life. His frankness and simplicity of manner is very amusing. The tales he tells of his convent would get him into dreadful scrapes with the authorities, if his imprudence were known. The other day an event occurred which amused him extremely, but which he begged us not to repeat. The Superior of the convent, it seems, is a simple, benevolent man, but very conscientious and honorable. A well-dressed, handsome-looking young man came up a few days ago, and requested an interview with the Superior. To him he related under the seal of confession a romantic tale of

[1] Hon. Mary Augusta Coventry (1814–89), Henry Fox's future wife.

distress and poverty, concluding by a request for the loan of a few crowns to enable him to pay his immediate debts at Frascati, and that in a short time he should be repaid. The Superior hesitated. The young man gave him a fine brilliant-looking ring as a pledge. The Superior assured him none of the monks possessed any money, that it was contrary to their vow, and that he could only relieve him from the general fund, for which he is responsible to the head of the Order (Cardinal Micora). However, so urgent was the young man's distress and so fair were his promises, that the Superior gave him twelve crowns. From that moment the young gentleman has never appeared ; the ring is a false brilliant ; and the poor Superior lives in dread of the wrath of Cardinal Micora, one of the most severe and bigoted members of the Apostolic Chamber. On our return to the Villa Muti we found Mr and Mrs Morier[1] arrived. The latter had been all over Frascati with E. Cheney. She is, I believe, a clever woman, but painfully shy and silent in mixed company. Morier's conversation is sensible and totally unaffected, but neither in wit nor eloquence makes one judge him capable of having written that delightful book, *Hadji Baba*.

Sunday, March 28. *Villa Muti.* I arranged with Me Guiccioli about her coming over to Frascati, and I set off in the morning. I waited several hours for her arrival. Her heavy carriage, her heavy brother and her own substantial person, fatiguing, I conclude, her rats of horses. At length she came. We rode up the cross road I am repairing on asses. Her observations on the whole neighbourhood and upon the place itself were insipid and inspired by the worst taste. She is a sad goose. We supped, and soon dispersed to bed.

March 29. A deadly dull day. To have to make love without feeling a particle is sad work, and sad and serious did I find it.

March 30. *Villa Muti.* It was not regret I felt when my visitors told me they were to be off by 9 this morning, or when at 12 I heard the wheels of their hideous blue tub drive off. She wishes, poor soul, to inspire a romantic, devoted passion, but has failed in all her attempts to do so.

[1] James Justinian Morier (1780 (?)–1849), traveller, diplomatist and writer. Son of Isaac Morier, Consul-General of the Levant Company. He married Harriet, daughter of William Fulke Greville.

March 31. Before I was dressed, arrived Hamilton, E. Cheney and Charles Greville, who is just come from England. I left Cheney and Greville to do the honours to the others, and with Hamilton I walked to meet Hortense at the Bracciano. She did not come till late, as she had been previously to breakfast at the Falconieri with the Montforts. We dined in the boschetto. My party consisted of Hortense, M^lle^ Rabié, Lady Sandwich, Lady C. Montague, Prince Louis, Fordwich, Hamilton, Greville, Lord Lovaine. Hortense and her party were not hungry. Lady S. was a little out of humour at there being a greater person than herself present. The sun was in our eyes, and the party, being chiefly English, gabbled in their own tongue and left me the whole French conversation to make to the Queen. Greville is delighted with all he has seen in Italy, and has left all his London fopperies on the only side of the water on which they are admired. The party went off about sunset, leaving only Hamilton.

Twenty-four days have now elapsed since I wrote in this book. My impressions of this miserable month, however, are much too painful and too vividly impressed upon my mind to make me anxious to note them down. On my return to Rome I was soon apprized of the sad loss I had sustained. Lady Northampton expired at five o'clock in her mother's arms. Tho' weak and evidently too slowly recovering from her premature delivery, nothing had occurred to alarm her family. Lord N. was gone to a scavo at Corneto and poor Miss Clephane to a party to Veii. She has been for five years my best and dearest friend, and tho' but too often, and alas very lately, we had been on bad terms, yet she was the being upon earth of whose regard and friendship I felt surest. It is a shocking blow to me, and one upon which I cannot dwell. The following morning, before the return of Lord N., who had been sent for express, I saw the wretched family and was allowed to take a last look of her beautiful features, then coldly fixed for ever. The agony I suffered it is impossible to describe, but I felt the greatest comfort in having knelt and prayed by her bedside. The poor old lady shewed great fortitude. As long as Lord N. and the Clephanes remained I passed most of my time with them, dining at home or with the Colyars. It was a dreadful month, all recollections

of which I wish to dismiss if possible. The miserable family set off on the 26th of April for England.

Two days before, I got a letter from Mary, announcing her intended marriage to L^d^ Lilford, an event that gives me heartfelt pleasure. I shall recommence this diary on the 1st of May.

Saturday, May 1, 1830. I got my letters at the post. The K^g^ is apparently dying. My sister does not tell me *when* she is likely to be married, but presses me to come for the ceremony, which I shall not think of doing till I am better informed upon the subject. I returned at 3 and dined tête-à-tête at home with E. C. We then drove to di Rienzi's house, of which he made a drawing, and to the Villa Borghese. Then we made a visit of duty to the Palazzo Gabrielli, which was less dull than usual, for none of the Princess's vulgar, squinting English friends were there, so we had a little chat with her only. She is lively, and so good and mild that her conversation, without being brilliant, is agreable from her natural good-breeding and extreme good-nature. She never abuses or says a harsh word of anyone. Both Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch have been, and the former still is, in a very dangerous state, having broken a little bone in her hip. The Cardinal is better, but the surgeons declare his disease a very alarming one—ulcers and abscesses which form in the interior and may prove fatal any day. I took E. C. to the door of Lady Sandwich's, and went myself to T. G., where I passed the evening.

May 7. A picnic to Veii. Gell, Mills, Dorlac, Hamilton, Catel, L^y^ Mary, Miss Coventry, E. Cheney and myself. The day was very hot. Gell made us ride many miles, which Lady Mary walked. Some of the views of the ravines are very picturesque. Gell took us up to what he and other antiquarians pronounce to be the citadel. Mills was very cross at bumping so long on a donkey. His humour broke out while I was spelling an inscription at the citadel for Gell. "Ah, Torquitia Prisca, a good old Roman name," said Gell, "we shall find out more about her. Go on, what letters follow that name V. M ——" Mills whispered to me, H-U-M-B-U-G: We then rode to see a very curious natural bridge called Ponte Soda. The way was bad, the sun was hot, we often lost the path, and Gell, who was our only guide, did not seem to recollect at all which way we ought

to go. Mills lost patience and temper. After we had seen it, on coming back towards the Isola Farnese (for that is the modern name of Veii), Gell pointed to another bridge, and said to Mills, "When you were last here, that is the place you took for Ponte Soda." "Oh yes," replied Mills, "I certainly believed it to be so, because you told me so; it was in the days of our mutual ignorance." We came home in tolerable time, and passed the evening at Lady Mary's.

May 8. Breakfasted with Mills: only Gell and Cheney besides myself. They both snapped at each other, but Mills was quite the aggressor. They evidently have a strong dislike one for the other, under the pretence of great regard. Dined at Lady Mary's. A farewell dinner to L^y^ Charlotte Hamilton and Dorlac, who all go off to-morrow for the Pyrenees. Hamilton hurries to England, in hopes the D. of Clarence will remember him should he come to the throne.

Sunday, May 30. *Villa Muti.* E. C. was ill. With Lady Sandwich I drove to the Villa Falconieri to call on Cardinal Weld. The beautiful suite of rooms they have contrived to render comfortless and to prevent the free circulation of air, so that they are intensely hot. Mrs Clifford received. The C^l^ is at Rome. She is his daughter, and he has much scandalized the bigoted Catholics (English, I believe, and not Romans) by having been seen driving about with her in his carriage. Still more did he shock the pious, by protecting his little granddaughter from a shower of rain with the red umbrella always carried behind Cardinals' carriages in case they should meet the Host; and then it is used to cover them while holding the Holy Chalice in their hands, but upon no other occasion.

June 21. *Rome.* In the morning I wrote to M^e^ Murat[1] expressing my hopes that I might be permitted to call upon her before she went, and begging her to appoint a time. The reply I received was a wish to see me at 3 o'clock. Of course I was punctual. Hortense's apartment in the Palazzo Ruspoli, which she has lent her during her visit to Rome, I found all sossopra. The dinner was just over and the faquini were taking away the

[1] Caroline Marie Murat (1782–1839), Napoleon's third sister. She lived at Trieste, after her husband's removal from the throne of Naples, under the name of Comtesse de Lipona. She died in Florence. She had obtained permission to come to Rome to see her mother,

dinner things from a room full of half-packed trunks, boxes, waste paper, and in fact in perfect disorder. I was kept waiting a short time talking to the black, skinny, grinning dame-de-compagnie, before Me Murat appeared. I was much struck with the great remains of beauty she still possesses. She is stout, and her figure is not good, but rather thick and stumpy; however, notwithstanding that, she is very graceful and dignified in her motions. Her complexion, which I had heard was blotched and bad, was very clear and her features are regular and small. Her mouth has a very peculiar expression of firmness and decision, which when it relaxes into a smile is uncommonly pretty and playful. She reminded me of the Dss of Bedford, tho' her person is smaller and more delicate. Her voice is very sweet. She speaks French with a very strong Italian accent, but with great fluency.

When I saw her first she was extremely agitated, having received an intimation that the ten days first accorded her were to be limited to eight, and that she must depart to-morrow. She had sent to appeal, and had protested that having come to Rome to fulfil a sacred duty towards her mother, probably on her death-bed, that she would yield to force alone and not go into her carriage till the military came to order her to do so. Since she has been at Rome there have been no less than twelve meetings of the Corps Diplomatique, and several reams of paper have been filled. She told me, what I own I did not credit till afterwards it was confirmed by Gargarin, that Lord Stuart de Rothesay [1] (who the other day refused to interfere in her behalf about some lawsuit, because he said he was not authorized to do so by his employers) took upon his own responsibility, without having time to communicate with London, to sign a protest against her being permitted to remain at Rome. How completely we are become the instruments of these rotten old dynasties ! ! ! She was expecting a reply to her last application, and had given her son-in-law, Rasponi, and Vannutelli rendezvous at the Coliseum, whither she begged me to accompany her, if I did not fear being seen in her carriage. Of course I went with her, tho' I had some apprehension that I might, in consequence, be refused a passport to Naples. She had never seen any of the many interesting sights here, as in all the journies she made

[1] British Ambassador in Paris.

thro' Rome, " ceux qui m'accompagnaient " travelled so fast that she scarcely ever remained more than two or three hours in the town.

She speaks with much agitation at the persecution of the Allies towards her, and said she almost regrets having come, as now when she is torn away from her mother she must make up her mind to never meeting again on this side the grave. However her vanity is considerably flattered by the importance all the foreign courts seem to attach to her movements, and the persecuting distinction they shew her in contrast to the other members of the Bonaparte family. All ideas of being still an object of admiration to men she has not relinquished, and she owned to me that had it not been for her love for Christine, " elle aura volontiers fait tourner la tête à ce cher Dudley." She has much dignity, and yet nothing repulsive in her manner or the least etiquettical. We walked about the Coliseum for half an hour, while her black skeleton dame-de-compagnie struggled to the summit. At length Vannutelli and Rasponi returned with the ultimate reply of the Cardinal's Secretary, that they would grant to-morrow, but that on the following day she *must* leave Rome. She turned very pale, her voice quivered from agitation. " Eh bien, je partirai quand on viendra me chasser. Une insulte de plus ou une insulte de moins ne leur coutera rien." We drove by the Temple of Vesta to her mother's. She was too absorbed to look much about her. I left her at her mother's door, and went home where I tried by remaining very quiet to undo the harm walking about and coming to Rome has done me.

I staid at Naples till the 13th of September, making only two very dull excursions for a few nights to Castellamare to please E. C., who wanted to see the Moriers. H. de Ros lent me his house there. My life was very monotonous and not one much worthy, I am sorry to say, of record, tho' far from disagreable. I dined almost every day with Lady Mary, sometimes with the good old Archbishop, twice or thrice with Mr Hill at the Villa Belvedere. I used to sit up very late gambling deeper than I ought, and then walk about the town till daylight. I bathed in the sea daily during the hot weather and learnt a little to swim. The wonderful events in France during the last days of July absorbed all my

thoughts,[1] and turned me into a complete quidnunc. It was diverting to see their effect upon many of the society at Naples.

I saw much of H. de Ros [2] and H. Fox. They both are agreable: the latter much the cleverest, but really as selfish as he professes. The former has no feeling whatever: all sensation is so dead that I suspect, to reverse L^y^ Blessington's observation on Gell, "he has not feeling enough to feel animal pleasure." E. C. was much bit by his civil manner and sarcastic conversation, but I suspect discovered that all friendship with him must be hollow. E. C. was ill almost all the time we staid at Naples, and his temper was soured by perpetual suffering. I resolved for many reasons, and especially for the continuance of our friendship, to separate for some time. He affects more misanthropy than he has, but his bad health and a natural disposition to be discontented is the cause of his extreme tartness and consequent unpleasantness. Tho' I have a very strong affection for him, I began to discover that he is very difficile à vivre. Perhaps the bitter regrets I feel, that I should have allowed his ill-judged but well-intended advice ever to regulate my conduct towards one who is now no more, renders me unjust towards him; as I feel his interference and absurd notions have rendered me at times unkind and harsh to one that really loved me and to whom I can now never atone.

This year has been a severe one to me. I have lost by death the person on earth who cared most for me, and by a concatenation of circumstances I feel that my friendship for E. C. can never again be what it once was. He has a good heart and is very clever, but is the worst counsellor I ever knew. In every instance in which I have been guided by his judgment—and I regret to say they are numerous both in great and in small occasions of life, I have not ceased to lament that I did not follow my own wishes and opinions. He dragged me into that silly business about d'Orsay. He made me quarrel with L^y^ Westmorland. He alas! divided L^y^ Northampton and me. And for him I have been on the point of sacrificing other and dearer ties. But

[1] The revolution against Charles X. and the proclamation of Loui Philippe as King.

[2] Henry William de Ros (1793–1839), who succeeded his mother in 1831 as twenty-second Baron de Ros. See *ante*, p. 96.

Time, which is the severest master, has taught me my folly, and I shall no longer act so weakly. Remorse is a cruel visitor, but her visits are beneficial. I look back upon life with much repentance. Not for the ambitious objects I have slighted, for had I attained them I should not be happier, and had I failed in the attempt, which is more likely, I should have been mortified and miserable. But I have cruelly and wantonly played with the feelings of others, I have never believed anyone attached to me, and I have on that account, and on that account only, and not from the fickleness of which I am accused, determined not to be myself attached. My conduct towards Miss V., Mlle P., and Ly N. leave me much to regret—especially the two last instances. In the former there was much scheming and duplicity.

Enough of the past. I think sufficiently thereon without recording my thoughts in this book, in which I only want to preserve dates and facts that may escape my memory. These sad recollections are too firmly rooted there to require any record of them.

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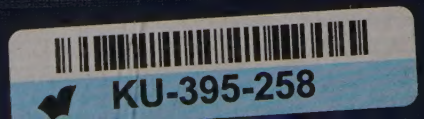
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